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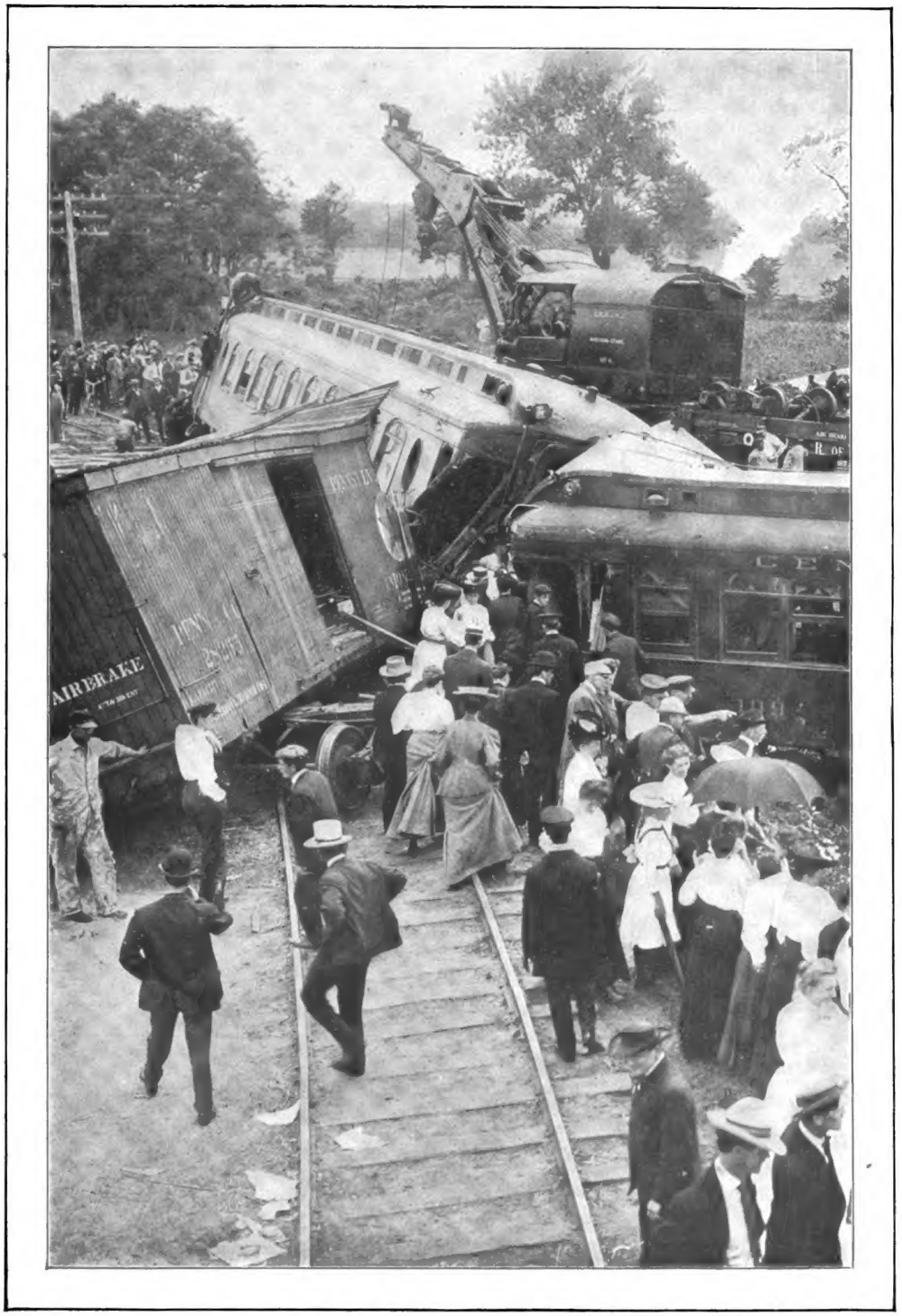

WHAT CARELESSNESS MEANS ON A RAILROAD: THE RESULT OF A LOOSE SWITCH AND A STRAY CAR.

—*Our Industrial Juggernaut.*

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EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE

VOL. XVI. FEBRUARY, 1907. No. 2.

Our Industrial Juggernaut

By ARTHUR B. REEVE

Illustrated with Photographs

EDITOR'S NOTE.—Half a million men, women, and children killed and maimed is the annual blood bill of the American people. This is part of the cost of our precious industrial supremacy. When a nation has more railroads, greater mines, taller buildings than any other nation, and is running its trains faster, operating its mines more extensively, and erecting its buildings at a higher rate of speed than any other on the footstool dares attempt—and incidentally cares little about the lives of its toilers—that is about the slaughter record you may expect. Day and night this killing and maiming goes on in the every-day occupations of life, and for the most part is due to sheer brutal carelessness, absence of rails or safeguards or security appliances of one kind or another. No one seems to care very much if we do kill more people in one year of peace than were slain and wounded throughout the terrible Russo-Japanese war. Law departments and human life are cheap—at least cheaper than the cost of protecting the army of toilers from the whirring machinery of the industrial Juggernaut.

WHAT is the value of a human life? What, in dollars and cents, may be roughly figured as a man's worth to the community from which he derives support?

The Eastern world, the overcrowded world of the elder peoples, will shrug its shoulders, and look askance through slanted, inscrutable eyes, and answer: "Life is cheap in these lands. There are many million lives; and it has always been so. Why should one care?" And the Western world, the world of differing ideals, which prides itself upon its advanced and philanthropic civilization, answers: "Human life is not a thing to be held lightly. Though it belong to the lowest, it is to be guarded and preserved—for it is life." We have heard this so often, we of the Western world, that we have come to believe that among us life is not held lightly. It is a matter which, because it is seldom brought home closely to the majority of people, we are fain to take on trust; when we think of it at all, it is usually to congratulate ourselves that we live in a land where life is thus highly regarded.

But how many of us know that in this same civilized world of ours, human life, under certain conditions, is held as cheaply as in India or in China? How many of us realize that out of the 29,000,000 workers in these United States, one is killed or injured every minute of the day—in other words, that every year more than 500,000 men, women, and children are killed or crippled as a direct result of the occupations in which they are engaged? The total is bad enough; what renders it appalling is the fact that more than one-half of this tremendous sacrifice of life is needless; is due in great measure to the carelessness of greedy employers who are morally, if not legally, responsible for the lives of their men.

The maximum of production and the mini-

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By courtesy of the National Child Labor Committee.

THESE YOUNG BOYS WHO SPEND THEIR LIVES SLAVING UNDER GROUND, HOLD SOME OF THE MOST DANGEROUS POSITIONS IN THE MINES.

Photograph by Brown Brothers, New York.

A SMASH-UP ON THE NEW YORK ELEVATED. THE RUNNING OF THIS ROAD HAS BEEN SO SAFEGUARDED AS TO RESULT IN A MINIMUM LOSS OF HUMAN LIFE.

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mum of expense—that is good business. But when this minimum of expense means the patching up of worn-out and unreliable machinery, the use of cheap material, the neglect to provide for human welfare, and the consequent and inevitable loss of life—whether or not this, in the long run, is good business, will be shown.

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CLIMBING THE STEEL JOIST OF A SKY-SCRAPER. THE CONSTRUCTION OF THESE BUILDINGS IS ONE OF THE MOST DANGEROUS OF TRADES.

Every year we draw on Europe for one million immigrants to work in our mines, to build our houses, to dig our tunnels, to keep the wheels of the juggernaut car of industry grinding at the speed that we insist must be maintained; every year, as against this million of workers, we kill or injure half a million. Let us see how and why.

There are two avowedly dangerous occupations, in which, in spite of all safeguards, a man takes his life in his hand every time he goes to work, and in which the concomitant risk must be reckoned with, yet cannot always be guarded against. These are the manufacture of dynamite and gunpowder, and submarine tunneling. In railroading, mining, and all other trades, dangerous though they be, the peril can be minimized, by proper precautions, to a greater extent than is possible in these two occupations.

Dynamite is death-dealing from its making to its use. In a blasting-powder plant men work eye to eye with death, with faces sober and drawn. Every moment death stares them in the face. No man ever becomes accustomed to the terror—the majority quit after a few weeks. High wages tempt them to enter but not to stay. They lift things gingerly

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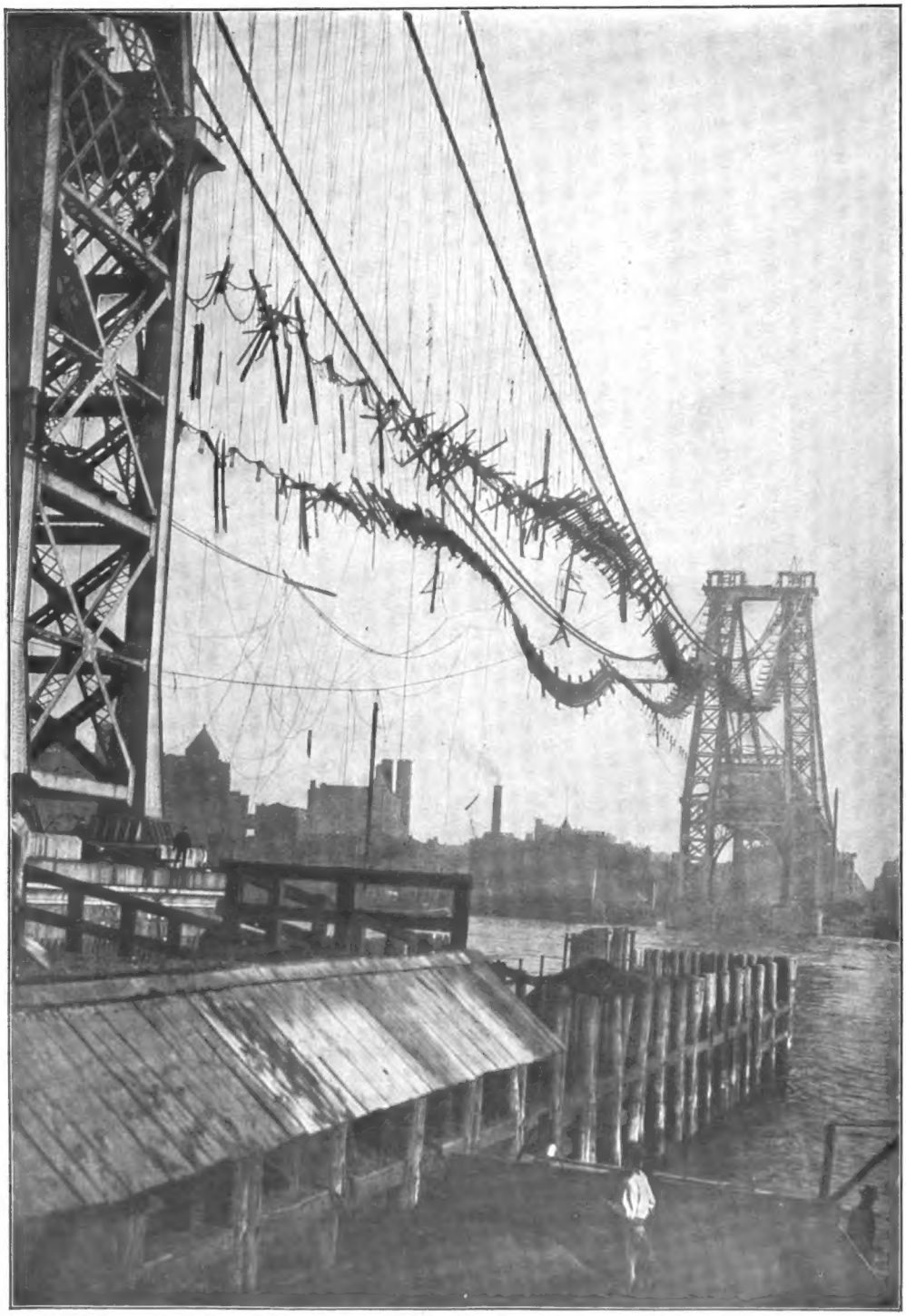

Photograph by Brown Brothers, New York.

ONE OF THE ACCIDENTS OF BRIDGE CONSTRUCTION. THE CARELESSNESS OF A WORKMAN STARTED A DESTRUCTIVE FIRE WHICH PARTIALLY CONSUMED THE WILLIAMSBURG BRIDGE.

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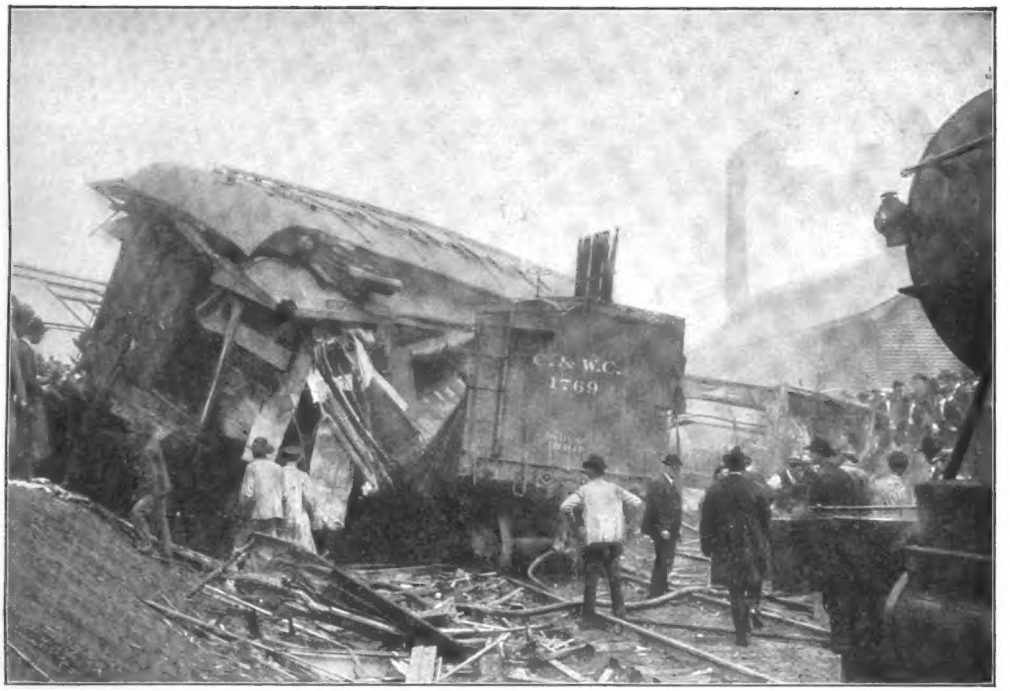
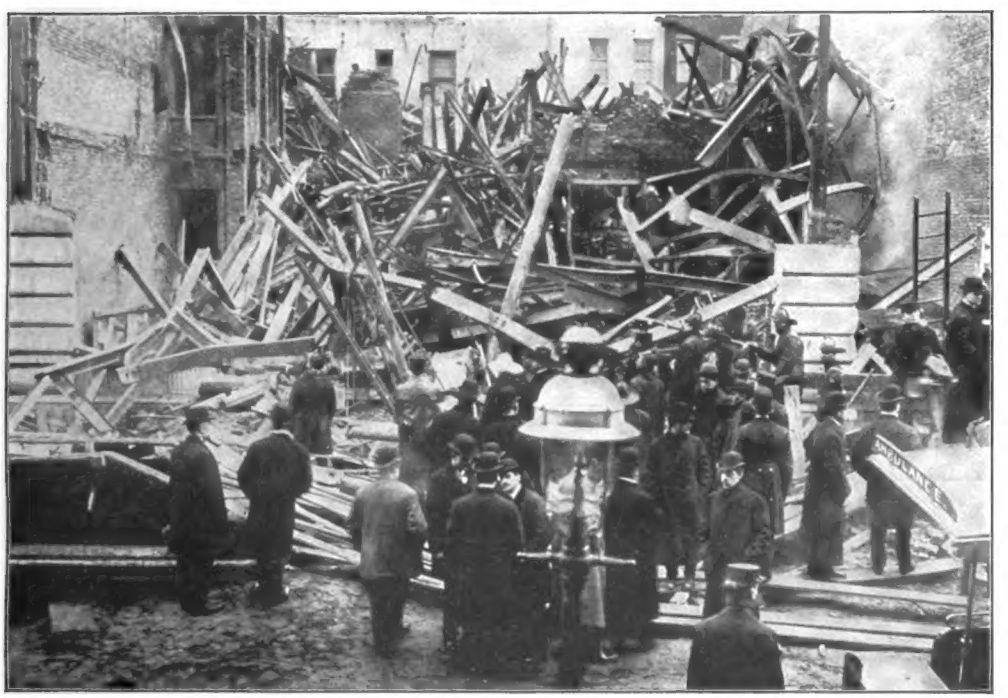


THE WRECK OF A DINING-CAR IN THE RECENT SOUTHERN RAILWAY DISASTER, IN WHICH THE PRESIDENT OF THE ROAD, SAMUEL SPENCER, WAS KILLED.



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RUINS OF THE DARLINGTON HOTEL, NEW YORK, WHICH COLLAPSED BY REASON OF GROSS CARELESSNESS IN CONSTRUCTION.

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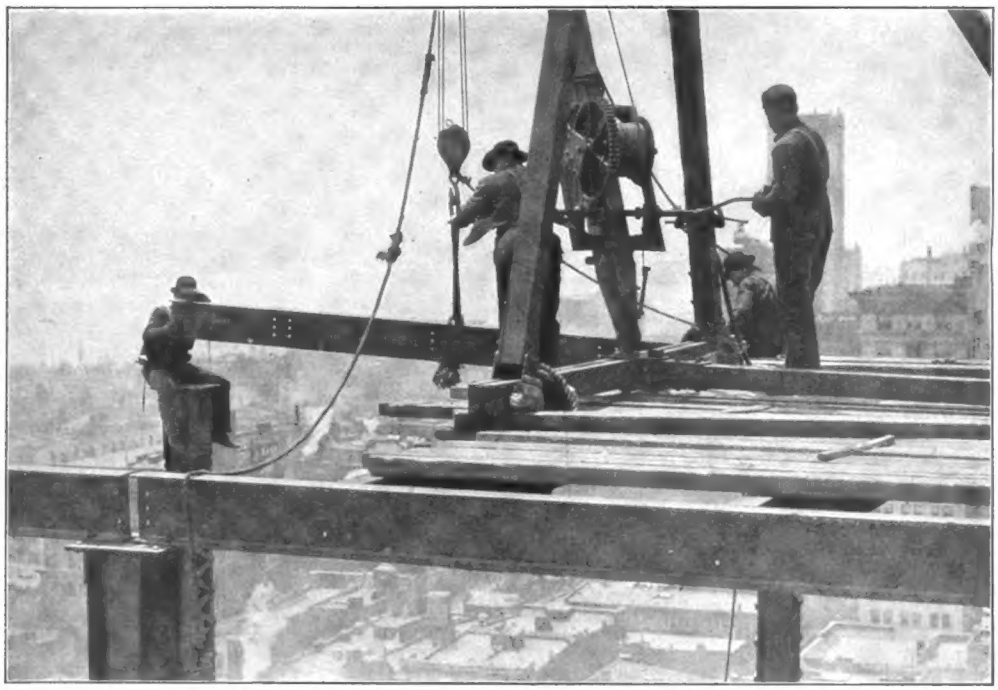

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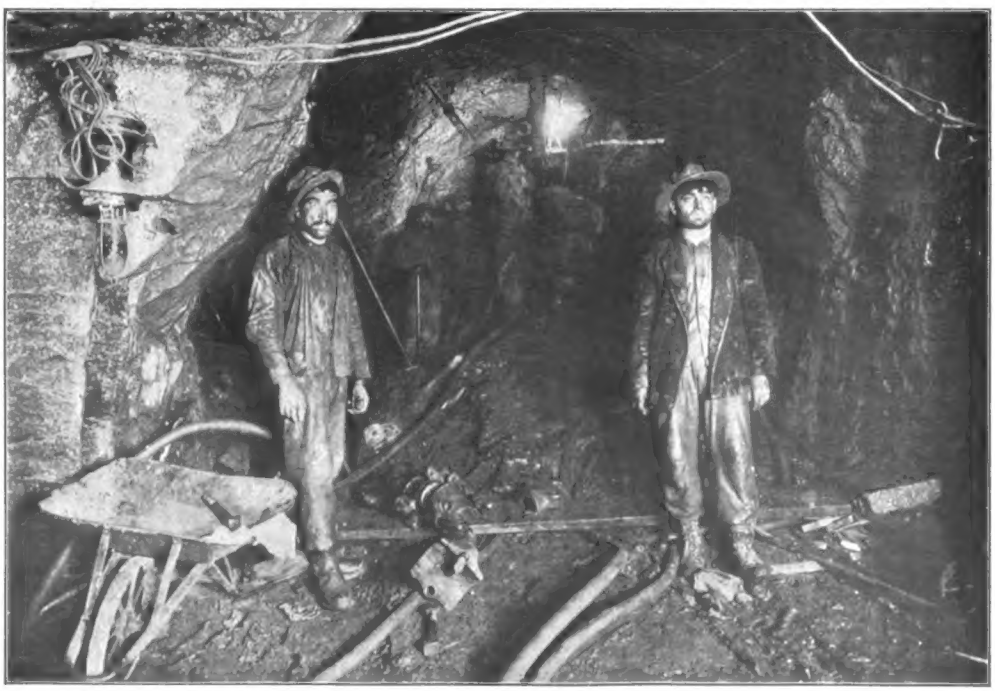
ON THE RAGGED EDGE. IT HAS BEEN ESTIMATED THAT ONE LIFE IS LOST FOR EACH FLOOR OF A MODERN HIGH BUILDING.



Photograph by Brown Brothers, New York.

THE PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD TUNNEL RUNS BENEATH THE NORTH AND EAST RIVERS AND ACROSS MANHATTAN. IN TUNNEL WORK, ON AN AVERAGE, A MAN PER DAY IS KILLED.

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and put them down with the utmost care; they seem afraid even to step briskly. No one ever whistles in a powder-mill.

In the six big tunnel-construction jobs in and about New York, on an average a man per day is killed. A cave-in of rock or mud or sand engulfs the gang, or a blast of dynamite blows them to pieces, or they are overcome by the "bends," the terrible disease due to compressed air. Toiling feverishly in three-hour shifts under a tremendous air-pressure of three atmospheres, the "sand hogs" deep down under the rivers face a thousand dangers in order that the pressing problems of transportation may be solved for the great metropolis. The "bends" is not always fatal, but it catches a large number of the men and doubles them up like jack-knives. In the worst cases it kills with a horrible death.

Every man knows that railroading is dangerous work. Not every man knows that it is fifty per cent. more dangerous than it need be. There are over thirteen hundred thousand railroad men on the trains and in the yards of the United States. Of these, according to the Interstate Commerce Commission's report for the last complete year on record, 69,191 were killed and injured in one year's time—more than one man in every twenty. And yet one-half of all railroad accidents are preventable; half of the thousands of lives of trainmen and passengers lost yearly in blazing wrecks, crushed out under overturned cars, or burned out in the steam of exploding boilers, might have been saved by carefulness and the use of proper appliances.

The decrease in the number of accidents in coupling and uncoupling cars brought about by the use of an automatic device (which is not as widely used as it ought to be) proves that with proper safeguards we need not kill five times as many men as they do in Great Britain. Equipping all cars, freight as well as passenger, with air-brakes according to the provisions of the Safety Appliance Law should do a great deal of good.

One of the best safeguards to the men, however, would be the passage of federal and state laws limiting the number of hours of employment of railroad employees to eight, or at least allowing ten hours' rest after service before calling on them again. The engineer exhausted after a twenty hours' run and the overworked telegraph-operator are responsible for more wrecks than the public realizes.

It takes a great deal to arouse the indignation or the sympathy of the people at large. The callousness of the Oriental finds its counterpart in the carelessness of the Occidental; we are in too much of a hurry to care—and it is none of our business, anyway. Every other day we read newspaper accounts of mine explosions; of miners buried alive and their bodies never recovered—and in ten minutes we have forgotten; that is, unless we have once witnessed the heartrending scenes at the mouth of the pit after an explosion, when wives and children weep together, and friends struggle heroically to recover even dead bodies—then we never forget, and the stories of mining casualties mean something more than mere words.

In eighteen months, fire-damp alone was responsible for 415 deaths and many times that number of injuries. "In every one of these cases," says the *Mine Workers' Journal*, "the mine owners expressed deep regret over the sad affair and laid the whole blame on careless and inexperienced miners." On the other hand: "If the mining laws of the several mining States were enforced and obeyed, there could not be an explosion," says Andrew Roy, the first mine inspector of the State of Ohio.

What is the actual number of men killed and injured? Last year in Pennsylvania it was 1,123 killed and 2,365 injured, a total of 3,488. In the same year, according to John Mitchell's statement in the Indianapolis *News*, in the fifteen States alone that report mine accidents, 5,986 miners of all classes were killed and injured. If the Pennsylvania record is any index, one may infer that the reporting of accidents in other States was probably lax, since more than half the number occurred in this one State.

In the fifteen remaining States in which mining is an important industry, but which do not keep records at all (not keeping a record of such things is in itself most significant), the loss through death has been estimated at about 2,000 and through accident, if the proportion holds good in recording and nonrecording States, 4,000 at the very least.

Falls of coal and slate carry off most of the men that are killed in the mines. The situation grows worse every year. Machines are used for undercutting coal and the roofs are neglected—for the men must hurry, hurry, else we shall fall behind in our national prosperity. Scores of foreigners are killed in this

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speeding up because half the employees in coal-mines cannot speak the language of their foremen and are hence never told of the dangers that surround them.

Peter Roberts, in his great book on the coal industry, shows that the average age of the man who is killed in mining coal is only 32.13 years—he is struck down in the prime of life, at the period of greatest value to himself and to the industry. Worse than that, even should the men escape the fire-damp and dynamite and cave-ins, few reach the age of forty without having their industrial efficiency all but ruined. There is in store for them another danger—the dread disease of the coal regions known as the "miners' asthma," which is nothing less than tuberculosis, due to dust and poisonous gases. It has a sinister scientific name, also—"anthracosis."

But railroading and mining are unfortunately by no means the only industries that exact their tribute of human sacrifice. Probably the last thing one thinks of when entering a towering office-building is its cost in the wasted lives of men. From the mining of the iron, the quarrying of the stone, and the felling and planing of the timber that goes into it, from the excavation of its foundations and the sinking of its caissons, to the riveting of its steel frame, the process of its construction is one continuous spilling of human blood. One well-known engineer has estimated that for every building of average floor-area, one life has been lost for each floor. A large percentage of these accidents is due to insecure scaffolding, to loose flooring, and to the collapse of flimsy and ill-built structures. In nine cases out of ten they are preventable, and are therefore little less than murder.

During the past year, Chicago sky-scrapers exacted the heaviest toll of human life recorded in the history of building operations in the city. Figures compiled in the annual death-roll of the Bridge and Structural Ironworkers' Union show the increase in fatalities among the men to be enormous. Of a total membership of 1,358 men in the union last year, 156 either lost their lives, or were totally or partially disabled. During the year before, twenty-six were killed, an equal number were so injured that they could not resume their trade, while the number of minor injuries totaled about eighty. This increase in the casualty list of from ten to twelve per cent. of the membership during the two years was attributed to speeding up the work, thus compelling the men to neglect proper precautions.

What is the fate of the workers in factories, foundries, and steel-mills? Here is illustrated most forcefully the criminal negligence of employers in not taking measures to prevent accidents as horrible as they are easily avoidable.

The most common type of factory accident is what the newspapers call being "caught in the machinery." Judged by a newspaper clipping record of 612 accidents, thirty per cent. of factory accidents are of this nature. A large proportion was preventable by nothing more than railings and gratings to screen off the moving parts of the machinery. Next most dreaded by men in factories is being caught in the leather belting or being struck with it when it snaps or comes off the shaft. Most of these accidents are avoidable by proper guards. Indeed to provide adequate protection from almost any high-speed piece of machinery is not a difficult task.

In other cases high-speed revolving wheels burst, showering the men with as deadly a fire as if a shell from a hidden enemy exploded among them. Cages such as are used largely in Germany offer almost perfect protection. It has been estimated from a confessedly incomplete record of the New York Bureau of Labor (the only one ever made in America) that there are upward of 232,000 factory employees killed or injured annually in the United States.

Sudden and violent death is not the only death, nor in many cases the worst one, that a workman has to fear.

In the potteries and porcelain-works hundreds die every year from consumption contracted from the fine particles of dust that fill the air and parch the throats of the workers until they are forced to the saloons to wash the clay out of their mouths. Almost all potters die sooner or later of a form of tuberculosis that they themselves call "potters' consumption." The pale, colorless faces, almost like the clay itself, that one sees in the potteries are ghastly.

Insidious as is potters' consumption, there is another equally dread disease that stalks behind pottery and sanitary ware, china, and terra-cotta. It is lead-poisoning, contracted wherever glazing is done. The blue line of lead-poisoning that appears about the lips is sure to come after a man has worked a short time at the glazing. Next comes the "lead-

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colic," and finally lead-paralysis, invariably fatal. If after the first attack lead-workers return to the work they are sure to get the poisoning again. Yet with families dependent on them and no other trade, men have to go back to certain death.

One of the most striking entries in the death-roll of industry is the loss of life in the making of porcelain sanitary ware—the very utensils that are designed for the salvation of life in the home and the hospital. In this trade scores die annually from lead-poisoning in the glazing—dying literally that others may live. From the mining and smelting of lead to the glazing with white lead or the making of paint with white-lead preparations, somebody is constantly being sacrificed to this deadliest of metals.

The ill-ventilated shops of garment-makers, barely conforming to the sweat-shop law, and the dark, malodorous tenements where work is done in secret in circumvention of the factory laws—these are likewise breeding-places of tuberculosis where the mortality from that disease is raised to one man in every four of those who die in the prime of life. At least one-half of all this mortality is strictly preventable or subject to reduction under some rational method of social reform.

But the question of tuberculosis among factory workers is not by any means confined to potteries or sweat-shops. It is as common a disease as factories and mills are common. To a large degree preventable, it is seldom guarded against. Dust is deadly and bad air is deadly—these facts are perfectly familiar, but still we have unsanitary factories. Recently two of the largest mills in Providence, Rhode Island, began to employ physicians regularly to fight tuberculosis by carefully watching the employees and taking sanitary precautions. The improvement was noticeable at the start, and the system is spreading through all the mills in Rhode Island.

That prevention is better than cure is being realized by a larger number of people every year. But the poorer classes, the toilers, do not know how to take care of themselves, to prevent what, with knowledge, might in so many cases be prevented. They try to guard themselves as best they may; they spend their money in buying patent medicines by the ton, in blind and misdirected efforts toward self-preservation; for they know what lies before them, and what the end must be.

Think of the vast army of men and women, young, endowed with the inalienable right of life of which we talk so glibly, who sit chained to their work by day and by night, in ill-ventilated or filthy dens, forfeiting that right in order that you and I may know the luxuries that have become necessities. The galley-slaves of modern civilization, these—pitiful wrecks doomed by the breath of the White Plague to lingering and merciless death, snatching at any straw for relief, for a moment more of wretched life. And here, again, one-half of these deaths have been unnecessary—a wanton sacrifice to the God of Greed. And these deaths are at our door, who could have prevented them if we would. We have the knowledge that means life; they, the toilers, have not. We have the means of bettering their condition—they can only live and suffer as we choose. We have no time to care. A long step in the right direction was taken somewhat over a year ago, when courses of free lectures on consumption, its cause and prevention, were given. Who can say how the appalling list of deaths from tuberculosis might not be shortened, if, instead of libraries and empty medals for heroism, such courses were permanently established under competent lecturers, that those who walk in darkness might be given light? It may well be said for the uncounted thousands of these victims, that the wages of life is death.

In New York City occur ten violent deaths a day, as a direct result of daily activities. In Chicago the number falls to six a day, according to Dr. Thomas Grant Allen. But the storm-center of the country is Allegheny County, Pennsylvania, in which the city of Pittsburg is situated, combining steel, iron, and coal industries, mills, mines, railroads, and building operations. Over seventeen thousand deaths and injuries a year in all industries is the record for this single county.

"Conditions are such that the life of a foreigner employed in the mills is given less consideration than is the life of a horse or mule," says the coroner of Allegheny County. "During my first month in office I was astounded to find that within the thirty days twelve men were killed in one plant alone of the United States Steel Corporation." "If even the present laws were enforced," the Hungarian consul has protested, "conditions would not be so bad."

What of the money value of these lost lives? First of all it must be borne in mind that the half-million maimed or killed are producers—not infants nor old men, but men

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and women, youths and girls, of working age, in the majority of instances in the prime of life—whom it has cost society millions of dollars to rear to the point of economic efficiency. They are cut down before the very process of repaying the cost of their rearing is completed. Often from being of assistance to society they are reduced to dependency. The skilled must also constantly and expensively be replaced out of the ranks of the unskilled.

Many writers have essayed the complex problem of expressing flesh and blood in dollars and cents. The statistician of the greatest industrial insurance company in America is inclined to place the net annual economic gain of an average worker at $400. At the prime of life this would make his estimated economic value something like $10,395. Not knowing the proportion of killed to injured, or the number of days the injured were incapacitated for labor, we cannot apply the figures, but that the application would be something stupendous a glance will show. Suppose even only one per cent. of the half-million killed or injured were killed —it would mean that economic productive power of $50,000,000 a year had been sacrificed.

George E. McNeill, president of the International Underwriters' Association of America, has estimated that the loss in Massachusetts by fire is approximately one-half the total loss by accidents to both sexes in all gainful occupations. The average annual loss by fire in the entire country, based on observations covering five years, is $174,000,000. If Mr. McNeill's estimate for Massachusetts holds good for the whole United States, accidents to working men cost us something like $348,000,000 a year. Three and a half hundred millions of dollars lost—one-third of the volume of our entire foreign trade—and we do not even know it!

The problem that confronts us, confronts other nations as well; but the United States is the only one that has as yet made no definite and earnest effort toward its solution.

A few years ago in Germany no one even guessed what the number of industrial accidents was. An estimate was made, but as John Graham Brooks says: "The first investigation showed three times the number; when the investigation became more complete, six times the number." A partial investigation of nearly sixteen thousand such accidents in Germany showed that fifty-three per cent. of them were avoidable. The simplest precautions might at once have cut down by one-half the death-roll of industry in Germany. The country at once awoke to the fact, and now everywhere one sees life-saving devices in mills and mines, life-saving laws on the statute books, and life-saving inspectors going the rounds preventing as far as possible the terrible drain on the life-blood of the nation.

In France, which has one of the best systems in the world for collecting vital statistics, 222,124 workers were killed or injured last year in the factories and building trades alone. France has a population less than half our own, and many laws protecting her workers.

England, France, Germany, and Holland have studied with care the awful inroads that industrial accidents are making on their working people. Figures on this point are gathered along with other statistics. But for such vital facts about ourselves, we may inquire in vain. We do not know; if we want to know, we must dig out the items for ourselves.

What are we doing with the human wreckage on our hands; and how can this havoc be lessened in the future?

The national Government has a Department of Commerce and Labor; almost every State Government has a State Labor Bureau; every city has a Department of Health and a Coroner. Public opinion strongly expressed ought to be able to force a meeting of the minds of these three departments.

The first law that should be written on the statute books of the States is one requiring that a report of every accident be made to the State Labor Bureau. Collected at Washington, the reports would then give some idea of the character of the issue that must be met. Furthermore, another federal census should not be taken without investigating the question of industrial accidents, the ages and wages of the victims, the length of time they are incapacitated, either permanently or temporarily, and the preventability of the accidents.

There are almshouses, and organized charities for the relief of the crippled and the families of victims, but their resources are totally inadequate to cope with the problem. It is said that the people of the State of New York pay out in this way over one million dollars a year to support the wrecks of dangerous trades. The community is paying for the sins of others that it will not prevent.

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One phase of the question three charity organization societies have tackled. In New York, Chicago, and Cleveland "Bureaus for the Handicapped" have been established and hundreds of men are flocking to them—wrecks of dangerous trades, worn-out tools discarded for better ones and thrown in the scrap-heap of the human race.

In these bureaus it is designed, for instance, to put a man who has lost a leg in the way of obtaining work that requires only his hands, and vice versa. It is designed to take the man whose trade has caused him to contract lead-poisoning and establish him in a trade that is safe. It is designed to transfer the man who has contracted tuberculosis in one trade into a trade in the open air, where he may be cured. In short, it is designed to add these workers to the army of industry at least as fractions, if not units, rather than to allow them to remain minus quantities.

But what of the deeper question, How shall we reapportion the economic loss so that it may fall where it belongs? In his last message to Congress, President Roosevelt recognized this question and suggested an answer along the line of employers' liability laws. His theory is that the entire "risk of a trade" should be placed on the employer, who will then pass it along, properly adding it as a legitimate cost of production, and hence assessing it upon the consumers of the commodity. At present it is left for the worker and his family or for the community at large to bear this unjust burden.

The federal employers' liability law, enacted by the last session of Congress for railway employees, reverses the time-worn and unjust "fellow-servant rule" of the common law, incrusted as it is with more injustice to workmen than almost any other principle. It also revolutionizes the unjust contributory negligence rulings so that where the negligence of the employee is slight and that of the employer great in comparison, the slight contributory negligence of the employee no longer altogether bars recovery of damages.

One thing that such an employers' liability law would do if extended, according to the President's suggestion, to all trades, would be to bring the employer who is reckless and who uses worn-out machinery, into competition with the employer who is careful and up-to-date. That would make the slaughter unprofitable, and as soon as it becomes unprofitable it will cease.

But it may be objected that this places too heavy a burden on the consumer without any corresponding check on the carelessness of the worker himself. If that is granted, one arrives at the conclusion that the only proper and ultimate solution of the problem lies in a system of accident-insurance for working men modeled on the lines of the German system, which divides the burden among the employer, the employee, and the state. A short step in this direction is the provision in the New York State law allowing it to be set up in mitigation of damages that an employer has contributed to an accident-insurance fund for the benefit of his men.

In Amsterdam there stands a building that marks the first effort of mankind to abolish the slaughter of modern industry—the famous Amsterdam Museum of Security, founded in 1893. Berlin, Paris, Munich, Zurich, and Vienna also have such museums. Here are exhibited models and photographs of protective devices, and in many cases the devices themselves, showing means whereby the workers in every trade and occupation that involves risk may be safeguarded, and the loss of life minimized to the lowest possible fraction. In the United States the American Institute for Social Service has taken up the same work.

For the fact remains that the only measures that will prove adequate are not remedial, but preventive. Not until employers are willing to spend the money necessary for providing proper safeguards for their men; not until contractors have ceased to say, as one in New York said recently, "It is cheaper not to protect the men—plenty more where they came from!"—not until we realize that in our disregard for human life we are consciously or unconsciously fast approaching the callousness of the Oriental, will the wanton slaughter of the toilers cease.

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Crossing by Ferry at Night

By NANCY BYRD TURNER

SOFTLY, with scarce a tremor to betray,
She slips her noisy moorings for the dark,
Clears the chafed waters where her comrades sway,
Swings into shadow like a phantom bark,
And we are under way.

The sudden wind comes hushing back our breath,
The darkness takes our sight. This side, that side
The nameless river-reaches open wide,
The distance sucks us in; and underneath
We cleave the thwarting tide.

Black air, black water, blackness like a pall,
No moon, and not a star in heaven's height.
Look—like a strange handwriting on the wall—
A beauteous chain unwound along the night,
Each link a light—

The City! . . . Yonder fades the Jersey flare,
As dim as yesterday. The way before
Is like a path of glory, now. We wear
The dark for wings, and set our hearts to dare
That wondrous waiting shore.

PROFESSOR MALINO

By WILL IRWIN

Illustrations by Horace Taylor

THREE stable-boys, their coat collars turned up against the cold, were leading three camels around in solemn circles. Two spotted circus ponies with restless, inquiring ears followed after; and behind them a sacred cow, her breath coming in sudden jets of steam, her legs working in quick little jerks. From the sheds on either side steam-pipes were puffing out the vapors that kept life in the shivery, tropic-blooded elephants. All about were the relics of the Peaks of the Himalayas, in midsummer the background for the Great Durbar Spectacle, but now transformed into homes for the winter-staying circus-folk. Mount Everest, still decked with the faded remnants of a pine forest, gave forth a volcanic stream of smoke, showing where the wife of the elephant tamer was getting dinner. A great deal of the paint had rubbed off the slopes of Mount Everest; and this revealed its true geological forma-

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tion, to wit: tin cans melted down for their structural material. In short, it was winter at Luna Park, in the heart of Coney Island, and the last mummer and mountebank who could possibly get away had streaked down the road. These winter inhabitants were only the attendants of the circus animals and certain others who were rooted to the Island by misfortune.

Bill the Barker stood watching the camels circle. The others of his kind had taken the highway long before, seeking all manner of devices to tide them over until another season. One—Bill would have told you—was the myself. Just opened up my fist and let her drop."

Bill has said himself that if he does not let out just so much talk every day, he will swell and burst in the night. For lack of company, he had been silent a whole morning long; he was in the mood for confidences. Talking as he went, he led the way to the Haunted Swing. There he lighted the coal-oil stove, disposed his feet on a costume basket, and spun on with the yarn.

It was a great day for Bill when I got my job barking in front of the Incubated Babies'

BILL THE BARKER STOOD WATCHING THE CAMELS CIRCLE.

barker for a dime museum on Eighth Avenue; one had gone back into "the Legit." and was showing in gaudy melodrama on the Bowery; one was end man for a provincial minstrel show. Bill alone lingered, taking up his winter quarters wherever the owners of the concessions would let him. That week he was living in "The Haunted Swing," where there was just room for a gentleman of his tastes and needs.

Bill cast his eyes toward the highest peak of Mount Everest and sighed.

"About this time last year, sir," he said, "I didn't think as I was going to be living alone in the Haunted Swing, making my own onion soup and frying my own chops. I had visions, in a way of speaking, of a little flat for two over there in Mandelbaum's addition to the Dream City of Coney, and a neat little woman to keep it in order. But things goes wrong sometimes, and the best of men gets fooled when it comes to a proposition that includes and contains a woman. The funniest part of it, sir, is that I let her go

Show down here on old Coney. You may well say that, sir. There I was right inside the white and enchanted towers of Dreamland, next to Bub Patterson, the father of barking, and with Billy McNair, who taught William Jennings Bryan the use of his voice, only three concessions away. There I was, sir, barking daily to thousands of the swellest people in New York. The second day after they opened Coney, I was bringing in hundreds right under the nose of Bub Patterson, and Billy McNair was barking so hard, trying to stem the tide, that he got Charley Horse in his voice. It's no wonder, then, that the receipts of that great and successful enterprise rose beyond the dreams of avarice. Before the second week the press-agent paid me the touching tribute of bringing the reporters round and getting me written up as the new King of the Barkers. What? Didn't you see it? Gee, you don't read the *Joynal*.

I'm telling you, it ain't no snap to keep ahead of the bunch nowadays when the barkers are always thinking up new ways of

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flagging people. Some one thinks up a new dodge every day. There's the guy before the animal show that pokes a cane in front of a Rube and then points, mysterious, at the sign. There's the A-rab who looks cute

"THERE'S THE A-RAB WHO LOOKS CUTE AND WINKS."

and winks and says "Aha!" and makes half the women stop and get their palms read. Yes, sir, the regular, high-class, pitch-'em-in-and-ring-'em-out sidewalk talk is out of fashion. When I saw that, I got the idea of barking in po'try. I used to make it up nights and spiel it off next day just like it came to me out of the air. Like this:

"Bring your sweetheart, bring your wife;
Never saw in all your life
Such a lot of cunning babies—
Bring the children, bring the ladies.
Will amuse and instruct you every time,
Only costs one measly dime."

Of course "ladies" and "babies" don't exactly rhyme, but the people never saw it wrote down and it didn't make any difference.

Pretty nifty, wasn't it?

And just then, when everything was coming my way just like it was greased, I fell in love. Yes, it was a dotty thing to do.

There was a lot doing that night. The rush of business may explain why I wasn't any more careful. The Fraternal Order of Eagles was giving its grand annual encampment or whatever you call it, and Coney was packed full. The attendance broke all previous records, which hardly ever happens except on Sundays. The press-agent and the manager were steering the Grand High Mazoozalums of the order. Of course they brought them straight to hear me bark. I had a fine spiel in their honor—I'd sat up pretty near all night writing it. 'Twas like this:

"Welcome, welcome, to the Eagles;
Come along now and don't *be* gulls.
Twenty girls, boys thirty-three,
Finest kids you ever see—
Frantic mothers put their reliance
On this marvel of modern science."

I was a long time getting a rhyme for "eagles," but I done it, and they seemed to take to it. The Grand High Bardlet of the order told me afterward that I'd done in one night what he'd been trying to do for five years.

So it kind of puzzled me like, with a lot of the best people in New York listening and appreciating, to discover that I was spieling right over their heads and talking to one girl in the crowd.

I ain't much of a connoisher of female beauty, but she suited me. I stop to make mention only of her eyes, which were brown and just filled up the landscape in front of me. She was leaning on the arm of a big, hulking yap. I announce officially that I didn't like that mutt then, and the more I knew him the more I didn't like him. When I let down on my talk and gave the crowd a chance to step forward and patronize the show, she and him passed by the ticket window and showed a professional pass to the doorman. By that I knew one or the other of 'em worked on Coney.

I took a rest for a few minutes and hunted up the press-agent to find out who they were.

"JUST THE KIND OF RUBE THAT'S BEEN MY BREAKFAST-FOOD FOR TWENTY YEARS."

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"IT TOOK TWO TICKET-SELLERS TO HOLD HIM."

I didn't know then why I did it, because I didn't know then that I was in love. That press-agent has got so used to lining out dope for the reporters that he talks like a three-sheet poster.

"That's the Eye-talian lion-tamer of the Bostock show," says he. "That's Professor Tomasso Malino, Emperor of the Animal Kingdom, the greatest living demonstrator of the power of the human eye over the brute creation."

"I was hatched a while ago," said I. "Neither did I break into this show business yesterday. I know the game. Old kittens without any teeth and filled up with dope—just spunk enough to spit when he cracks a whip at them. They roar because they're unhappy on their insides. Where does the noble Eye-talian come from, anyhow—Weehawken or Scituate, Mass.?—and what's his princely patronymic?"

The press-agent lowered his vocabulary a few pegs. He said:

"I ain't denying as one professional to another that he's from down East somewhere. It's all in the business, Bill. As for his name, it's Tom Maul."

"And the girl?" says I, kind of quiet-like, and getting now to the cream of the conversation.

"The lady is Mamie McMurtrie that Jim Bangs rescues every evening by kicking in the window in the Fire and Flames show. You know Jim. He's the head fireman and doubles up as leader of the band while they're putting new windows in the scenery."

Well, sir, that night when I sat down to write another pome—I had to keep my spiel changing all the time; it was part of the game—I couldn't write about incubated babies or the wonders of science, but only about brown eyes and a little Brooklyn flat for two, and things like that.

The next time I seen those brown eyes I had a tighter grip on myself and took time to look over that lion-tamer—he was right close to her again. He was just a big, disagreeable husky. No sense—you could see that. I wouldn't want nothing better than a thousand of him in front of me while I worked off the Peerless Shaving Set, consisting of a razor that won't shave, a strop that won't sharpen, a brush that sheds, a can of Magic Razor ointment warranted to take the temper out of a sixteen-inch gun, a bottle of Peerless Cold Cream Lotion that goes bad like rancid butter, and a mug embossed with roses that wipes off, all for seventy-five cents, three-quarters of a dollar. Just the kind of Rube that's been my breakfast-food for twenty years, man and boy. It didn't look to me that it would be hard to talk just one girl away from the likes of him.

I'd saved up a batch of rhymes to spring on the lady the next time she made her appearance. You may ask, sir, why I done that. It's this way: Winning a girl, as I doped it out, ain't so different after all from gettin' a piker past the ticket-window. You stop 'em first, get 'em to pay attention. Once you've got 'em stopped, you're no good if you don't charm 'em inside. It was my plan and idea, after I saw her smile on me the first time, to get her to notice me by my pomes.

I let out quite a few rhymes and you could see that she liked 'em. This is really the best one I done—kind of had a point:

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"When you bring to see the town
Your lady friend with eyes of brown,
It is a fact, there ain't no maybes,
She'd like the incubated babies.
They will win her every time—
Just two nickels or one dime."

"WHEN WE GOT BACK PROFESSOR MALINO JUST BUSTED."

She laughed like anything at that. It was the prettiest little laugh ever I heard. It started 'way down in G somewhere and then ran up three notes at a jump until it hit the top demi-semi-quaver and died off in a place that sent the shivers running all over me. The lion-tamer looked like he wanted trouble with me. That spurred me on, and I done this, right out of my head, never knowing, until I came to it, where I was going to get the next rhyme:

"If your fellow will not pay
A dime to take you in to-day,
Pay a dime yourself and take him—
But two nickels will not break him.
More than any man to ladies
Are the incubated babies."

Now it wasn't so much what I said as the way I said it. I was shooting it all straight at Professor Malino, the human clothes-horse. He got the signal all right, which was more than I expected. He roared out like one of his old man-eaters:

"See here, are you talking to me?"

I steadied myself and throwed back at him my star repartee that I carried around with me for just such occasions:

"Young man," said I, "never did I comprehend or understand the contention of the noted scientist, Professor Darwin, that man was descended from the monkey, until I looked at the likes of you. Go off and converse with yourself in Yiddish," says I. Well, it took two ticket-sellers to hold him. I like to lost my job.

That's the way it went on. Pretty nearly every evening between the eight-fifteen and the eight-thirty performance of Fire and Flames, Mamie used to wander past, and I used to give her the choicest po'try I knew. Sometimes she had the mutton-headed Umpire of the Animal Kingdom with her, and sometimes she was alone. She'd throw me a glance and a smile, but she never went into the show again. There wasn't the slightest chance or opportunity to speak to her personal from the platform.

But a coward never made a fortune and a faint heart never won a brunette. So one night, when she hadn't passed as usual, I put my understudy on the block and went over to Fire and Flames just after the eight-forty-five performance. I met her at the stage gate in her costume—not the fire costume, which was a white nightie, but the costume she wore in the first part when she was doubling up as the old apple-woman that gets chased by a policeman. There were only ten golden moments for conversation, and I certainly improved them with wit, anecdote, and repartee.

"Where's the King of the Tame Kittens tonight?" I said as I was bidding her farewell.

"I don't like to hear you talk that way, Mr. Gump," she said. "It ain't generous."

"Call me Willie or plain Bill in the first place," says I, "and in the second place, what is it that has nailed and cemented your

"WE WERE CLINCHING BREAD-HOOKS UNDER A GREEN UMBRELLA."

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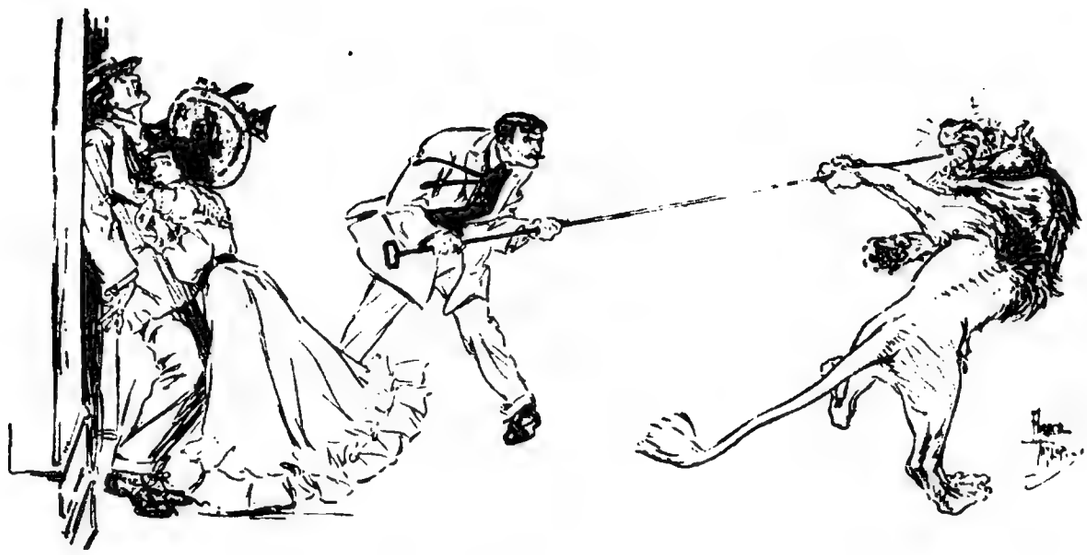

"THE MADDEST LION YOU EVER SAW WAS BITING THE BAR AND ROARING UNTIL THE CAGES SHOOK."

young heart to the peerless King of the Animal Kingdom?"

"He's that brave," says she. "It gives you shivers to see him stand up and fight 'em back."

"You ain't been in the show business long," said I. "It would be charity to knock out some of your young dreams and illusions. The lions are staggering with dope and loaded with burrs to make 'em howl. They ain't got teeth enough to gnaw the spangles off his ring pants."

The Salvation Army parade came off stage just then, which was her cue to go and be chased by the policeman, but as she broke away she said over her shoulder:

"Say, do you ever go in swimming? I do, every morning at nine."

Swim! She couldn't have played into my hands better. Boss, I was raised on Avenue A, and I didn't do much in them happy childhood days but dodge cops and try to get myself drowned. Swim! I can swim pretty near as well as I can talk.

Still, I didn't never hope for the luck I struck next morning. When I came out of the bath-house there she was. Gee! She did look fine in a bathing-suit! She wasn't as lonely and remote on the fair prospect as I'd hoped she was, for there was Professor Malino, hunching his knees up together. She was teaching him to swim, and he was clean water-shy. Say, when you got him in a bathing-suit, he was no umpire of an animal kingdom. His legs were pin wires—regular comedy legs. If one of his lions had bit the calves of his ring clothes, they'd 'a' thought they'd struck a sawmill.

"Good morning," I said, wading out. Then I took a header into a big breaker and crawled along with a trudgeon stroke, showing what I could do. When, after my little exhibition spurt, I swum back, she was still coaching her Umpire of the Animal Kingdom, explaining to him that all he had to do was to lay down on the water and trust himself.

"Better come out," I said. "It's fine out here." She kind of hesitated.

"This is Professor Malino," she said. "Professor, Mr. Gump."

"Pleased to meet you, Prof.," says I. "Will you excuse us a moment if Miss McMurtrie and I dip in the briny?" And I struck out. She followed right after. That was another nervy play, but I was winning her on nerve. I didn't wear no circus-clothes nor conquer wild, fierce lions, so I just used the vocabulary and the nerve that has carried me through, man and boy, for twenty years. I looked back over my shoulder and I could see at a glance that Professor Malino didn't like it any.

Well, we splashed around for about half an hour and told each other about ourselves. She used to work in a manicure parlor. She didn't like it, because the gentlemen got gay. Old Howard that ran Fire and Flames and was a lot of a dude used to go to her to have his fingers massaged. She worked him for the job, because she was dying to go on the stage. After she done it she saw there was nothing in it. When we'd got a little chilled, and swum back, Professor Malino had got mad and quit.

Now when a man is barking for a show like

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the Incubated Babies, he has to stay by the job. There ain't any thirty-minutes-to-the-next-performance sign out. Fine and fancy that for Professor Malino. He wasn't showing but six turns a day, and I'm positive certain that when he wasn't in the ring with his lions he was mooning around Fire and Flames. So the afternoon and evening was his'n, but the morning was mine. Every day he took her down to the beach and every day I got her away and swum as long as she wanted to stay in. My work was rapid. It had to be. I'd deliver her over to him on the beach, fire off a few remarks just to shine alongside of him, and make my getaway. Honest, boss, that man couldn't say three words together, he was that quiet naturally. I was shining, all right.

About the fifth swim I knew I had her going. And one morning, hanging on to the ropes away out by the stake-boat, I gave my official opinion again on lion-tamers and lions without any teeth. That time she took it from me and never said a word.

When we got back to the beach Professor Malino just busted. It had been coming up inside of him for a long time. He stood there, roaring like one of his own riled African monarchs, and for once he talked.

"You pie-faced pup," says he, "you drop my girl and chase yourself. I'm getting sick of this," says he.

"Much as I'd like to accept your hospitable invitation," I says, "it's against my principles to make blood and gore in the presence of ladies. But since you've pressed me," I says, "just meet me at any other time, weight for age, me naming the weapons. If you want to know what those weapons are, they're brains. This is an age and era of brains and intelligence. The force of the lion and tiger has fallen before the wonders and marvels of modern science," says I.

"You're afraid," said he.

"Guess again and guess better," says I, though I was trembling in my shoes.

I never knew why Professor Malino, the fierce kitten subduer, didn't wring my neck then, there, and on the spot. He stood clicking his finger-nails for a spell, and then he kind of hunched his shoulders.

"If you want him, take him," says he to Mamie. And away he walked.

"Oh, very well," said Mamie. She laughed a little laugh I didn't quite understand—then—and ten minutes later we were clinching bread-hooks under a green sun umbrella and I was beginning to hint about a flat for two.

After that, when the last performance of Fire and Flames was over, and the Incubated Babies were locked up with their nurses, and the crowds were getting out from the late concessions, I used to meet her at the stage gate and walk home with her to her boarding-house on Surf Avenue. And one night, just like the story-books talk about, I asked her to say the word that would make her mine.

It was a black night with the thunder rumbling. A few little hot drops were falling when we passed The End of the World, and we ducked under cover on the porch of the Bostock animal show, to wait and see whether it was going to pass over or whether it was to be a regular summer thunder-storm. And while we sat there, hunched up behind the ticket-box, her little brown head got down close to my shoulder, and I said it. I couldn't wait any longer. I told her about the Brooklyn flat for two and the interest I was going to get in the Incubated Baby show, and how she wouldn't have to file nails or be carried down a ladder any longer, but could go to a regular dramatic school and be a credit to herself.

"Won't you do it, Mamie?" says I.

"Yes, I—guess—I—will," she says, just like that. But when I tried to kiss her, she hid her head on my shoulder.

And then—the storm just busted out and came. It seemed to fall all at once—an awful sheet of lightning and a blanket of rain. Outside the umbrellas were going up and the crowd was hurrying for doorways. The wind drove the rain in toward us, and for a minute it like to drowned Mamie and me. Between the thunder-claps you could hear the animals inside, roaring together like the damned.

"We'll be soaked," she said. "Can't we get inside some way?"

The big gate was locked, but there was a little door for the employees on one side. I shoved hard at it; the lock gave way, and in a second we were out of the rain.

It was black dark in there, and all hell was loose with the animals. The lions were roaring back and forth; between roars you could catch a jackal whimpering. Then, for variety, the bars would shiver where some beast was beating himself against them. 'Twould die down; then the whole menagerie would take it up together. Pitch black dark, and we alone in that fearsome racket.

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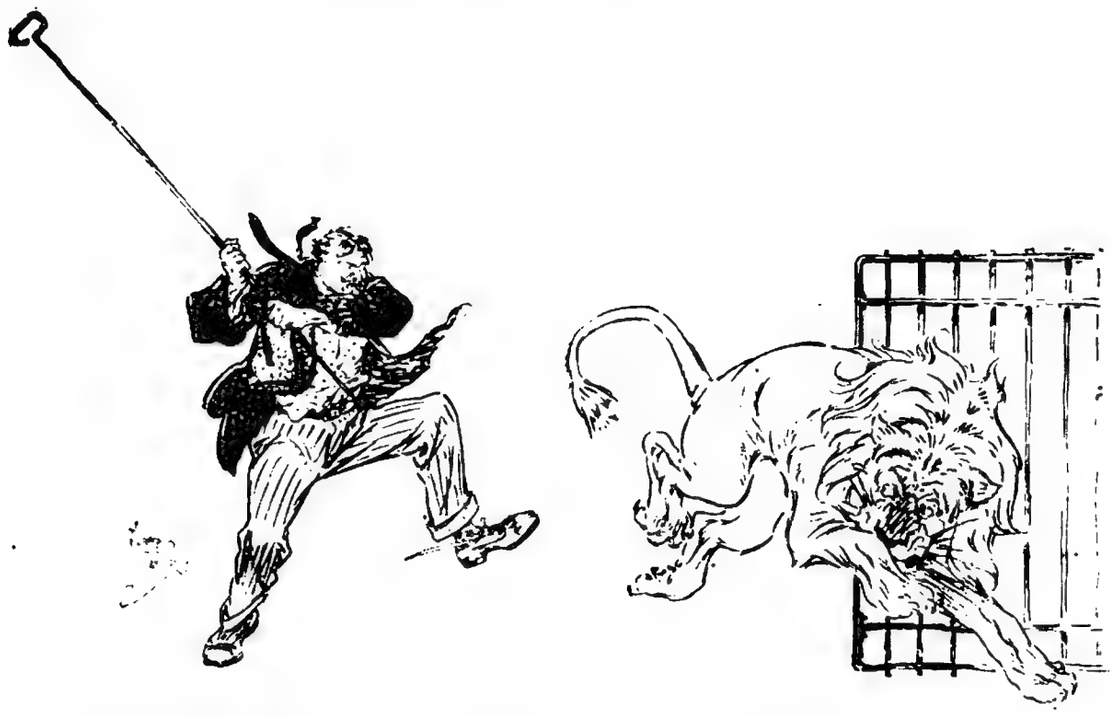
We felt our way toward the benches. Mamie was shivering and quaking on my arm.

"Are we safe with them?" she said. "Oh, I feel—" and then there was an awful flash of lightning.



"'CLAW IN, YOU SWINE, WILL YOU?' AND HE WENT FOR MARYLAND LIKE TWENTY MEN."

And I saw—a lion standing, straight and big, on a row of orchestra chairs. I got him all in that one flash. His tail was out straight and stiff, and his great, big shaggy head was turned toward us. The flash was gone—but his eyes stayed. Those two big burning eyes were looking at us out of the darkness.

When the thunder-clap was over I could hear a kind of a soft "padi-padi-padi" among the benches. He was coming, coming—he could see us plain as day—and never a thing could we see of him but those balls of fire growing bigger in the dark.

It was as long as that before I thought to run—before I even thought of Mamie, tucked up close to me and hanging to my arm like death. It seemed to come over me all at once that I must find that door and get out—anywhere. I caught her around the waist and started backward for the wall. I reached it; and on came the pad, pad, pad. I groped—I'd hit the wrong place on the wall—no door. And then—Mamie screamed, and dropped. I dropped with her, all of a heap—and over us passed a rush like a big wind, and the wall nearly busted where he struck it. I lifted myself up from the floor in a hurry—there beside me were those big eyes again.

The next came all so sudden that I can't tell you, boss, which was first and which was last—but I heard a voice cussing something horrid, and footsteps coming, and all the electric arc lights came on. Then I saw two things both at once—a big lion standing facing us, staring the way a cat stares into the fire, and Professor Malino standing before the electric switchboard. He stood just a second before he called:

"Maryland! Down, boy!"

The lion turned his big wicked head away from us and dropped on his haunches. But he did it like he was going to take it back any minute. Professor Malino ran down the aisle. He was trailing an iron rod. He whirled in and faced the lion.

I had been paralyzed, boss, paralyzed. This brought me to my mind all of a jump. I grabbed Mamie and started to beat it for the door. But the professor, talking over his shoulder, hailed me. He said:

"Keep away from that door! Do you want to let him loose on that crowd of women and children?" And, somehow, I minded. Mamie and I, holding hands, stood there against the wall and watched what happened.

"Boy!" said he. "Boy! March!" The lion got up on his feet and crawled backward, snarling under his wicked breath. A hundred feet away was his cage door—open. The professor, all alone, was going to force

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him into that cage. All alone unless I helped him, and I was telling myself hard that Mamie needed me there beside her. Training lions ain't taught on Avenue A.

The lion went back, step by step, until he got to the last row of benches. He stopped there, stiffened, and stood just the split part of a second with his big eyes on the professor. Before I knew what was going to happen, I saw Professor Malino set an end of the bar against his hip and brace his feet—just as the lion sprang. He seemed to go straight up in the air, his mouth open, his claws spread—and to fall. But chuck into his mouth as he came went the business end of that bar. The professor gave back a foot or two with the shock, and there they stacked up. The professor was standing like a rock at one end of the bar, and the maddest lion you ever saw was raging at the other end, biting the bar through his blood, batting it the way a kitten bats a ball, and roaring until the cages shook.

There was a loose strand of wire hanging to the last row of benches. The professor, still frozen to the bar, reached out with one hand, tore it loose, and lashed the black nose of the beast. Maryland whimpered, dropped the bar, and went backward inch by inch, letting out snarls like forty cat-fights. The professor was after him, switching his nose right and left, keeping the bar before him ready for another spring.

They turned into the aisle before the cages, and crawled back a good fifty feet, before the beast got back his nerve. You could tell it by the way his tail got stiff again, by the shake of his awful mane, and by his eyes that set themselves dead over the professor's head. He didn't make a long spring that time. He just walked into the blows of the wire as if it was a feather-duster, and grabbed the bar and worried it. The professor braced himself again. I could see his back heave as he threw all his strength into shoving that bar. The beast gave; he rose up on his hind legs like a man; and the next second he had sprawled over on his back and was rolling toward his cage. He got his feet quick as a cat and faced the professor.

There was some more thunder about that time—I had been forgetting the weather—and Maryland took that excuse to roar and express his feelings. The whole menagerie roared with him. But the professor had gained twenty feet. There was the open door, only a cage away.

All of a sudden Maryland stopped roaring. The rest of the animals bawled on, but his mouth was closed. I remember now just how he looked. His mouth showed like a red seam, dropping foam, and his mane was waving from side to side.

I looked to see the professor raise that bar and poke him again, but he was slow, and I got it through my head for the first time that fighting lions is work. The sweat was dropping from his forehead, and he swiped his hand over his eyes to clear them. In that second the snarling yellow devil jumped in. He might have finished his man. I guess he was yellow inside as well as out, for he stopped the length of his fore leg away and shoved out one paw and struck. I talk like this happened slowly. It was all done in the wink of a man's eye. I heard the cloth tear, I heard Mamie scream—and it came over me, so hard it made me sick inside, that it was my turn next.

But the professor never gave an inch. He just opened his mouth for the first time, and the words he said would have been a credit to the devil.

"Claw *me*, you swine, will you?" he finished up, and he went for Maryland like twenty men. There was no more of that poke and switch business. He lifted the bar and swung it like a bat. He beat Maryland, he soaked him, he swung on him until I wondered why Maryland's skull didn't crack. He was a licked lion. He had just exactly enough. He turned his tail to dirty weather and ran—straight for the cage door. He made it in two jumps; and before you could say Jack Robinson he was inside, snarling to himself over his tough luck, biting the bars, and daring Professor Malino to come in and take him.

The professor latched the cage and turned around. He was gray in the face, the whole front of his coat was torn away, and there was blood coming over the rags. Mamie ran forward, with me after her.

"O Tom, Tom!" she said.

"Mamie!" he said and reached out his arms for her.

But before she reached him she stopped.

"O Tom," she said, "I can't. I'm promised to some one else—" and she looked back at me. But she was moving toward him.

I lost graceful and becoming.

"Take her," I said. "By God, you've earned her!"

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Dollars vs. Pedigree

The Truth About International Marriages

By GEORGE BARR BAKER

With Portraits

TWO great international scandals within the past few weeks have excited world-wide attention. The principals, by accident of birth, were persons of consequence in their several countries. Their marriages served still further to attract to them public interest.

Their married lives began with shocking disregard for all that is most sacred in the American ideal. They ended in a brawl of mutual recrimination which added greatly to the misunderstandings, as to personal character, between ourselves and the nations of Europe.

I

Why does the titled foreigner marry the American woman?

It is not that there are no handsome women in Europe; one has only to look at pictures of English beauties to know that none more lovely can be found. It is not that Europe does not produce women of *chic*, of style, since our own women take their fashions and many of their graces from France. Nor is it that Europe produces no women of fascinating wit and vivacity, as any one can testify who knows Vienna, Budapest, Rome, or London in the season.

Neither is it that European countries are lacking in rich women, for while there seldom is a Bertha Krupp, whose fortune exceeds any ever possessed by an American bride, there have been and are many like Lady Mary Hamilton, the Scottish aristocrat who recently took to her husband an income at least equal to any ever taken to Great Britain by an American girl. And there are the two daughters of the ennobled Rothschilds, who enriched by millions the estates of Lords Rosebery and Battersea, and the millionaire Lady Burdett-Coutts, whose American husband assumed her name.

Nor are the majority of noblemen impoverished. Though old families die out, new titles constantly are created, and for the most part these are awarded to rich men. Among the older titles it is possible in Great Britain alone to recall at least six that carry with them incomes exceeding one million dollars, ten others of at least half a million, and many others passing the one hundred thousand mark. Austria, Germany, and Russia boast noble estates of vast income value. Indeed, not only do a fair proportion of elder sons find themselves rich enough to marry for love, but they settle life incomes upon their brides.

But there are titles and titles. A Continental count may have a dozen sons, all of whom assume titles, but although the parents may be rich and of high social position, it no more follows that they can pass on that position permanently to such of their sons as are of bad character, than it does that their fortune will be sufficient to make each son independent. There is just as large a proportion of high-minded, home-loving, clean-living young men among noble families as there is anywhere else, and, as in every other grade of society, mothers of well-dowered daughters are angling for them. But for the detrimental there is no desire. The drunken, blackguard nobleman is ostracized from his own class as quickly as the same sort of man is ostracized from any other self-respecting society. Barred from the usual remunerative occupations of poor nobles, shunned by anxious parents of all classes of his countrymen, he becomes a care and a disgrace to his family, whose only hope of reforming and re-establishing their black sheep lies in that far-famed United States where love of titles is supposed to outweigh all else.

There exists in America a fallacious belief in the great position of all titled people at royal courts. Of all the thousands of titled men in Europe there are no more who

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have the *entrée* to court society than there are American colonels who go to diplomatic dinners and dine with the President. The European nobleman runs the whole gamut of the social scale. In other words, titles vary in value in much the same ratio as apples; when they have been sent abroad, it is wise to examine before buying. Bounder barons and *roué* counts rank with tobacco-spitting colonels.

A European family whose origin dates back six hundred or even a thousand years in direct succession from some vague progenitor who served well his king and country, and received therefor a barony, feels the same honest pride in opening the book to its own page in history as does an American who displays his grandfather's Revolutionary War record. And if that first ennobled ancestor has left descendants who in politics, in wars, or in philanthropy have gradually worked their way upward to a viscounty, an earldom, a marquisate, and dukedom, their pride of race has increased proportionately.

Individual members of the family may have no personal fondness for the chief, but the preservation of the tradition is a service to which they are consecrated. The head of the family represents to them something more than a mere man—he symbolizes their past, becomes the rallying-point of their present, and is the hope of their future. It is his duty in life to add something to the family prestige, or to restore something that unworthy chiefs have lost.

To achieve this he must have the sinews of war. The laws of his caste preclude trade; and in politics, in the army or the navy, there is glory but no money. If he be rich, like the late Lord Salisbury, head of the Cecils, he is free to serve his country as the Cecils have done, with hunger for place and power, but with hands free from taint of graft.

But many noblemen who are rich in lands and castles, and can shoot for days over their own preserves without twice approaching the same spot, still are without the actual revenues necessary to uphold their positions. Families whose servants dress in silk-lined, silk-faced coats, satin knee breeches, and silk stockings, whose horses and carriages are handsomely appointed, often find themselves lacking the ready money for short railway journeys. They may live splendidly in a castle, but cannot support a town house. With priceless pictures on their walls they have not the money to dress their daughters properly for their introduction into society.

To sell their heirlooms is a degradation almost too deep to be understood by families to whom it is sacrilege even to rent the estate or a portion of it. I remember a distinguished Irish *grande dame* who sat one day on the terrace of an ancient castle discussing the rapid increase in the use of automobiles, and regretting that she could not afford to "put them in."

Straight ahead of her lay seven miles of the finest possible shooting. It was suggested by an iconoclast that if she were to let that shooting for one year to some rich American, she could receive enough in rental to equip the place with half a dozen automobiles and have money left to keep them up for years.

Her face flushed as she replied:

"I'd die first. My husband's family held this land against all comers long before the English invasion; they won it back after the English had given it to others; and later they kept that beggar, Cromwell, in his ruthless march from destroying more than a corner of the tower. No man ever shot across that preserve except as a guest of the family. I hold it for my son. He shall find it as his father left it."

This woman had brought a small fortune into her husband's family, had used it all to maintain and protect the estate, and was said to have saved, by sheer business ability, more than one hundred thousand dollars for her son at his majority. The pride of that son was as the pride of the mother. He was an untried boy, to whom the townsfolk doffed their hats, to whom a whole county looked for much of its glory and prosperity.

An eldest son such as this arrived recently at his majority. Already graduated from Eton, he was in his second year at Oxford University. From his earliest recollection, his life at home had been just a little different from the lives of his brothers.

On his twenty-first birthday the streets of the village that centered about the castle were decorated as for a victorious army. Guests of every rank, from cabinet ministers to a bishop of the state church, filled the rooms of the ancient pile, while gay tents in the grounds held cots for school and university friends. Presents came from every corner of the empire, including one from the sovereign. Deputations from various organizations brought addresses of welcome;

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children marched into the grounds for a grand picnic; the mayor presented a silver casket containing engrossed resolutions of good-will from the local government; speeches were made at a great meeting in the park.

Everything was in *his* honor. *He* was the owner of all this historic splendor. From now on, *he* was to take precedence over practically everybody he knew. Even his adored mother had no rights there except at his pleasure. All this by a divine right which none could dispute. As he mounted the platform to make his maiden speech, he assumed a certain air of superiority, as one who feels the blood of heroes in his veins, the pride of power in his heart. He was the head of his clan. He would do his duty, which lay, as he well knew and hated to admit, in an early and "suitable" marriage.

II

Why does the American woman marry the titled foreigner?

Photograph by Burr McIntosh, New York.

THE DUCHESS OF MANCHESTER, *NÉE* ZIMMERMAN, OF CINCINNATI, AND HER DAUGHTER.

Certainly not because the American man encourages her to do so. The normal male citizen of the United States still regards the marriage of convenience with disgust. He works for his living and expects to support his wife. He despises the man who lives on his wife's income. That a man can give his wife something better than a mere living he well un-

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THE COUNTESS OF SUFFOLK AND BERKSHIRE, SISTER OF THE LATE LADY CURZON.

derstands, but the theory as to what constitutes that something is the point of demarcation between himself and the European. The American's ideal gift to the woman he marries is money, millions of money; more money than any one else about him can give. Also he gives her love, freedom and an almost worshipful indulgence.

That there is more than this in the world he does not realize. This is where the American husband falls short. He does not realize what his wife soon finds out—that money is but an instrument, and that after a woman has provided herself with a home and clothes, she has yet to find a sphere in which these may be used and appreciated.

There are strata in our American society almost as definite as in foreign lands. We have neither nobility nor landed gentry, it is true, but in a democracy differences of income inevitably make distinctions nearly as marked. The families of millionairedom able to afford certain pleasures from which half-millionairedom is debarred, find themselves associated with others as rich as themselves. So perforce there is developed a millionaire class which yachts and automobiles, lives in country houses and in Fifth Avenue palaces, and those less fortunate ones whose revenues do not afford the high cost of such lordly pleasures are thrown with others who must enjoy themselves at less expense. Now, in our democracy the membership of the classes thus demarked is constantly changing. This is the fairyland of opportunity, and men are graduating into the millionaire class daily—some blending into it from the formation below, others achieving it through violent promotion from some quite primitive stratum. Having secured the price of the higher pleasures, what is more natural than that they be partaken of? It is at this stage that the first lesson of life and society is learned by the newcomer in millionairedom. Money does not give title to more than the appurtenances of luxury. The possession of a million does not of itself entitle Madame Newly-rich to associate with the alumni of millionairedom. Into the corporation of the Arrived she must make or break a way. Some time elapses before Madame Parvenu realizes her own deficiencies; and, later still, she grasps the conspiracy of exclusion that confronts her. How to defeat it, how to secure the franchise of society, is her problem. She learns that Mrs. So-and-so, who has recently "made" the "hit" for which she has vainly striven, got there by way of London or Paris. Or

THE DUCHESS DE LA ROCHEFOUCAULD.

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MRS. GEORGE CORNWALLIS WEST, FORMERLY LADY RANDOLPH CHURCHILL, MOTHER OF WINSTON CHURCHILL, M. P.

that Mrs. Copperedge had taken her in because her daughter had recently married the Earl of Buzfuz. Europe, then, is the road to her ambition, and straightway our candidate packs up her baggage, gathers her daughters and crosses the Atlantic. Just what she will find there is easily foreseen. This woman and her belongings are the natural victims of the titled rook.

At the other extreme among the Alumni of millionairedom, the class into which Mrs. Newly-rich so earnestly desires to penetrate, we have the woman of social position (notice that all of this is confined to women). She has that "something else" in her own country which she denies to the parvenu. She has come to regard the enormous numbers of her dollars as in some mys-

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terious way conferring upon her a patent of nobility; as doing for her in the cashing of a check, as it were, what centuries of breeding have done for the established society of Europe. She does not need necessities, she does not need money, and she reverts to the older civilizations for the final seal of approval to her pretensions. Her demand, like that of the parvenu, is for a noble alliance. Only, having more to offer, knowing more of things as they are, she aims higher.

Late in November, on the opening night of the Metropolitan opera, in New York, thousands of people stood or sat for hours brazenly worshiping before the shrines of women, many of whom sat in grim discomfort trying to look like the descriptions of themselves that were to appear in the morning papers.

The crowd knew the names of all of the women in the boxes. All were discussed with a familiarity scarcely possible in any other country. Under the convincing weight of public adoration, many of them had lost whatever sense of proportion they might originally have had, and appeared wearing jeweled crowns that the German Empress would consider bad taste for herself except on occasions of great official state.

Beside a showy elderly woman in a box sits a girl. She is described in the papers as a vision of beauty, showing exquisite taste in her simple gown, of fabulous value, and devoid of ornament. This young person represents the flower of our achievement in civilization. She is the "American girl." She is a creature of luxury and leisure. Her sole duty in life is to be amused and to be decorative. She has had time to acquire the accomplishments of society and the delicacies of refinement. Vastly superior in appearance to her mother, she is even more superior to her father and brothers. These may incarnate all the sturdy and admirable qualities of American manhood, but they are engrossed in business. To them, the mother represents the knowledge and the management of all that is social in their lives. They are mildly interested, but have no time for society, for their identity is established in a stern world of blows and watchfulness wherein the weapons are shrewd force and alert cunning. In their world society is only a source of patronage and mothers do not count. So all the aspiration for advancement that permeates this typical American mother is centered in the social projection of

THE PRINCESS CANTACUZENE, *NÉE* GRANT, AND HER SON.

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THE DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH, *NÉE* VANDERBILT.

her daughter. The daughter is her cause, the instrument of her ambition.

In manner and in appearance she carries her honors gloriously. Conscious superiority, coupled with the adulation she meets on all sides, has taught her graciously to accept homage as her due.

Here, then, we have the factors of an international marriage—the Lord of Position and the Lady of Cash — each the pride and treasure of a nation, each the center of a thousand hopes, saturated with a sense of distinction, superior by divine right.

III

Two of these young persons were married with great *éclat*. The family of the bridegroom hailed the bride as the restorer of its former glories. There were splendid estates, unencumbered by debt, but the mother had not accumulated a surplus. There were

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pictures, tapestries, books, and silver for a king's ransom, but the income would not have maintained even one of the properties in becoming style. The bride contributed a fine income. Her charm and dignity won the dowager's heart, the relatives combined to make her welcome, and the tenants and townsfolk turned out in gala dress to cheer her coming.

When the time came for her to merge her personality with the ambitions of her husband, she was interested only in so far as it meant courts and official functions for herself. She could entertain charmingly her husband's political sponsors and the men he wanted to influence or placate, but she refused to do it in the capacity of a wife working solely to have the head of the house preeminent. *She* was the one to be courted and admired. When royalty visited them, *she* must be the center about which all this glory revolved. *She* was the one to take precedence; *hers* was the divine right. According to his tradition only a weakling could remain passive under such conditions. He remonstrated, urging her to take pattern from his mother. The scene that resulted was something new in his experience. The mother-in-law made an attempt to explain what she considered owing to the position. She was met with indignation. Why, was not an American girl queen in her own right? *Her* mother was the social head of *her* family, and that was what all right-minded people expected! Ask any American man! American men *loved* to have their wives lead. Besides, whose money was it?

Copyright by Duffus Brothers, Johannesburg.

MRS. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN.

With the entrance of the question of money, the husband's family withdrew in humiliation. Great persons tried to arrange a working agreement to avoid an open scandal, but matters had gone too far. Even the court, where she had been popular, began to ignore her. She had by pure wilfulness brought discredit upon their class. She withdrew her great number of dollars and left. His people call her a "welcher," claiming that she secured the title and position, and then refused to live up to the contract. Her countrymen call him everything that is fit to print and much that is not. But when national traditions clash what can result but wreck?

This is one type of failure sufficiently conspicuous to be sensational, but not necessarily vulgar. The notorious wrecks, the total losses are those unions arranged by the great clan of Parvenu.

Madame Newly-rich, having raised her siege against the home social citadel, has gone abroad, and after due negotiation has married her daughter to a distinguished foreign title. How could she know that the man she found was a derelict, a detrimental? Her only ideas of preeminence were dollars and titles. Either was great; combined they were superlative.

The daughter soon discovered that the position bought for her did not exist; that her only hope for admittance to the society she craved was through reinstating her husband in the good graces of his family and their world. To accomplish this, she proceeded as her mother would have done, in a big way. Securing the largest house possible, furnished with the best known available tapestries and paintings, she planned a grand ball intended to overawe the natives. Invitations were spread broadcast among former friends of her husband.

For days there was open discussion as to whether the *haute monde* would attend, but when the time arrived, not only did they attend, but they calmly took with them any of their uninvited friends who cared to go. They were curious to see the pictures and the furnishings bought by old Pork-Packer's moneybags. They argued that they need not go again, nor make duty calls, and if their hostess had the impudence to call upon them they could be "not at home."

Yet the American papers proclaimed this girl as a leader of aristocratic society. A year later she did manage to become friendly with her husband's family, through having paid the debts of another erring son. For

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this they were genuinely grateful, and to prove it, they assisted her in arranging a splendid house party, to which an exalted Personage was induced to go. The press reported in detail the doings of the party, day by day, and the second triumph of the American girl was trumpeted abroad. Yet as a matter of fact she had been treated as an "outsider" in her own house, almost ignored by her guests.

For years this woman stormed at the doors of the world of her husband's family, only to admit in the end that she was farther from her goal than in the beginning. Their lives became a mad riot of money spending, vulgar display, and, in the end, of quarrels which alienated the few who had taken them up.

THE PRINCESS TROUBETZKOY, FORMERLY AMÉLIE RIVES.

From a painting by T. Gilbert White.

Yet there had been a time when, could she have understood, this woman might have been taken to the hearts of her husband's family. They loved their son and brother, appreciated the opportunities brought him by her wealth, and were almost painfully solicitous for the welfare of the young couple. They could not understand the restless impatience that made her want to jump into social leadership at a single bound. Her ignorance of the little amenities of polite life, her loud laughter, which carried the length of a dinner-table, and the harshness of her speaking voice brought something akin to terror to their hearts. But could she at this time have thrown herself wholly upon her mother-in-law for guidance; could she have shown some veneration for the traditions of the *ancien régime*, she would have found herself upheld by sympathy and kindly influence.

But this woman was as much a "gold brick" as her husband was a *roué*. Neither deserved better than was received, and when they separated it was only to carry on apart the lives of folly for which circumstances and their own characters had fitted them.

This type and its failures might be cited in great variety. The only American woman who married an actual ruler was divorced for misconduct; Clara Ward brought upon the princely house of Caraman-Chi- may one of the most unsavory scandals of the century. An American woman, once the pride of the Sunday supplement, living in England where she was featured as the leader of court society and an intimate of royalty, resorted to such methods to increase her income that only the great name of her husband prevented her becoming advertised as an adventuress. Another headstrong American in Paris, made desperate, perhaps, by disappointed ambition, began a life of gaiety that scandalized the Faubourg, but she managed somehow to keep her husband's family so fearful of open disgrace that they have remained complaisant in the face of notorious infidelities.

IV

But all of this constitutes the unpleasant side of international life and marriage. The press, printing what the public seems to want, devotes its space on this subject largely to the excrescences. Only one side of the question has been exploited, and the public has become wholly misinformed.

The actual fact is that the great majority of international marriages are happy. Among all right-minded people, regardless of nationality, marriage remains sacred. Because

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our country, like every other country, produces a vast preponderance of right-minded women, and because right-minded women generally try to adapt themselves to circumstances as they find them, these international marriages are successful. On the other hand, men who love their mothers generally have learned to humor their failings quite as affectionately as they applaud their virtues, and this spirit is transferred to the ideal of the future wife long years before that wife is met in the flesh. No country has a monopoly of this fundamental element of manhood. It is the first great leavening touch of Nature in her provision for the kinship of all mankind.

"Nine-tenths of the marriages between Americans and foreign folk, whether rich or poor, whether titled or untitled, are what is commonly called 'happy'; that is, they result in no quarrels that are brought before courts, and they involve no scandals whatever. . . ." This from a high authority backed by figures. He continues: "And it is well to bear in mind that there are fewer separations between Americans and Britons, or between Americans and other foreigners, than there are between English and English, between French and French, or between Americans and Americans."

The comparatively small city that Clara Ward disgraced as a birthplace, produced the happy wife of the famous Baron von Kettler, who was killed in an heroic effort to secure help for the beleagured diplomats during the Boxer riots in Peking. She is seldom in the public eye, but at the request of the emperor lives part of the year in Berlin, where she is highly honored. The same little city produced the Countess Matuska, whose husband is a great land-owner in Germany, and the Baroness Frederick, whose father-in-law is very close to the Czar. Neither is boomed as court leader, but they are in fact the worthy wives of men of splendid position. Lady Curzon made herself so much a part of the life and achievement of her brilliant husband that her death was deeply mourned by the British people. The undowered Duchess de la Rochefoucauld, daughter of the late Senator Mitchell, wears one of the proudest titles in Europe. The Dowager Princess Troubetzkoy has not returned to America for thirty years, and during her widowhood has remained mostly in the Italian home of her late husband, where the preservation of the wonderful gardens and rare plants that were his delight remains one of her most sacred tasks. In this same villa, during a portion of the year, lives her artist son, Prince Pierre Troubetzkoy, with his American princess, formerly Amélie Rives. The Princess Cantacuzene, granddaughter of General U. S. Grant, is a happy wife and mother. One might multiply these instances indefinitely, for the number of future princes, dukes, marquises, earls, counts, viscounts, barons, and baronets whose blood is half American is astonishingly large.

And there are untitled American women abroad whose positions the most exalted might envy. The picture of Mrs. Joseph Chamberlain, formerly Miss Endicott, of Salem, sitting beside her husband at political meetings during his last great campaign, and cleverly prompting him from memory when his own failing powers made him stumble over words, was one that Englishmen will not soon forget. Mrs. Adair, in Ireland and England, is a true *grande dame*. On state occasions she may have to enter a dining-room behind women of title or official position, but the most exclusive British duchess calls her by her first name; she is godmother to children of great families, and many a young peeress is pleased to be noticed by her. There are a few American women similarly situated in France, from whom many titled Americans would delight to receive a bow of recognition.

Yet these women have done nothing to get themselves paragraphed in the public prints. Their success is the same in one country as it would be in another. They "belong," and are simply gracious, dignified women of high character, good minds, and strong personalities which attract about them all that is highest and best.

The fault that causes the failures would seem to be perfectly clear. Humanity is much the same the world over. People whose training and fixed opinions are opposite as the poles cannot live harmoniously together. In a clash of superiorities one must give way. The vulgar parvenu married to the "déclassé" noble, without so much as a pretense of love on either side, is sure to come to grief.

The peace and amity of nations sometimes depends largely upon the estimate of personal character placed by each upon the other. It is well to pause and reflect before we condemn a people upon insufficient information about excrescences to which we, as a nation, have added our full share.

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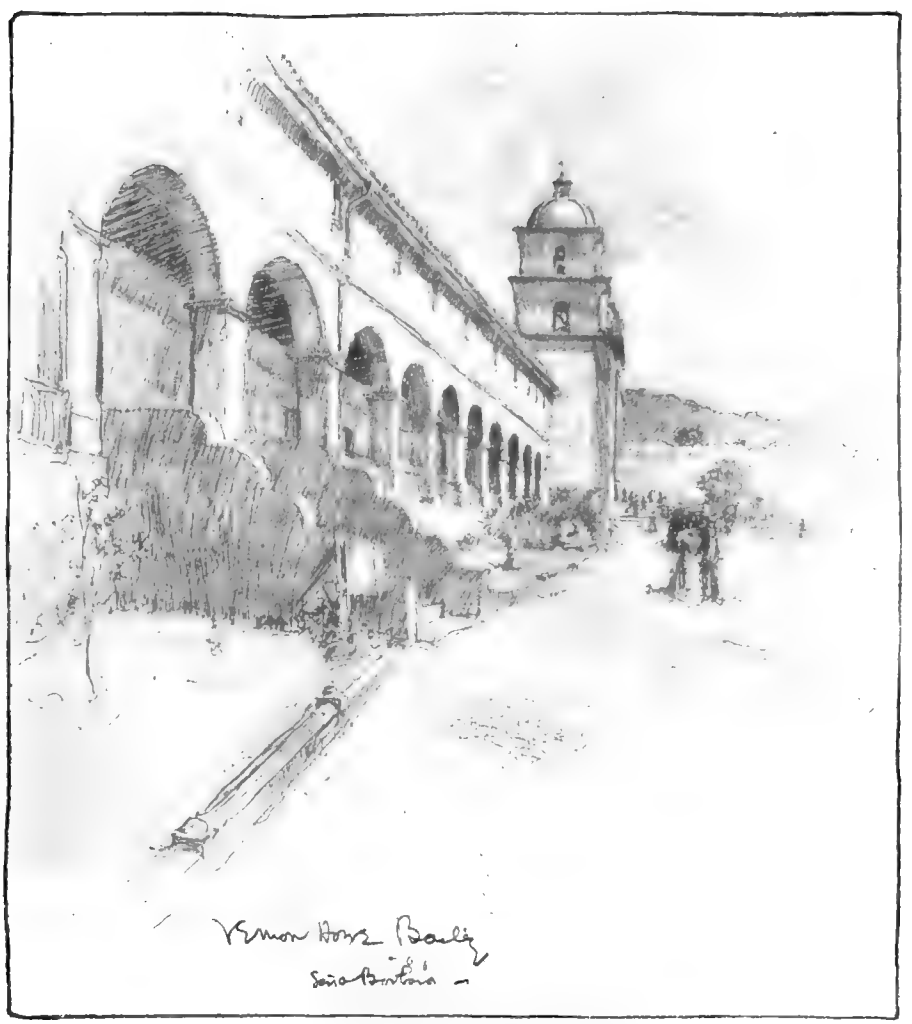
Semi-Tropical California

Drawings in Pencil

By VERNON HOWE BAILEY



THE SANTA BARBARA MISSION.

Nothing in the history of California is more romantic than the story of the Roman Catholic Missions, in which, a century and a half ago, the Franciscan fathers wrought their labor of love among ignorant Indians, and of which the traditions are handed down as reverently as the holy relics they enshrine. This is one of the best preserved of the ancient Mission buildings, and is yearly visited by many strangers. It contains a closed garden which no woman has ever entered. Santa Barbara itself is one of the most attractive spots on the Pacific coast, with its background of the magnificent Santa Ynez mountains and the waters of the Santa Barbara channel at its feet.

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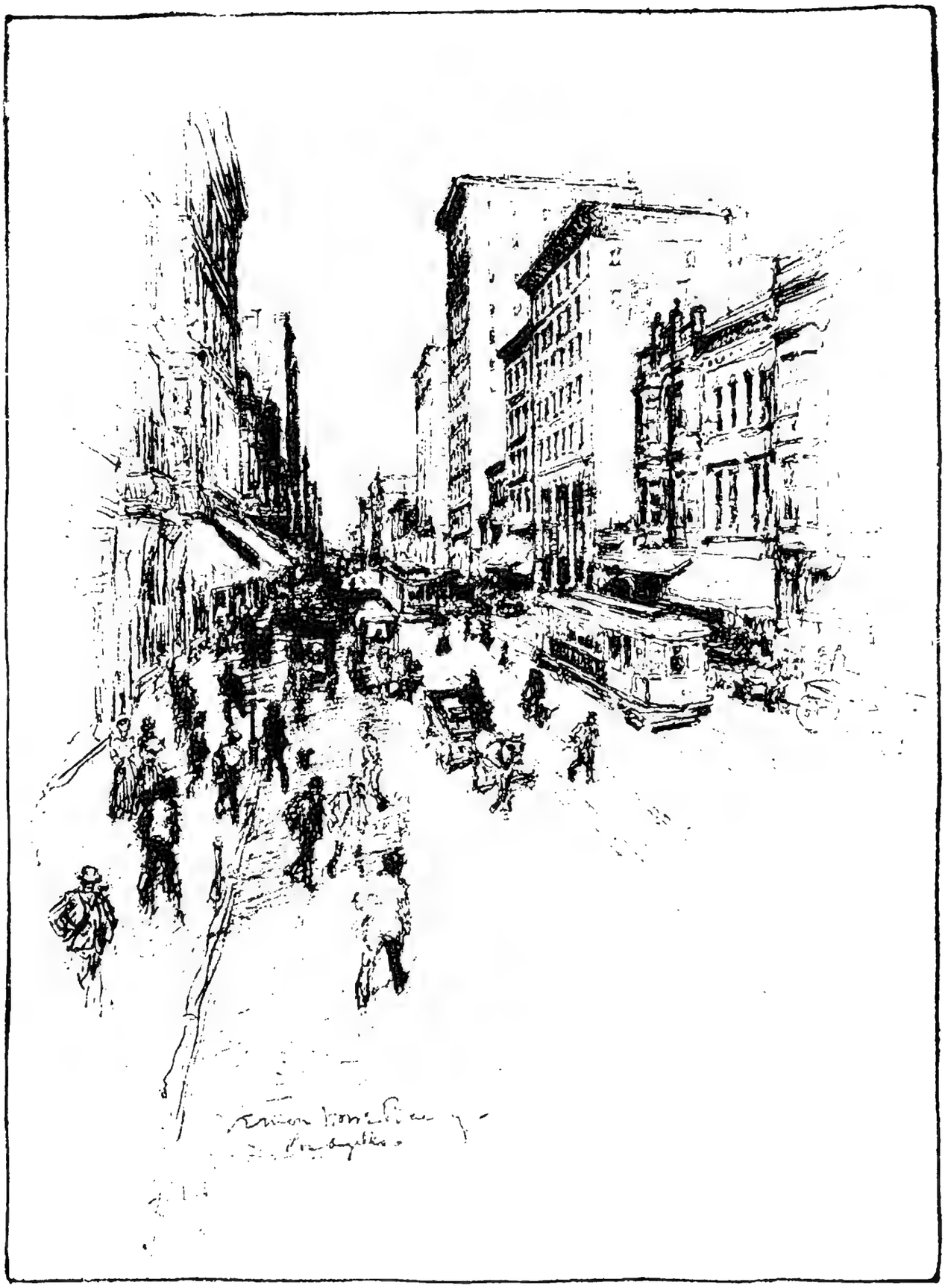

LOS ANGELES.

Los Angeles is the unofficial capital of "Southern California," a region which, in topography, climate, and custom is virtually a separate State, unlike the country to the north about "the Bay." It is the distributing point for the San Gabriel valley, that has been transformed by irrigation from a desert to an Eden of orange and lemon groves, vineyards, and fruit orchards. Los Angeles is a modern, progressive city of Easterners and Eastern ideas, with a population of 200,000 and one of the finest street-railway systems in the world. This view shows Spring Street, the principal thoroughfare.

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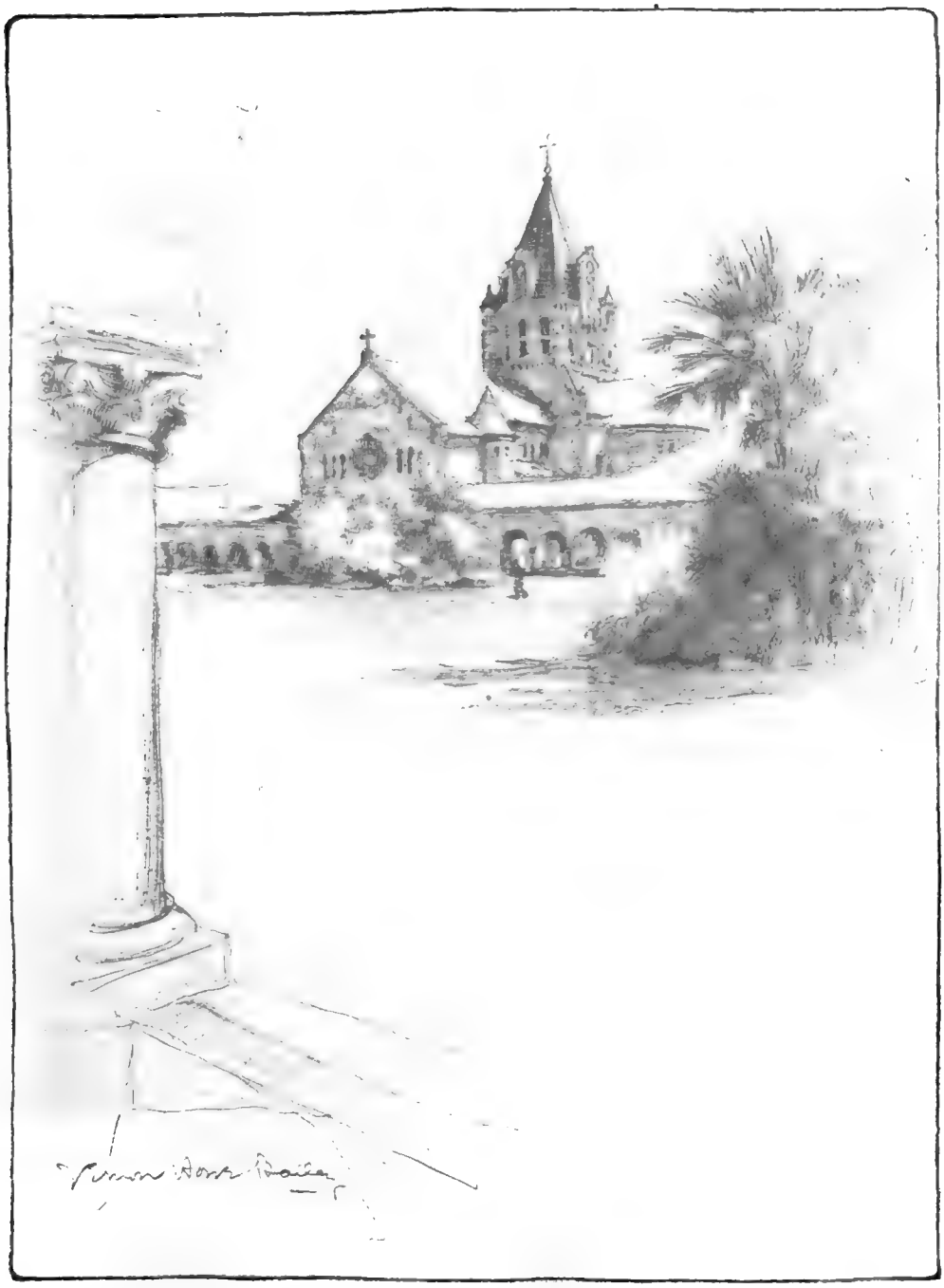

MEMORIAL CHURCH AT THE LELAND STANFORD, JR., UNIVERSITY.

This beautiful edifice at Palo Alto dominated the entire group of cloister-like university buildings clustered about it. It is considered one of the finest examples of the style of Richardson, its famous architect; and its superb scheme of interior decoration, in painting and mosaic, had few equals in this country. In the disastrous earthquake of 1906, the church was seriously injured, and the beautiful mosaic decorations on its main façade were completely destroyed.

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PALM DRIVE AT LOS ANGELES.

This is one of the sights of Los Angeles that no visitor fails to view. Located in the finest residential quarter of the town, it forms, in reality, the approach to a private residence. Nothing could better convey the luxuriant semi-tropical charm of the place than these twin rows of giant palms, almost uniform in height and size, towering far above the houses on either hand. They are of the tallest species, and are very old.

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THE SAN GABRIEL MISSION.

Founded in 1771 by the Franciscan fathers, this Mission is one of the most picturesque in the country. It stands nine miles from Los Angeles, in the beautiful San Gabriel valley. Its chime of four of the six old bells brought over from Spain still tolls the Angelus daily. In the dusky interior, old paintings, black with age, still hang in their moldy frames. The Mission grape-vine, which may be seen at the left of the picture, is over a hundred years old. It is noteworthy that in the disastrous earth-quake shocks of the country, the architectural style of these ancient Mission buildings has proved superior in durability to nearly all other types of modern construction.

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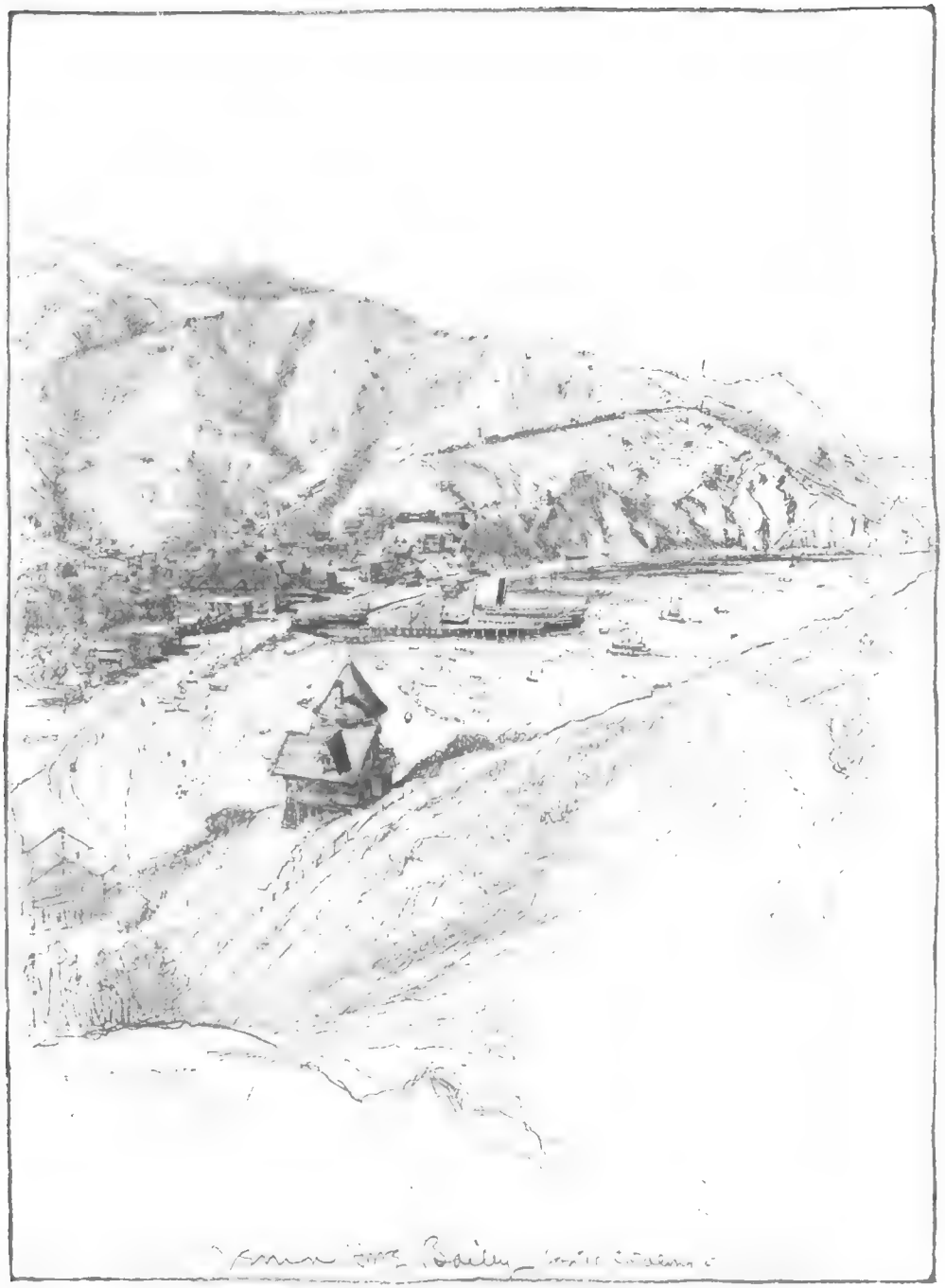

AVALON, SANTA CATALINA ISLAND.

Avalon is perhaps the most beautiful resort in Southern California. It is situated on Santa Catalina Island, which lies about twenty-six miles off the coast from San Pedro. Avalon Bay describes an almost perfect horseshoe, and high mountains slope back from its margin. Its waters are so clear that the wonderful submarine "gardens," with their strange growths of seaweeds and anemones, can be plainly seen from the glass-bottomed boats that are a feature of the place.

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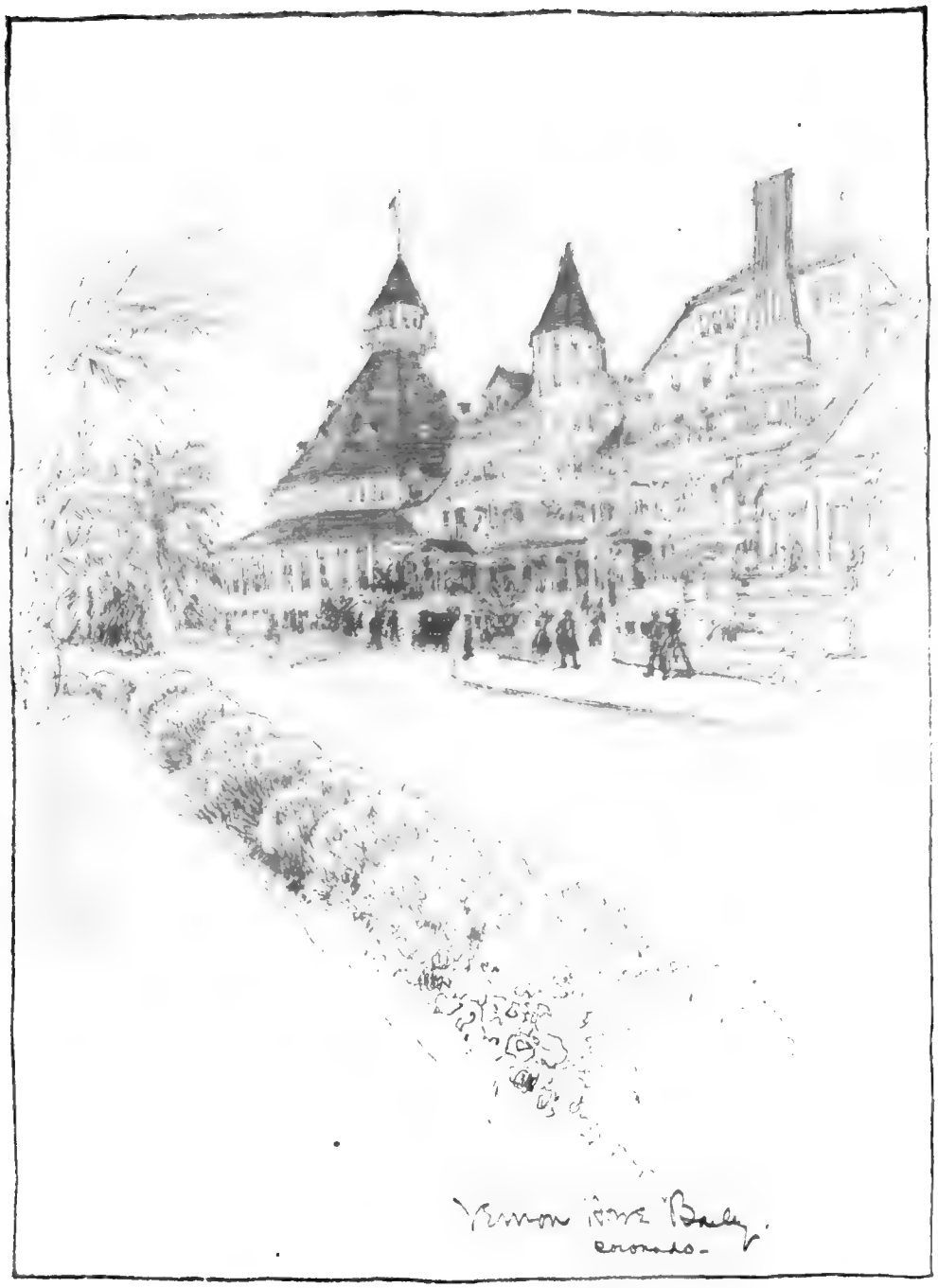

THE CORONADO BEACH HOTEL.

In the list of the world's famous hostelries the Hotel del Coronado takes a leading place. It is situated at Coronado Beach, across the bay from San Diego, and affords superb views of the ocean. From its towers may be seen Point Loma, where is Loma Homestead with its temples and its School of Theosophy. Coronado Beach is only a few miles from the Mexican line. One of its interesting features is the Tent City, where thousands of people live in canvas tents during the greater part of the year. The harbor of San Diego is one of the finest on the Pacific coast, and is being improved by the Government at a cost of over a million dollars.

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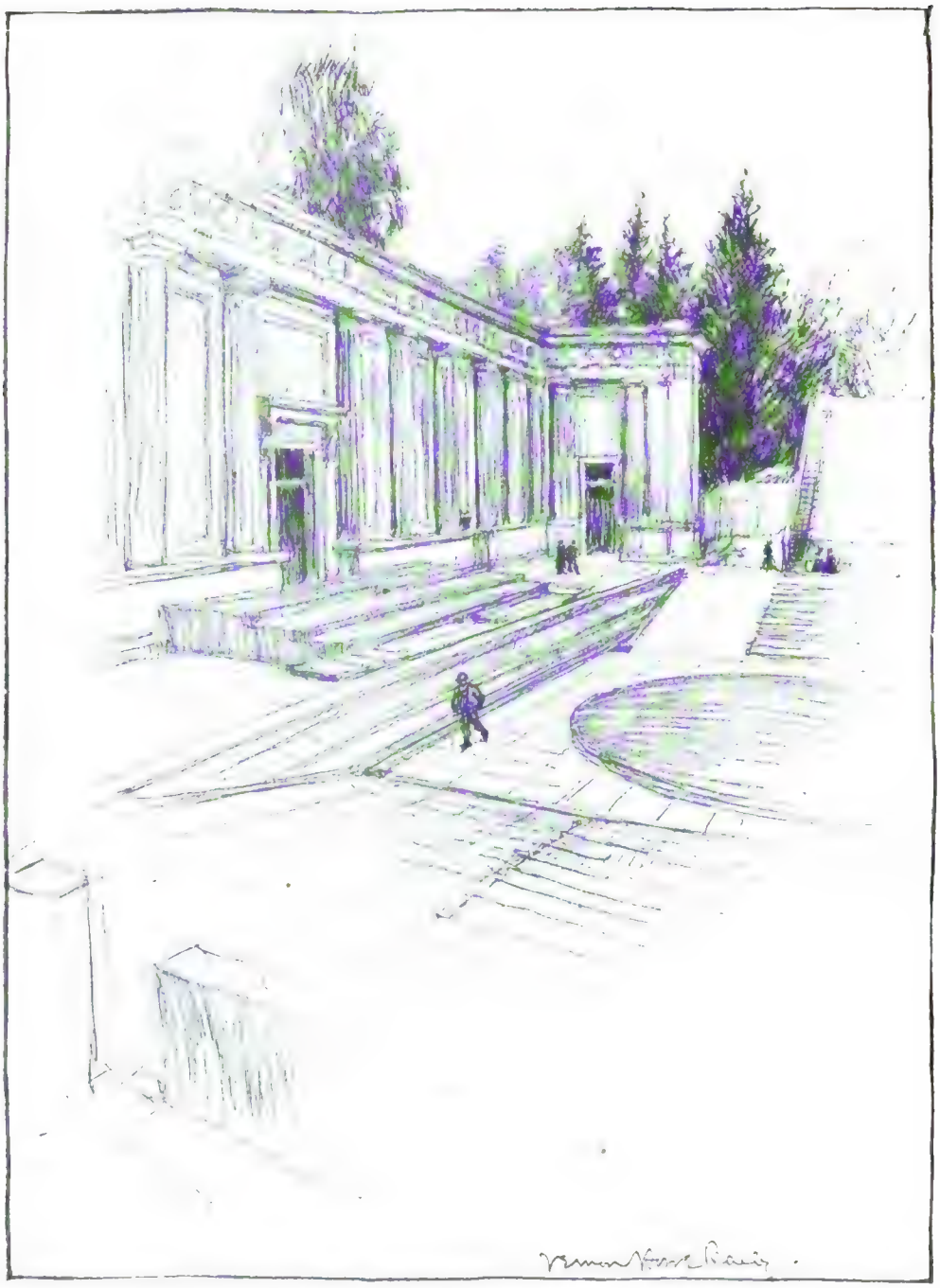

GREEK THEATRE AT THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA.

The open-air theatre at Berkeley, built on the plan of the ancient Greek theatre of Epidaurus, is the only one of its kind in the world. It was given to the University of California, one of the most important universities of the United States, by William Randolph Hearst. In May, 1903, President Roosevelt addressed here an audience of eight thousand people. It is said that although the theatre is roofless, its acoustic properties are remarkably good. A charming feature is the background of eucalyptus trees, resembling in form the cypresses of Italy and Greece.

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IN BOHEMIA

By MARY HEATON VORSE

Illustrations by George Gibbs

CARRINGTON pushed open the door of Quirina's little restaurant with disgust. It was certainly an irony of fate that sent him back to a place so little to his taste; the particular thing it represented had lost its savor for Carrington. It disgusted him, too, that his reputation should rest on his series of stories about such places as this, while what he considered his best work was so frequently returned with requests for more Bohemian tales. Carrington had written them first in the ardor of youth, and they had been refused. Later he had rewritten them with his tongue in his cheek, rewritten them—even he was ready to acknowledge that—quite charmingly. They were a sort of *Vie de Bohême* up to date, Murger done into twentieth-century American, with a horizon of high buildings, and deep cañons called streets, down which automobiles and trains rushed ceaselessly. Of course they told the experiences of a boy fresh from the country. They described his encounter with his first lion, his struggles with poverty; and because he had first written them when a greasy table d'hôte was poetry, and when a poet was a poet, and before he had come to mind smells and noise and bad cooking, and when he had mistaken purple ink for wine; and because he had rewritten them when he knew better, and had tempered the original enthusiasm with a touch of tender irony, they had "taken." He had written of a triumphant, joyous poverty that never hurt, and of companionship that was invariably loyal and true, substituting for the Mimis and Ninettes of Murger the piquant silhouettes of art-student girls and newspaper women. They had been always gay, always witty, always undiscouraged amid the most disheartening surroundings, and among the grimiest always impossibly dainty—Carrington liked dainty, well-dressed women. They had played the part of the goddess out of the machine in his stories. Carrington almost expected to hear Nicolette or Melisande—he had called his heroines Nicolette, Melisande, Francesca, and there had even been a Princesse Lointaine—he had almost expected to hear them exclaim: "Here we are again!" when one of them appeared to succor her knight in distress. And though they wandered gaily through the pages of his little tales, fresh and lovely as lilies, and made their stage entrances at just the right places, and though the Princesse Lointaine turned in her copy at Park Row at midnight, and though Nicolette and Lelia made visits in hall bedroom and studio at disconcerting hours, they had miraculously preserved not only all the virtues but an ignorance of the world that was possible only in the early day of the Garden of Eden.

But, after all, it was a latter-day Garden of Eden of which Carrington wrote—with his tongue in his cheek. His tongue in his cheek because he knew that the people of whom he wrote had never existed in the world, that all the absurd, dear, impossible boys and girls had never been made of anything more real than dream stuff—and with a little twinge in his heart because he knew that the rose-colored country that never was existed in the heart of youth, and that there poverty was beautiful, and mongrel eating-places the sources of pure romance. The knowledge that he was forever shut out from this garden by his unprofitable wisdom hurt him, and to escape from the Bohemia that he knew was the real one, the dirty, noisy Bohemia as full of poses as an omelet is full of eggs, Carrington had sat him down and written the stories of the Bohemia he had once believed in, and had found out so long ago. And while he wrote he felt a fondness for his little, gay, touching puppets, for they opened the door of Bohemia for him—to let him out.

Carrington was greeted joyously by the padrona. There were many changes since the signore had been there. They had hired the neighboring back yard. There were palms,

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and the whole was screened by morning-glories; also they had music these days, and the children, praise the Virgin, were well, and there was a new bambino—what year was there not a new bambino? Thus talking, the padrona led Carrington through the kitchen, where the padrone was busy before the range, and out into the back yard. In the half-light it was not so barren or so dirty as Carrington remembered it. Some sort of a vine twined itself obediently up strings and made quite a respectable showing of green leaves; in a corner three men played on a guitar and two mandolins. The tables were of miscellaneous sizes and most of them full, and the padrona led Carrington to one occupied by two pretty girls, and three nondescript individuals who had come, it was evident, for food, and not because they believed themselves in the enchanted confines of Bohemia. There was something about the two girls that arrested Carrington's attention. It was more than that they were very young, touchingly young, Carrington thought, to be out by themselves in a little "joint" like this, and more than that they were charmingly pretty and dressed, Carrington decided, like flowers—over and above these allurements there was an atmosphere of excitement about them, a flaming sort of happiness that enveloped them in a special kind of radiance. There was a "this-is-an-adventure" expression on their faces not to be mistaken. They regarded Carrington with polite attention for a moment, then they conferred together. Carrington saw rather than heard:

CARRINGTON WAS GREETED JOYOUSLY BY THE PADRONA.

"You do it, Nicolette."

"You do it, Melisande."

"I don't dare."

"I don't either, but I will," and Nicolette, with the sweetest and most embarrassed air in the world, passed Carrington the salt, which out of ill-temper had hardened itself to a solid lump after the manner of sadly neglected table d'hôte salt, remarking:

"You will find your soup needs salt, I think."

To which Melisande (who by that time was in a state that one could describe only as "all of a flutter") added:

"Not, you know, that you'll be able to exhume a bit of it from that saltcellar." Upon which they all three laughed as if Melisande had said something really clever.

"We have been hoping that some one would come in to whom we should wish to talk——"

"We hope you don't mind," said Nicolette, breathless.

"Doesn't every one always talk to every one else at Quirina's?" Carrington asked with hypocritical innocence.

On this Nicolette and Melisande both exclaimed to each other:

"I told you so!"

"And now that we have begun, let us all tell each other our names," said Carrington, anxious to know if his ears had served him right.

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"This is Melisande and I am Nicolette," said Nicolette with a furious blush; and as for Melisande, who, you have seen, had left all the hard work for Nicolette, she ambushed herself behind her embarrassment, and left Nicolette in the open, fighting her blushes alone.

"Well," cried Carrington, "this is the most extraordinary meeting in the world, for I am Archer Carrington and I made you both up!"

Melisande came out from her ambush with a rush.

"It's not so!" she cried, her eyes starry.

"Cross my heart," said Carrington. "And if *that* doesn't convince you, ask Quirina, for I am responsible not only for you but for Quirina's second back yard and this very fine line of vines you see growing about, and for the musicians in the corner who are rendering *Funicule funicula* with so much energy."

Nicolette clasped her hands. "We should never have dared to tell you our names—never," she declared, "if we had known who you are."

"That would have made no difference," Carrington responded, "for I should have known you anywhere. And I should like to drink to our meeting in the only decent wine Quirina has—but I have only fifty cents with me." This was a lie, but if Carrington was to spend an evening in one of his own stories he knew how to do it properly.

"How lovely," was the heart's cry that proceeded from Nicolette. "We've been so afraid that you just made it up—that you weren't really poor, you know."

"But we must have the *Lacrima Christi*," said Melisande, who had left her ambush definitely behind her and was now the bolder of the two. "We have *lots* of money."

"What business," Carrington asked sternly, "have you with money? It's against the rules."

"I have sold some illustrations to a good place," Melisande asserted brazenly.

"DOESN'T EVERY ONE ALWAYS TALK TO EVERY ONE ELSE AT QUIRINA'S?"

"Oh, no, you haven't," Carrington contradicted her. "You have escaped from my book at the very beginning, when you just came to New York. Confess that you have

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just come to New York, and that neither of you knows what twenty looks like."

Their blushes confessed for them.

"Then," said Carrington, still sternly, "your money is the little hoard you brought with you from home when you came to seek your fortunes—and you must keep it. You know how hard it is to get money in this city. You remember, Melisande, in story fifteen, how you and Tyree almost starved."

"But we had such a good time doing it," Melisande argued. "Please let us order the *Lacrima Christi*."

"You think you had a good time now that you are just looking forward to it—and besides it's only the men who commit extravagance in food and drink. You buy flowers and clothes and such things when you can't afford it."

"I will give up the new gloves I need," Melisande pleaded. "Besides, since we are, as you say, out of the first of the book, we have never had any *Lacrima Christi* in our lives —and a dollar isn't very much."

"A dollar is a great deal to you just now," Carrington replied with decision. "You haven't yet learned to look on money lightly. Please remember it took the companionship of your spendthrift friends to teach you that."

But Melisande had called Quirina to her and shyly, but at the same time with the air of a spoiled child who is accustomed to being obeyed, ordered the *Lacrima Christi*. She then turned a face flushed with charming defiance on Carrington.

"I *will* celebrate," she proclaimed. Carrington felt that he too wanted to celebrate. There was a charm in the adventure that surpassed any he had ever known. It was a wonderful thing to see the people one had created come to life, to find them, too, as impossibly lovely as one had imagined them. There they were, two flowers of girls, and in a way he had made them what they were as surely as ever he had made the gracious little puppets of his book. For it was he who had put different ideals from those of every day into their charming heads, and had sent them forth on their pathetic quest of the golden country of Bohemia. But after all it wasn't a pathetic quest, for they brought to the little table d'hôte, with its tawdry fittings and its commonplace guests, youth and faith and gaiety. They had escaped into the world and could see, after all, not Bohemia but the fairyland that Carrington—his tongue in his cheek—had written about. It was Carrington who had made the country they saw with the eyes of faith, Carrington who had opened who knows what doors of conventionality in their minds, who had given them who knows what new outlook on life; anyway, it had brought them to Quirina's and to him. And of all the people in the world whom they had wanted to meet, he was chief. To dine with him where they were was at that moment their highest earthly wish. This was a dangerous piece of knowledge for Carrington, even though he knew what an unreal place their little fictitious world was, and it went to his head more than any number of bottles of the *Lacrima Christi* could have done—*Lacrima Christi* which was just as much of a fraud as the rest of the Bohemian nights entertainment. He entered unreservedly into the spirit of the moment. He made up new stories for them and they told him their own histories—which they had made up for the occasion—and discovered to him such treasures of naiveté and youth and imagination that Carrington was dazzled by their radiance. All the other women he had ever known seemed dusty, world-worn wayfarers beside his two little companions. The musicians stopped playing, the guests began to drift away, but so absorbed were the three that they didn't notice the time; and when at last Nicolette remembered, the two looked at each other with dismay. It was nearly eleven.

"We didn't tell you that our last name is Cinderella, did we?" said Melisande bravely, playing their little game out to the very end. "I know it's against the rules, but will you put us in a cab?"

"It's against all the rules," Carrington said firmly, "but this is as you like. I am afraid, though, you have been making fun of me, and that you will tell me next that your names are not Nicolette and Melisande."

"There is a cab," cried Nicolette, who was getting very nervous.

"I must see you again," cried Carrington, throwing all scruples to the wind.

"Drive up Fifth Avenue," said Nicolette, hopping in. "Come, Melisande——"

"When will you come?" persisted Carrington.

"Oh, very soon," said Nicolette, whose whole thought was on getting home before the cab should change into a pumpkin. But Melisande put her head out of the window and said in a voice in which defiance and triumph mingled, "The Park, Sunday at three, in front of the bears' cage."

"Oh, Anna Paulding, how could you?"

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MELISANDE CALLED QUIRINA TO HER AND SHYLY ORDERED THE *LICKUM CHRISTI*.

cried the one-time Nicolette in a shocked voice. From the other side of the carriage came the voice of a consciously naughty but unrepentant little girl.

"I don't care," it said.

For these two the hour of the disillusionizing realities of life had struck, but Carrington went to his rooms still dwelling in the land of fable. Life stretched out before him flat and uninteresting until Sunday, where the bear-cage beckoned and smiled at him entrancingly, for the glamour of the evening held him, the glamour and the exquisite heady flattery of it. Imagine what the effect would be on yourself, if you had made up characters for a book too lovely to exist in real life, prettier than any one you had known, younger and more naive, and combining with all these alluring traits a certain daring born of imagination and perfect innocence; and then by chance should come across these creations of yours in real life. Your head would be turned a little, I hope, and your heart would beat faster, and you would look forward to Sunday and the bear-cage with an eagerness that you didn't know you were capable of. At least this is what Carrington did, and he also spent a miserable half hour before the cage watching little boys throw peanuts to the polar bears, who devoured them with grave eagerness. At last when he had been waiting for what seemed a long afternoon, he heard a little voice at his elbow. For all his eager watching he hadn't seen her come. It was Melisande's voice, and it told Carrington all about spring and youth, though it only said:

"I'm sorry you were kept waiting, but I couldn't help it. Nicolette wouldn't come."

"I'm sorry," said Carrington.

"I'm not," replied Melisande firmly. "I am glad to find her out. I would *rather* know. Nicolette is no sport. She is not fit to be a Bohemian, and I told her so."

"How did she take that?" asked Carrington.

"She did not take it well at all. She said there was nothing Bohemian in meeting people in front of bear-cages, and that there was nothing whatever in your book about any such thing."

"I will have a story at once with a bear-cage in it, and Central Park and you and me, if you like. I refuse to be bound down by my own books. I made them myself, and I will not

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have them dictating conduct to you or me. And you may tell Nicolette that I am gravely disappointed in her."

"You will be more disappointed," Melisande replied bitterly, "when you hear that she said that it was one thing to be Bohemian and another to be vulgar and clandestine."

Carrington was shocked.

"You may tell Nicolette from me that I feel far more Bohemian this afternoon than ever I did at any table d'hôte. Bohemianism isn't a thing that you learn out of a book; it's—it's a state of mind," he concluded rather lamely, for just what it was when you came down to it he couldn't tell, except that it was something that had seemed to him a rather irritating and grimy pose until he met Melisande. She didn't notice how lamely Carrington's explanation limped along.

"It's just what I told her," she agreed eagerly. "But I shall never repeat what you have said to her. I shall never speak to her again when I can avoid it. She is not the person I supposed her to be. I despise a bourgeois mind that pretends it is Bohemian."

And at this for some reason Carrington's conscience gave him a sharp twinge.

"There is nothing more contemptible," he agreed hastily, and led the conversation away from this dangerous ground. It was a delightful afternoon, and by the end of it they found that they had taken a cross-country road into the land of friendship, although Carrington felt himself at a disadvantage, for he didn't believe a word that Melisande told him about herself. She was employed, she said, on a woman's fashion paper, drawing tiresome lithographic drawings where every button and seam must be put in; she told about her life with much spirit and humor and circumstantial evidence; she also told him about her ambition, which was to study art in Paris and to do really good work, and in the end paint pictures. But who she really was Carrington of course had no idea, while she knew all about him. They parted at the Eighty-first Street gate on the west side with regrets on both sides, and appointed another meeting for the next Sunday.

All the nights that week Carrington dined at Quirina's; and what that devotion implied you can imagine, for the poor fellow hated the thought of an Italian table d'hôte.

And all the time he became more and more disquieted lest Melisande should come to Quirina's alone, and in her sweet innocence hand the salt to some one; for, like most reformed Bohemians, Carrington was prudent and conventional. He believed in girls being properly chaperoned. Thus he ate his way pessimistically through the week, which seemed to have more days and more dinners than any other he remembered.

When Sunday came at last it rained, and Monday saw him again at Quirina's. He had begun by this time to do what he called reason with himself. Melisande had had her little adventure, made her little excursion out into Bohemia, and now had gone back, and there really was no reason to believe that she would come out again.

It was with hope almost gone that Carrington dropped in at Quirina's—after having dined at his club. The diners were staying late, for there was still a crowd in the half-lighted yard. In the late spring night Quirina's little made-to-order Bohemia looked almost like the real thing. The moonlight and the lamps mingled very prettily, and the bottles of Chianti and red ink stood around in not unpicturesque array. Carrington came in time to hear the closing bars of a song, then applause, and then, "Give us another one. Sing just one more!" and more clappings of hands and poundings on tables with bottles. "The Bohemians are out in force," thought Carrington bitterly. Every one was looking toward the musicians, where a slender slip of a girl stood, smiling shyly. She was embarrassed but not a bit afraid, and after a word with the musicians she struck into a Venetian song. Her voice was clear and sweet, and she sang as naturally as a bird, while the company gaped and grinned and applauded.

Carrington felt his heart stop for a moment and then fly on again at a furious pace, for the girl was Melisande. He waited for the song to end, remembering how in story thirteen, "Obliging the Company," Melisande and Nicolette had won the hearts of every one by singing little French folk-songs. It was a very touching, tender little story, and one of the most liked of the lot, and this was what it had brought him to. As she finished, Melisande joined the table she had left. She was evidently perfectly at ease and happy, and replied modestly and prettily to the compliments that the people with whom she had been dining showered on her. He made his way to her, and she saw him coming, and half rose to meet him.

"I knew you would come," she smiled at him. Her eyes were unclouded; there was in her manner none of the embarrassment of one

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SHE SANG AS NATURALLY AS A BIRD, WHILE THE COMPANY GAPED AND GRINNED AND APPLAUDED.

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who feels herself in a false position. Carrington had come as a rescuing knight to a maiden in distress, but instead he found a happy little girl as contented as a child who is playing at a doll's tea-party in her own nursery.

"We have had a perfectly lovely time," Melisande announced, smiling at the others. They evidently had. Bottles of Chianti strewed the table, and one jovial, elderly Bohemian was, as he might have said, "a little the worse for wear"; but Melisande didn't know it. They had come there for a merry, free-and-easy Bohemian time, and had found a pretty little art-student girl alone and ready for fun, and they had taken her in. They had realized in some blind way that she knew more about the kind of a good time they wanted than any of them, that she was somehow herself a sort of an epitome of the thing they were looking for, gaiety and youth and freedom from care, which is after all at the bottom of the popularity of that obscure country, Bohemia. It means to the pathetic and often tiresome people who come there the open door out of their own lives, and as for Melisande, she was as safe with them all as if she had been a baby of five. To-morrow they might embarrass her. To-morrow she would see what they were; to-morrow the radiance of youth which blinded her now might vanish and let her look at them clear-eyed; to-morrow she would know Quirina's for a dirty little place that thrived on the poses of its patrons; but to-day it was all enchanted country to her. At Quirina's she was in her own special little Arcadia, which Carrington had strangely enough helped to make. But all that didn't lessen Carrington's desire to take her away as quickly as possible from her new friends, who were urging her to sing again. Then, as he looked around for a good excuse to make Melisande go, he saw her glance across the room, saw her blush and a certain defiance grow in her. He followed her eyes and saw two men he knew, friends of his, looking at Melisande curiously. Then Melisande bowed to them, with offended dignity.

"It's my cousin," she informed Carrington, and added with a bitter disgust, "Nicolette has *told*. He is the worst kind of a Philistine." She had already risen to her feet; for the first time she was ill at ease, for the first time she felt she was in a false position. The knowledge that Carrington had dreaded to see in her, and had at the same time wished her to have, was coming to her at this moment. In the presence of her own world the country of Bohemia was going to crumple up before Carrington's eyes. She might call her cousin a Philistine and be indignant at his being there, but all the same his mere presence in the place would open her eyes to what she was doing, and to what Quirina's was, and to what the people were, too, with whom she had fraternized so sweetly. She didn't like it nor them nearly so well as she had five minutes before. Carrington could read it in the gentle embarrassment with which she received her companions' noisy farewells.

"What will you think of me for having deceived you so?" she asked him, and her question marked the next stage in the dawn of her knowledge of the world as it is, and the disintegration of their world of fable. Then Carrington realized that if this went on, why, he would go, too, along with all the golden mirage of Bohemia. There would be no more Melisande for him. He would be for her only the symbol of a folly she would be eager to forget; and he realized that he must keep the glamour for her a moment longer, or he would lose her forever.

"I suppose I shall have to speak to him," Melisande now said, distress growing in her voice. "I don't know how I can make him understand how I came to be here with you."

Then inspiration born of Melisande's innocence came to Carrington, for he said gently, but with a certain finality which shut the door in the face of argument:

"He will understand perfectly your being here with the man you're engaged to."

For an instant she stared at him half frightened, the voice of convention whispering treason in her ears. The quick color spread to her cheeks.

"I will go first and we'll tell him," Carrington went on bravely, though his heart beat hard, and Melisande seemed to be standing very far away. She looked at him soberly, speculatively, with the candid eyes of a little girl. The quick color in her cheeks spoke for her; and as there was nothing in Carrington but sincerity and love for her, he knew with a great exultation that he had won. She believed in his love, and was glad of it. He had spoken before she had walked over the borderland of Arcadia. Doubts and questionings were for the people over on the other side. This was the way such things happened in the golden country; this was the way they ought to happen—the way they happened in Carrington's stories—the way she had always known it would be.

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Friday, the 13th

By THOMAS W. LAWSON

Illustrations by T. K. Hanna

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS INSTALMENTS.—Jim Randolph, head of the great banking-house of Randolph & Randolph, and his closest friend, Bob Brownley, a stock-broker who represents the house on the floor of the Exchange, are about to set out for a yachting holiday when Beulah Sands, a beautiful Virginia girl, appears at the office. Her father, Judge Lee Sands, a distinguished Virginia gentleman, is threatened with ruin and disgrace through the operations of a clique of financial wreckers belonging to the "System." In the hope of recouping the family fortune by stock-market speculation, Beulah Sands has come to New York and she brings to Brownley a letter of introduction from her father asking his assistance in the rash undertaking. Brownley, deeply impressed by the girl's beauty and courage, secures her a place in Randolph & Randolph's offices, and takes charge of her account. For her benefit he plans a great coup in Sugar and by masterly tactics at the Exchange makes for her nearly two millions profit. At the moment when success seems to have been achieved, Brownley leaves the floor to carry the good news to Miss Sands. While she is thanking him, Brownley's telephone rings sharply, and he learns that "Standard Oil's" head broker has begun to sell Sugar on an immense scale and has turned the tide against him. Brownley rushes back to the Exchange, only to lose in a fierce contest Beulah Sands's and his own winnings. There follows a period in which Brownley, humiliated and bitter, avoids Beulah Sands and Randolph. Finally Beulah summons him to a business conference which terminates in their betrothal. A few days later she shows Randolph and Brownley a letter from her father, which reveals his utter helplessness; and Brownley hints at a scheme he has been developing for outwitting the "System."

CHAPTER V

THURSDAY, November 12th, was a memorable day in Wall Street. As the gong pealed its the-game's-closed-till-another-day, the myriad of tortured souls that are supposed to haunt the treacherous bogs and quicksands of the great Exchange, where lie their earthly hopes, must have prayed with renewed earnestness for its destruction before the morrow. Never had the Stock Exchange folded its tents with surer confidence of continuing its victorious march. Sugar advanced with record-breaking total sales to 207½ and in the final half-hour carried the whole list of stocks up with it. In that time some of the railroads jumped ten points. Sugar closed at the very top amid great excitement, with Barry Conant taking all offered. During the last thirty minutes it had become evident to all that the board-room traders and plungers together with many of the semi-professional gamblers, who operated through commission houses, were selling out their long stock and going short over the opening of the Wall Street hoodoo-day, Friday, the thirteenth of the month. But it was also evident, with the heavy selling at the close and the stiffness of the price, which had never wavered as block after block was thrown on the market, that some powerful interest as well had taken cognizance of the fact that the morrow was hoodoo-day. At the close, most of the sellers, had they been granted another five minutes, would have repurchased, even at a loss, what they had sold, for it looked as though they had sold themselves into a trap. Their anxiety was intensified by the publication, a few minutes later, of this item:

"Barry Conant in coming from the Sugar crowd after the close remarked to a fellow broker, 'By three o'clock to-morrow, Friday, the 13th, will have a new meaning to Wall Street.' This was interpreted as pointing to a terrific jump in Sugar to-morrow."

"The Street" knew that the news bureau that sent out this item was friendly to Barry Conant and the "System," and that it would print nothing displeasing to them. Therefore, this must be a foreword of the coming harvest of the bulls and the slaughter of the shorts.

Others than Ike Bloomstein remarked upon the fact that Bob Brownley had hung close to the Sugar-pole all day, but when the close had come and gone without his having anything to do with the Sugar skyrockets, he dropped out of his fellow brokers' minds. Wall Street has no use for any but the "doer." The poet and the mooner would be no more secure from interruption in the center of the Sahara than in Wall Street between ten and three o'clock. Some sage has said that the human mind, like the well-bucket, can carry

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only its fill. The Wall Street mind always has its fill of budding dollars. In consequence, there is never room for those other interests that enter the normal mind.

Friday, the 13th of November, drifted over Manhattan Island in a great drizzle of marrow-chilling haze, which just missed being rain—one of those New York days that give a hesitating suicide renewed courage to cut the mortal coil. By ten o'clock it had settled down on the Stock Exchange and its surrounding infernos with a clamminess that damped the spirits of the most rampant bulls. No class in the world is so susceptible to atmospheric conditions as stock-gamblers. Many a stout-hearted one has been known to postpone the inauguration of a long-planned coup merely because the air filled his blood with the dank chill of superstition. Because of the expected Sugar pyrotechnics, Stock Exchange members had gathered early; the brokers' offices were crowded to overflowing before ten; the morning papers, not only in New York but in Boston, Philadelphia, and other centers, were filled with stories of the big rise that was to take place in Sugar. The knowing ones saw the ear-marks of the "System's" press-agent in these stories; and they knew that this industrious institution had not sat up the night before because of insomnia. All the signs pointed to a killing, and a terrific one—pointed so plainly that the bears and Sugar shorts found no hope in the atmosphere or the date.

Bob had not been near the office the afternoon before, and as he had not come in by five minutes to ten I decided to go over to the Exchange and see if he were going to mix up in the baiting of the Sugar bears. I had no specific reasons for thinking he was interested except his recent queer actions, particularly his hanging to the Sugar-pole, yet doing nothing, the day before. But it is one of the best established traditions of stock-gambledom that when an operator has been bitten by a rabid stock he is invariably attracted to it every time afterward that it shows signs of frothing. More than all, I had one of those strong nowhere-born-nowhere-cradled intuitions common to those living in the stock-gambling world, which made me feel the creepy shadow of coming events.

As on that day a few weeks before, the crowd was at the Sugar-pole, but its alignment was different. There in the center were Barry Conant and his trusted lieutenants, but no opposing rival. None of those hundreds of brokers showed that desperate resolve to do or die that is born of a necessity. They were there to buy or sell, but not to put up a life or death, on-me-depends-the-result fight. Those who were long of stock could easily be distinguished by their expressions of joy from the shorts, who had seen the handwriting on the wall and were filled with uncertainty, fear, terror. The demeanor of Barry Conant and his lieutenants expressed confidence: they were going to do what they were there to do. They showed by their tight-buttoned coats and squared shoulders that they expected lots of rush, push, and haul work, but apparently they anticipated no last-ditch fighting. The gong pealed and the crowd of brokers sprang at one another, but only for blood, not flesh, bone, heart, and soul; just blood. The first price on Sugar was 211 for 3,000 shares. Some one sold it in a block. Barry Conant bought it. It did not require three eyes to see that the seller was one of his lieutenants. This meant what is known as a "wash" sale, a fictitious one arranged in advance between two brokers to establish the basis for the trades that are to follow—one of those minor frauds of stock-gambling by which the public is deceived and the traders and plungers are handicapped with loaded dice. In principle, it is a device older than stock exchanges themselves, and is put to use elsewhere than on the floor. For instance, four genuine buyers want a particular animal worth $200 at a horse auction. Its owner's pal starts the bidding at $400, and the four, not being up in horse values, are thereby induced to reach for it at between $400 to $500. But human nature, whether at horse sales or at stock-gambling, loves to be "hinky-dinked" as much as the moth loves to play tag with the candle flame. In five minutes Sugar was selling at 221, and the frantic shorts were reaching for it as though there never was to be another share put on sale, while Barry Conant and his lieutenants were most industriously pushing it just beyond their finger-tips, either by buying it as fast as it was offered by genuine sellers or by taking what their own pals threw in the air.

I was not surprised to see Bob's tall form wedged in the crowd about two-thirds of the way from the center. Every other active floor member was there too. Even Ike Bloomstein and Joe Barnes, who seldom went into the big crowds, were on hand, perhaps to catch a flier for their Thanksgiving turkey money, perhaps to get as near the fun as possible. Bob was not trading, although, as on the day

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"BOB'S WAS THE ONLY FACE THAT SHOWED NO SIGN OF WHAT WAS GOING ON BEHIND IT."

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before, he never took his eye off Barry Conant. I said to myself, "He is trying to fathom Barry Conant's movements," but for what purpose puzzled me. The hands of the big clock on the wall showed that trading had been thirty minutes under way and still Barry Conant was pushing up the price. His voice had just rung out "25 for any part of 5,000" when, like an echo, sounded through the hall, "Sold." It was Bob. He had worked his way to the center of the crowd and stood in front of Barry Conant. He was not the Bob who had taken Barry Conant's gaff that afternoon a few weeks before. I never saw him cooler, calmer, more self-possessed. He was the incarnation of confident power. A cold, cynical smile played around the corners of his mouth as he looked down upon his opponent.

The effect upon Barry Conant was different from that of Bob's last bid on the day when Beulah Sands's hopes went skyward in dust. It did not rouse him to the wild, furious desire for the onslaught that he showed then, but seemed to quicken his alert, prolific mind to exercise all its cunning. I think that in that one moment Barry Conant recalled his suspicions of the day before, when he had wondered what Bob's presence in the crowd meant, and that he saw again the picture of Bob on the day when he himself had ditched Bob's treasure-train. He hesitated for just the fraction of a second, while he waved with lightning-like rapidity a set of finger signals to his lieutenants. Then he squared himself for the encounter. "25 for 5,000." Cold, cold as the voice of a condemning judge rang Bob's "Sold." "25 for 5,000." "Sold." "25 for 5,000." "Sold." Their eyes were fixed upon each other, in Barry's a defiant glare, in Bob's mingled pity and contempt. The rest of the brokers hushed their own bids and offers until it could have truthfully been said that the floor of the Stock Exchange was quiet, an almost unheard-of thing in like circumstances. Again Barry Conant's voice, "25 for 5,000." "Sold." "25 for 5,000." "Sold." Barry Conant had met his master. Whether it was that for the first time in all his wonderful career he realized that the "System" was to meet its Nemesis, or what the cause, none could tell, perhaps not even Barry Conant himself, but some emotion caused his olive face for an instant to turn pale, and gave his voice a telltale quiver. Once more pealed forth "25 for 5,000." That Bob saw the pallor, that he caught the quiver, was evident to all, for the instant his "Sold" rang out, he followed it with "5,000 at 24, 23, 22, 20." Neither Barry Conant nor any of his lieutenants got in a "Take it"; although whether they wanted to or not was an open question until Bob allowed his voice to dwell just a pendulum swing of time on the 20. It was as if he were tantalizing them into sticking by their guns. By the time he paused, Barry Conant's nerve was back, for his piercing "Take it" was followed immediately by "20 for any part of 10,000 Sugar." The bid was yet on his lips when Bob's deep voice rang out "Sold." "Any part of 25,000 at 19, 18, 15, 10." Hell was now loose. Back and forth, up against the rail, around the room and back and around again, the crowd surged for fifteen of the wildest, craziest minutes in the history of the New York Stock Exchange, a history replete with records of wild and crazy scenes.

At last from sheer exhaustion there came a ten minutes' lull, which was used in comparing trades. At the beginning of the respite Sugar was selling at 155, for in that quarter-hour of madness it had broken from 210 to 155, but when the ten minutes had elapsed, the stock had worked back to 167. Barry Conant had again taken the center of the crowd after hastily scanning the brief notes handed him by messenger-boys and giving orders to his lieutenants. He had evidently received reenforcements in the form of renewed orders from his principals. Many of the faces that fringed the inner circle of that crowd were frightful to look upon, some white as though just lifted from hospital pillows, others red to the verge of apoplexy—all strained as though awaiting the coming of the jury with a life or death verdict. They all knew that Bob had sold more than a hundred thousand shares of Sugar upon which the profits must be more than four million dollars. Would he resume selling or was he through? Was it short stock, which must be bought back, or long stock; and if long, whose stock? Were the insiders selling out on one another, or were they all selling together, and under cover of Barry Conant's movements were Camemeyer and "Standard Oil" emptying their bag preparatory to the slaughter of the Washington contingent? All these questions were rushing through the heads of that crowd of brokers like steam through a boiler, now hot, now cold, but always at high pressure, for upon the correctness of the answers depended the fortune of many who

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breathlessly awaited the renewal or the suspension of the contest. Even Barry Conant's usually impassive face wore a tinge of anxiety.

Indeed, Bob's was the only one in the center of that throng that showed no sign of what was going on behind it. The same cynical smile that had been there since the opening still played around the corners of his mouth as he squared himself in front of his opponent. All knew now that he was not through. Barry Conant had evidently decided to force the fighting, although more cautiously than before. "67 for a thousand." One of his lieutenants bid 67 for 500, another 67 for 300, and as Bob had not yet shown his intention of meeting their bids, 67 for different amounts was heard all over the crowd. Bob might have been tossing a mental coin to decide the advisability of buying back what he had sold; he might have been adding up the bids as they were made. He said nothing for a fraction of a minute, which to those tortured men must have seemed like an age. Then with a wave of his hand, as though delivering a benediction, he swept the circle with a cold-blooded, calm "Sold the lots. 5,600 in all."

"67 for a thousand"—again Barry Conant's bid. "Sold." "67 for 5,000." "Sold." "66 for a thousand." "Sold." The drop from five thousand to one thousand in Barry Conant's bids was the mortally wounded but still game general's "Sound the retreat." Bob heard it. "Any part of 10,000 at 65, 64, 62, 60." The din was now as fierce as before. The entire crowd, all but Barry Conant and his lieutenants, seemed to have concluded that Bob's renewal of attack meant that his was the winning side, and those who had been hanging on to their stock, hoping against hope, and those who were short and had been undecided whether to cover or to hold on and sell more for greater profits, vied with one another in a frantic effort to sell. All could now feel the coming panic. All could see that it was to be a bad one, as the least informed on the floor knew that there was a tremendous amount of Sugar stock in the hands of Washington novices at speculation and of others who had bought it at high prices. Sugar was now dropping two, three, five dollars a share between trades, and the panic was spreading to the other poles, as is always the case, for when there are sudden large losses in one stock, the losers must throw over the other stocks they hold to meet this loss, and thus the whole structure tumbles like a house of cards. Sugar had just crossed 110 when the loud bang of the president's gavel resounded through the room. Instantly there was a silence as of death. All knew the meaning of the sound, the most ominous ever heard in a stock exchange, calling for the temporary suspension of business while the president announces the failure of some member or house.

PERKINS, BLANCHARD & COMPANY

ANNOUNCE THAT THEY CANNOT MEET THEIR OBLIGATIONS.

This statement that one of the oldest houses had been swamped in the crash Bob had started caused further frantic selling, and, as though every member had employed the lull to refill his lungs, a howl arose that pealed and wailed to the dome.

I watched Bob closely; in fact, it was impossible for me to take my eyes off him; he seemed absolutely unmindful of the agonized shrieks about him, for the frenzied brokers were no longer crying their bids or offers, but screaming them. He still continued relentlessly to hammer Sugar, offering it in thousand and tens of thousand lots.

Again and again the gavel fell, and again and again an announcement of failure was followed by blood-curdling howls. When Sugar struck 80—not 180, but plain 80—it seemed that the last day of stock speculation was at hand. Announcements were being made every few minutes of the failure of this bank, the closing of the doors of that trust company. Where would it end? What power could stop this Niagara of molten dollars? Suddenly above the tumult rose Bob Brownley's voice. He must have been standing on his tiptoes. His hands were raised aloft. He seemed to tower a head above the mob. His voice was still clear and unimpaired by the terrible strain of the past two hours. To that mob it must have sounded like the trumpet of the delivering angel. "80 for any part of 25,000 Sugar." Instantly Sugar was hurled at him from all sides of the crowd. He was the only buyer of moment who had appeared since Sugar broke at 125. Barry Conant and his lieutenants had disappeared like snowflakes at the opening of the door of the firebox of a locomotive speeding through the night. In a few seconds Bob had been sold all the 25,000 he had bid for. Again his voice rang out: "80 for 25,000." The sellers momentarily halted. He got only a few thousands of his twenty-five. "85 for 25,000." A few thou-

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sands more. "90 for 25,000." Still fewer thousands. His bidding was beginning to tell on the mob. A cry ran through the room into the crowds around the other poles—"Brownley has turned!"—and taking renewed courage at the report, the bulls rallied their forces and began to bid for the different stocks, which a moment before it had seemed that no one wanted at any price.

In a chip of a minute the whole scene changed; there was almost as wild a panic on the up side as there had been on the down. Bob Brownley continued buying Sugar until he had pushed it above 150. He then went about tallying up his trades. At the end of ten minutes' calculation he returned to the center and bought 11,000 shares more; coming out, his eye caught mine.

"Jim, have you been here long?"

"An eternity. I was here at the opening and I pray God never to put me through another two hours like the past two. It seems a hideous dream, a nightmare. Bob, in the name of God what have you been doing?"

He gave me a wild, awful look of exultation. Sublime triumph shone in those blazing brown orbs, triumph such as I had never seen in the eyes of man.

"Jim Randolph, I have been giving Wall Street and its hell 'System' a dose of its own poison, a good, full-measure dose. They planned by harvesting a fresh crop of human hearts and souls on the bull side to give Friday the 13th a new meaning. Tradition says Friday the 13th is bear Saints' day. I believe in maintaining old traditions, so I harvested their hearts instead. I will tell you about it some time, Jim, but now I must see Beulah Sands. Jim Randolph, I've saved her and her father. I've made them a round three millions and a strong seven millions for myself."

He almost yelled it as he rushed away and left me dazed, stupefied. A moment, and I came to. Something urged me to follow him.

CHAPTER VI

As I passed through my office a few minutes later I heard Bob's voice in Beulah Sands's office. It was raised in passionate eloquence.

"Yes, Beulah, I have done it single-handed. I have crucified Camemeyer, 'Standard Oil,' and the 'System' that pinned me to the cross a few weeks ago. You have three millions, and I have seven. Now there is nothing more but for you to go home to your father, and then come back to me. Back to me, Beulah, back to me to be my wife!"

He stopped. There was no sound. I waited; then, frightened, I stepped to the door of Beulah Sands's office. Bob was standing just inside the threshold, where he had halted to give her the glad tidings. She had risen from her desk and was looking at him with an agonized stare. He seemed to be transfixed by her look, the wild ecstasy of the outburst of love yet mirrored in his eyes. She was just saying as I reached the door:

"Bob, in the name of God tell me you got this money fairly, honorably."

Bob must have realized for the first time what he had done. He did not speak. He only stared into her eyes. She was now at his side.

"Bob, you are unnerved," she said; "you have been through a terrible ordeal. For an hour I have been reading in the bulletins of the banks and trust companies that have failed, of the banking-houses that have been ruined. I have been reading that you did it; that you have made millions—and I knew it was for me, for father, but in the midst of my joy, my gratitude, my love—for, oh, Bob, I love you," she interrupted herself passionately; "it seems as though I love you beyond the capacity of a human heart to love. I think that for the right to be yours for one single moment of this life I would smilingly endure all the pains and miseries of eternal torture. Yes, Bob, for the right to have you call me yours for only while I heard the word, I would do anything, Bob, anything that was honorable."

She had drawn his head down close to her face, and her great blue eyes searched his as though they would go to his very soul. She was a child in her simple appeal for him to allow her to see his heart, to see that there was nothing black there.

As she gazed, her beautiful hands played through his hair as do a mother's through that of the child she is soothing in sickness.

"Bob, speak to me, speak to me," she begged, "tell me there was no dishonor in the getting of those millions. Tell me no one was made to suffer as my father and I have suffered. Tell me that the suicides and the convicts, the daughters dragged to shame and the mothers driven to the madhouse as a result of this panic, cannot be charged to anything unfair or dishonorable that you have done.

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"HER GREAT BLUE EYES SEARCHED HIS AS THOUGH THEY WOULD GO TO HIS VERY SOUL."

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Bob, oh, Bob, answer! Answer no, or my heart will break; or if, Bob, you have made a mistake, if you have done that which in your great desire to aid me and my father seemed justifiable, but which you now see was wrong, tell it to me, Bob dear, and together we will try to undo it. We will try to find a way to atone. We will give the millions to the last, last penny to those upon whom you have brought misery. Father's loss will not matter. Together we will go to him and tell him what we have done, what we have lived through, tell him of our mistake, and in our agony he will forget his own. For such a horror has my father of anything dishonorable that he will embrace his misery as happiness when he knows that his teachings have enabled his daughter to undo this great wrong. And then, Bob, we will be married, and you and I and father and mother will be together, and be, oh, so happy, and we will begin all over again."

"Beulah, stop; in the name of God, in the name of your love for me, don't say another word. There is a limit to the capacity of a man to suffer, even if he be a great, strong brute like myself, and, Beulah, I have reached that limit. The day has been a hard one."

His voice softened and became as a tired child's.

"I must go out into the hustle of the street, into the din and sound, and get down my nerves and get back my head. Then I shall be able to think clear and true, and I will come back to you, and together we will see if I have done anything that makes me unfit to touch the cheek and the hands and the lips of the best and most beautiful woman God ever put upon earth. Beulah, you know I would not deceive you to save my body from the fires of this world, and my soul from the torture of the damned, and I promise you that if I find that I have done wrong, what you call wrong, what your father would call wrong, I will do what you say to atone."

He took her head between his hands, gently, reverently, and touching his lips to her glorious golden hair, he went away.

Beulah Sands turned to me. "Please, Mr. Randolph, go with him. He is soul-dazed. One can never tell what a heart sorely perplexed will prompt its owner to do. Often in the night when I have got myself into a fever from thinking of my father's situation, I have had awful temptations. The agents of the devil seek the wretched when none of those they love are by. I have often thought some of the blackest tragedies of the earth might have been averted if there had been a true friend to stand at the wrung one's elbow at the fatal minute of decision and point to the sun behind, just when the black ahead grew unendurable. Please follow Mr. Brownley that you may be ready, should his awakening to what he has done become unbearable. Tell him the dreaded morrows are never as terrible actually as they seem in anticipation."

I overtook Bob just outside the office. I did not speak to him, for I realized that he was in no mood for company. I dropped in behind, determined that I would not lose sight of him. It was almost one o'clock. Wall Street was at its height of frenzy, every one on a wild rush. The day's doing had packed the always crowded money lane. The newsboys were shouting afternoon editions. "Terrible panic in Wall Street. One man against millions. Robert Brownley broke 'the Street.' Made twenty millions in an hour. Banks failed. Wreck and ruin everywhere. President Snow of Asterfield National a suicide." Bob gave no sign of hearing. He strode with a slow, measured gait, his head erect, his eyes staring ahead at space, a man thinking, thinking, thinking for his salvation. Many hurrying men looked at him, some with an expression of unutterable hatred, as though they wanted to attack him. Then again there were those who called him by name with a laugh of joy; and some turned to watch him in curiosity. It was easy to pick the wounded from those who shared in his victory, and from those who knew the frenzied finance buzz-saw only by its buzz. Bob saw none. Where could he be going? He came to the head of the street of coin and crime and crossed Broadway. His path was blocked by the fence surrounding old Trinity's churchyard. Grasping the pickets in either hand he stared at the crumbling headstones of those guardsmen of Mammon who once walked the earth and fought their heart battles, as he was walking and fighting, but who now knew no ten o'clock, no three, who looked upon the stock-gamblers and dollar-trailers as they looked upon the worms that honeycombed their headstones' bases. What thoughts went through Bob Brownley's mind only his God knew. For minutes he stood motionless, then he walked on down Broadway. He went into the Battery. The benches were crowded with that jetsam and flotsam of humanity that New York's mighty

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sewers throw in armies upon her inland beaches at every sunrise: Here a sodden brute sleeping off a prolonged debauch, there a lad whose frankness of face and homespun clothes and bewildered eyes spelt, "from the farm and mother's watchful love." On another bench an Italian woman who had a half-dozen future dollar kings and social queens about her, and whose clothes told of the immigrant ship just into port. Bob Brownley apparently saw none. But suddenly he stopped. Upon a bench sat a sweet-faced mother holding a sleeping babe in her arms, while a curly-pated boy nestled his head in her lap and slept through the magic lanes and fairy woods of dreamland. The woman's face was one of those that blend the confidence of girlhood with the uncertainty of womanhood. 'Twas a pretty face, which had been plainly tagged by its Maker for a light-hearted trip through this world, but it had been seared by the iron of the city.

"Mr. Brownley—" She started to rise.

He gently pushed her back with a "hush," unwilling to rob the sleepers of their heaven.

"What are you doing here, Mrs. ——?" He halted.

"Mrs. Chase. Mr. Brownley, when I went away from Randolph & Randolph's office I married John Chase; you may remember him as delivery clerk. I had such a happy home and my husband was so good; I did not have to typewrite any longer. These are our two children."

"What are you doing here?"

The tears sprang to her eyes; she dropped them, but did not answer.

"Don't mind me, woman. I, too, have hidden hells I don't want the world to see. Don't mind me; tell me your story. It may do you good; it may do me good; yes, it may do me good."

I had dropped into a seat a few feet away. Both were too much occupied with their own thoughts to notice me or any one else. I could not overhear their conversation, but long afterward, when I mentioned our old stenographer, Bessie Brown, to Bob, he told me of the incident at the Battery. Her husband, after their marriage, had become infected with the stock-gambling microbe, the microbe that gnaws into its victim's mind and heart day and night, while ever fiercer grows the "get rich, get rich" fever. He had plunged with their savings and had drawn a blank. He had lost his position in disgrace and had landed in the bucket-shop, the subcellar pit of the big Stock Exchange hell. From there a week before he had been sent to prison for theft, and that morning she had been turned into the street by her landlord. I saw Bob take from his pocket his memorandum-book, write something upon a leaf, tear it out and hand it to the woman, touch his hat, and before she could stop him, stride away. I saw her look at the paper, clap her hands to her forehead, look at the paper again and at the retreating form of Bob Brownley. Then I saw her, yes, there in the old Battery Park in the drizzling rain and under the eyes of all, drop upon her knees in prayer. How long she prayed I do not know. I only know that as I followed Bob I looked back and the woman was still upon her knees. I thought at the time how queer and unnatural the whole thing seemed. Later, I learned to know that nothing is queer and unnatural in the world of human suffering; that great human suffering turns all that is queer and unnatural into commonplace. Next day Bessie Brown came to our office to see Bob. Not being able to get at him she asked for me.

"Mr. Randolph, tell me, please, what shall I do with this paper?" she said. "I met Mr. Brownley in the Battery yesterday. He saw I was in distress and he gave me this, but I cannot believe he meant it," and she showed me an order on Randolph & Randolph for a thousand dollars. I reassured her, and she went away.

From the Battery Bob sought the wharves, the Bowery, Five Points, the hothouses of the under-worldlings of America. He seemed bent on picking out the haunts of misery in the misery-infested metropolis of the new world. For two hours he tramped and I followed. A number of times I thought to speak to him and try to win him from his mood, but I refrained. I could see there was a soul battle waging and I realized that upon its outcome might depend Bob's salvation. Some seek the quiet of the woods, the soothing rustle of the leaves, the peaceful ripple of the brook when battling for their soul, but Bob's woods appeared to be the shadowy places of misery, his rustling leaves the hoarse din of the multitude, and his brook's ripple the tears and tales of the man-damned of the great city, for he stopped and conversed with many human derelicts that he met on his course. The hand of the clock on Trinity steeple pointed to four as we again approached the office of Randolph & Randolph. Bob was now moving with a long,

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hurried stride, as though consumed with a fever of desire to get to Beulah Sands. For the last fifteen minutes I had with difficulty kept him in sight. Had he arrived at a decision, and if so, what was it? I asked myself over and over again as I plowed through the crowds.

Bob went straight to Beulah Sands's office, I to mine. I had been there but a moment when I heard deep, guttural groans. I listened. The sound came louder than before. It came from Beulah Sands's office. With a bound I was at the open door. My God, the sight that met my gaze! It haunts me even now when years have dulled its vividness. The beautiful, quiet, gray figure that had grown to be such a familiar picture to Bob and me of late, sat at the flat desk in the center of the room. She faced the door. Her elbows rested on the desk; in her hand was an afternoon paper that she had evidently been reading when Bob entered. God knows how long she had been reading it before he came. Bob was kneeling at the side of her chair, his hands clasped and uplifted in an agony of appeal that was supplemented by the awful groans. His face showed unspeakable terror and entreaty; the eyes were bursting from their sockets and were riveted on hers as those of a man in a dungeon might be fixed upon an approaching specter of one whom he had murdered. His chest rose and fell, as though trying to burst some unseen bonds that were crushing out his life. With every breath would come the awful groan that had first brought me to him. Beulah Sands had half turned her face until her eyes gazed into Bob's with a sweet, childish perplexity. I looked at her, surprised that one whom I had always seen so intelligently masterful should be passive in the face of such anguish. Then, horror of horrors! I saw that there was something missing from her great blue eyes. I looked; gasped. Could it possibly be? With a bound I was at her side. I gazed again into those eyes which that morning had been all that was intelligent, all that was godlike, all that was human. Their soul, their life was gone. Beulah Sands was a dead woman; not dead in body, but in soul; the magic spark had fled. She was but an empty shell—a woman of living flesh and blood; but the citadel of life was empty, the mind was gone. What had been a woman was but a child. I passed my hand across my now damp forehead. I closed my eyes and opened them again. Bob's figure, with clasped, uplifted hands and bursting eyes, was still there. There still resounded through the room the awful guttural groans. Beulah Sands smiled, the smile of an infant in the cradle. She took one beautiful hand from the paper and passed it over Bob's bronzed cheek, just as the infant touches its mother's face with its chubby fingers. In my horror I almost expected to hear the purling of a babe. My eyes in their perplexity must have wandered from her face, for I suddenly became aware of a great black head-line spread across the top of the paper that she had been reading:

"FRIDAY, THE 13TH."

And beneath in one of the columns:

"TERRIBLE TRAGEDY IN VIRGINIA.

"THE MOST PROMINENT CITIZEN OF THE STATE, EX-UNITED STATES SENATOR AND EX-GOVERNOR, JUDGE LEE SANDS OF SANDS LANDING, WHILE TEMPORARILY INSANE FROM THE LOSS OF HIS FORTUNE AND MILLIONS OF THE FUNDS FOR WHICH HE WAS TRUSTEE, CUT THE THROAT OF HIS INVALID WIFE, HIS DAUGHTER, AND THEN HIS OWN. ALL THREE DIED INSTANTLY."

In another column:

"ROBERT BROWNLEY CREATES THE MOST DISASTROUS PANIC IN THE HISTORY OF WALL STREET AND SPREADS WRECK AND RUIN THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY."

A hideous picture seared its every light and shade on my mind, through my heart, into all my soul. A frenzied-finance harvest scene with its gory crop; in the center one living-dead, part of the picture, yet the ghost left to haunt the painters, one of whom was already cowering before the black and bloody canvas.

Well did the word-artist who wrote over the door of the madhouse, "Man can suffer only to the limit, then he shall know peace," understand the wondrous wisdom of his God. Beulah Sands had gone beyond her limit and was at peace.

The awful groaning stopped and an ashen pallor spread over Bob Brownley's face. Before I could catch him he rolled backward upon the floor as dead. Bob Brownley, too, had gone beyond his limit. I bent over him and lifted his head, while the sweet woman-child knelt and covered his face with kisses,

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calling in a voice like that of a tiny girl speaking to her doll, "Bob, my Bob, wake up, wake up; your Beulah wants you." As I placed my hand upon Bob's heart and felt its beats grow stronger, as I listened to Beulah Sands's childish voice, joyously confident, as it called upon the one thing left of her old world, some of my terror passed. In its place came a great mellowing sense of God's marvelous wisdom. I thought gratefully of my mother's always ready argument that the law of all laws, of God and nature, is that of compensation. I had allowed Bob's head to sink until it rested in Beulah's lap, and from his calm and steady breathing I could see that he had safely passed a crisis, that at least he was not in the clutches of death, as I had at first feared.

Bob slept. Beulah Sands ceased her calling and with a smile raised her fingers to her lips and softly said, "Hush, my Bob's asleep." Together we held vigil over our sleeping lover and friend, she with the happiness of a child who had no fear of the awakening, I with a silent terror of what should come next. I had seen one mind wafted to the unknown that day. Was it to have a companion to cheer and solace it on its far journey to the great beyond? How long we waited Bob's awakening I could not tell. The clock's hands said an hour; it seemed to me an age. At last his magnificent physique, his unpoisoned blood and splendid brain pulled him through to his new world of mind and heart torture. His eyelids lifted. He looked at me, then at Beulah Sands, with eyes so sad, so awful in their perplexed mournfulness, that I almost wished they had never opened, or had opened to let me see the child-like look that now shone from the girl's. His gaze finally rested on her and his lips murmured "Beulah."

"There, Bob, I thought you would know it was time to wake up." She bent over and kissed him on the eyes again and again with the loving ardor a child bestows upon its pets.

He slowly rose to his feet. I could see from his eyes and the shudder that went over him as he caught sight of the paper on the desk that he was himself; that memory of the happenings of the day had not fled in his sleep. He rose to his full height, his head went up, and his shoulders back, but only from habit and for an instant. Then he folded Beulah Sands to his breast and dropped his head upon her shoulder. He sobbed like a weary child.

"Why, Bob, my Bob, is this the way you treat your Beulah when she's let you sleep so your beautiful eyes would be pretty for the wedding? Is this the way to act before this kind man who has come to take us to the church? Naughty, naughty Bob."

I looked at her, at Bob, in horror. I was beginning to realize the absolute deadness of this woman. From the first look I had known that her mind had fled, but knowledge is not always realization. She did not even know who I was. Her mind was dead to all but the man she loved, the man who through all those long days of her suffering she had silently worshiped. To all but him she was new-born.

At the sound of "wedding," "church," Bob's head slowly rose from her shoulder. I saw his decision the instant I caught his eye; I realized the uselessness of opposing it, and, sick at heart and horrified, I listened as he said in a voice now calm and soothing as that of a father to his child, "Yes, Beulah, my darling, I have slept too long. Bob has been naughty, but we will make up for lost time. Get your hat and cloak and we'll hurry to the church or we'll be late."

With a laugh of joy she followed him to the closet where hung the little gray turban and the pretty gray jacket. He took them from their peg and gave them to her.

"Not a word, Jim," he bade me. "In the name of God and all our friendship, not a word. Beulah Sands will be my wife as soon as I can find a minister to marry us. It is best, best. It is right. It is as God would have it, or I am not capable of knowing right from wrong. Anyway, it is what will be. She has no father, no mother, no sister, no one to protect and shield her. The 'System' has robbed her of all in life, even of herself, of everything, Jim, but me. I must try to win her back for herself, or to make her new world a happy one—a happy one for her."

CHAPTER VII

An old gambler, whose life had been spent listening to the rattle of the drop-in-bound-out little roulette ball, was told by a fellow victim, as his last dollar went to the relentless tiger's maw, that the keeper's foot was upon an electric button which enabled him to make the ball drop where his stake was not. He simply said, "Thank God. I thought that

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prince of cheats, Fate, who all through life has had her foot on the button of my game, was the one who did the trick." Long suffering had driven the old gambler to the loser's bible, Philosophy! Cheated by man's device, he knew he had some chance of getting even; but Fate he could not combat.

Bob Brownley had thought himself in hard luck when his eyes opened to the fact that he had been robbed by means of dice loaded by man, but when Fate pressed the button he saw that his man-made hell was but a feeble imitation, and—was satisfied, as whoever knows the game of life is satisfied, because—he must be. Bob's strong head bowed, his iron will bent, and meekly his soul murmured, "Thy will be done."

That night he married Beulah Sands. The minister who united the grown-up man and the woman who was as a new-born babe saw nothing extraordinary in the match. He murmured to me, who acted as best man to the groom, maid of honor to the bride, and father and mother to both, "We see strange sights, we ministers of the great city, Mr. Randolph. The sweet little lady appears to be a trifle scared." My explanation that she and Mr. Brownley were the only survivors of the awful tragedies of the day was sufficient. He was satisfied when he got no other response to his question, "Do you take this man to be your wedded husband?" than a sweet childish smile as she snuggled closer to Bob.

Bob went South the next day to his mother and sisters. He left to me the settlement of his trades. He instructed me to set aside $3,000,000 profits for Beulah Sands-Brownley, and insisted that I pay from the balance the notes he had given me a few weeks before. There remained something over $5,000,000 for himself.

The leading Wall Street paper, in its preachment on the panic, wound up with:

"Wall Street has lived through many black Fridays. Some of them have been thirteenth-of-the-month Fridays, but no Friday yet marked from the calendar, no Saturday, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, or Thursday yet garnered to the storehouse of the past was ever more jubilantly welcomed by his Satanic Majesty than yesterday. We pray heaven no coming day may be ordained to go against yesterday's record for tigerish cruelty and awful destruction. It is rumored that Mr. Brownley, of Randolph & Randolph, either for himself or his clients cleared twenty-five millions of profit. We believe that this estimate is low. The losses coming through Robert Brownley's terrible onslaught must have run over five hundred millions. Wall Street and the country will do well to take the moral of yesterday's market to their heart. It is this: The concentration of wealth in the hands of a few Americans is a menace to our financial structure. It is the unanimous opinion of 'the Street' that Robert Brownley could never have succeeded in battering down the price of Sugar in the very teeth of the Camemeyer and 'Standard Oil' support as he did yesterday, without a cash backing of from fifty to one hundred millions. If a vast aggregation of money owners deliberately place themselves behind an onslaught such as was so successfully made yesterday, why can that slaughter not be repeated at any time, on any stock, and against the support of any backing?"

When I read this and listened to talk along the same lines, I was puzzled. I could not for the life of me see where Bob Brownley could have got five to ten millions' backing for such a raid, much less fifty to a hundred. Yet I was forced to confess that he must have had some tremendous backing; else how could he have done what I had seen him do?

Bob left his wife at his mother's house while he went to Sands Landing to the funeral. After the old judge and his victims had been laid away and the relatives had gathered in the library of the great white Sands mansion, he explained their kinswoman's condition and told them that she was his wife. He insisted upon paying all Judge Sands's debts, over $500,000 of which was owed to members of the Sands family for whom he had been trustee. Before he went back to his mother's Bob had turned a great calamity into an occasion for something near rejoicing. Judge Sands and his family were very dear to the people of the section, but his misfortune had threatened such wide-spread ruin that the unlooked-for recovery of a million and a half was a godsend that made for happiness.

Two days after the funeral Bob's dearest hope fled. He had ordered all things at the Sands plantation put in their every-day condition. Beulah Sands's uncles, aunts, and cousins had arranged to welcome her and to try by every means in their power to coax back her lost mind. They assured Bob that barring the absence of Beulah's father, mother, and sister, there would not be a memory-recaller missing. Bob and his wife landed from the river packet at the foot of the driveway, which led straight from the landing to the vine-covered, white-pillared portico. Bob's agony must have been awful when his wife clapped her hands in childish joy as she exclaimed, "Oh, Bob, what a pretty place!" She gave no sign that she had ever seen the great entrance, through which she had come and gone from her babyhood. Bob took her to the library, to her mother's room, to her

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own, to the nursery where were the dolls and toys of her childhood, but there came no sign of recognition, nothing but childish pleasure. She looked at her aunts and uncles and the cousins with whom she had spent her life, bewildered at finding so many strangers in the otherwise quiet place. As a last hope, they led in her old black foster-mother, who had nursed her in babyhood, who was the companion of her childhood and the pet of her womanhood. There was not a dry eye in the library when she met the old mammy's outburst of joy with the puzzled gaze of the child who does not understand. The grief of the old negress was pitiful as she realized that she was a stranger to her "honey bird." The child seemed perplexed at her grief. It was plain to all that the Sands home meant nothing to the last of the judge's family.

Bob brought her back to New York and besought the aid of the medical experts of America and of the Old World to regain that which had been recalled by its Maker. The doctors were fascinated with this new phase of mind blight, for in some particulars Beulah's case was unlike any known instances, but none gave hope. All agreed that some wire connecting heart and brain had burned out when the hellish "System" threw on a voltage beyond the wire's capacity to transmit. All agreed that the woman-child wife would never grow older unless through some mental eruption beyond human power to produce. Some of the medical men pointed to one possibility, but that one was too terrible for Bob to entertain.

The first anniversary of their marriage found Bob and his wife settled in their new Fifth Avenue mansion. He had bought and torn down two old houses between Forty-second and Forty-third Streets and had erected a palace, the inside of which was unique among all New York's unusual structures. The first and second floors were all that refined taste and unlimited expenditure of money could produce. Nothing on those splendid floors told of the strange things above. A sedate luxury pervaded the drawing-rooms, library, and dining-room. Bob said to me, in taking me through them, "Some day, Jim, Beulah may awake, may come back to me, and I want to have everything as she would wish, everything as she would have had it if the curse had never come." The third floor was Beulah's. A child's dainty bedroom; two nurses' rooms adjoining; a nursery, with a child's small schoolroom and a big playroom, with dolls and doll houses, child's toys of every description in abandon, as though their owner were in fact but a few years old. Across the hall were three offices, exact duplicates of mine, Bob's, and Beulah Sands's at Randolph & Randolph's. When I first saw them it was with difficulty that I brought myself to realize that I was not where the grewsome happenings of a year before had taken place. Bob had reproduced to the minutest details our down-town workshop. Standing in the door of Beulah Sands's office I faced the flat desk at which she had sat the afternoon when I first saw that hideous result of the work of the "System." I could almost see the little gray figure holding the afternoon paper. In horror my eyes sought the floor at the side of the chair in search of Bob's agonized face and uplifted hands. As I stood for the first time in the middle of Bob's handiwork, I seemed to hear again those awful groans.

"Jim," Bob said, "I have a haunting idea that some day Beulah will wake and look around and think she has been but a few minutes asleep. If she should, she must have nothing to disabuse her mind until we break the news to her. I have instructed her nurses, one or the other of whom never loses sight of her night or day, to win her to the habit of spending her time at her old desk; I have told them always to be prepared for her awakening, and when it comes they are instantly to shut off the rest of the floor and house until I can get to her. Here comes Beulah now."

Out of the nursery came a laughing, happy child-woman. In spite of her finely developed, womanly figure, which had lost nothing of its wonderful beauty, and the exquisite face and golden-brown hair and great blue eyes, which were as fascinating as on the day she first entered the offices of Randolph & Randolph; in spite of the close-fitting gray gown with dainty turned-over lace collar, I could hardly bring myself to believe that she was anything but a young child. With an eager look and a happy laugh she went to Bob and throwing her arms about his neck, covered his face with kisses.

"Good Bob has come back to play with Beulah," she said. "She knew he would. They told Beulah Bob had gone away to the woods to gather pretty flowers. Beulah knew if Bob had gone to the woods he would have taken Beulah with him. Now Bob must play school with Beulah." She sat at her desk and opened her child's school-book. With

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mock severity she said, "Bob, c-a-t. What does it spell?" For half an hour Bob sat and played scholar and teacher by turns with all the patience of a fond father. With difficulty I kept back the tears the sad sight brought to my eyes.

For the first year of Bob's marriage we saw but little of him at the office. The Exchange saw less. He had wandered in upon the floor two or three times, but did no business and seemed to take but little interest.

"The Street" knew Bob had married the daughter of Judge Lee Sands, the victim of Tom Reinheart's cold-blooded Seaboard Air Line deal. Otherwise it knew nothing of the affair. None of his friends ever met his wife. Occasionally they would pass the Brownley carriage on the avenue or in the park and, taking it for granted that the beautiful woman was Mrs. Brownley, they thought Bob a lucky fellow. It seemed quite natural that his wife should choose seclusion after the awful tragedy at her home in Virginia. But they could not understand why, with such cause for mourning, the exquisite figure beside Bob in the victoria should always be garbed in gray. After a while it was whispered that there was something wrong in Bob's household. Then his friends and acquaintances ceased to whisper or to think of his affairs. With all New York's bad points—and they are as plentiful as dead leaves in autumn—she has one offsetting virtue. If a dweller in her midst chooses to let New York alone, New York is willing to reciprocate. In her most crowded fashionable districts a person may come and go for a lifetime, and none in the block in which he dwells will know when his coming and going ceases. When a New Yorker reads in his newspaper of the man who lives next door to him, "murdered and his body discovered by the gas man" or the tax collector, the butcher or the baker, as the case may be, he never thinks he may have been remiss in his neighborly duties.

There is no such word as neighbor in the New York City dictionary. It may have been there once, but, if so, it was long ago used as a stake for the barbed-wire fence of exclusive keep-your-distance-we-keep-our-distance-until-we-know-youness. It is told of a minister from the rural districts, an old-fashioned American, who came to New York to take charge of a parish, that he started out to make his calls and was seized in the hall of what in civilization would have been his next-door neighbor. He was rushed away to Bellevue for examination as to sanity. The verdict was: "Insane. Had no letter of introduction and was not in the set."

Shortly after the first anniversary of his wedding Bob gave up his office with Randolph & Randolph and opened one for himself. He explained that he was giving up his commission business to devote all his time to personal trading. With the opening of his new office he again became the most active man on the floor. His trading was intermittent. For weeks he would not be seen at the Exchange or on "the Street." Then he would return and, after executing a series of brilliant trades, which were invariably successful, he would again disappear. He soon became known as the luckiest operator in Wall Street, and the beginning of his every new deal was the signal for his fast-growing following to tag on.

From time to time I learned that Beulah Sands was making no real improvement, though in some details she had learned as a child learns. But there was no indication that she would ever regain her lost mind.

Strange stories of Bob's doings began to seep into my office. For long periods he would disappear. Neither the nurses in charge of his wife, nor his brother, mother, and sisters, for whom he had purchased a mansion a few blocks above his own, would hear a word from him. Then he would turn up as suddenly as he had disappeared, and his wild eyes and haggard face would tell of a prolonged and desperate soul struggle. He drank often now, a habit he had never before indulged in.

For ten days before the second anniversary of his marriage he had been missing. On the morning of the anniversary he appeared at the Exchange, wild-eyed and daredevil reckless. The market had been advancing for weeks and was at a high level. Tom Reinheart and his branch of the "System" were working out a new fleecing of the public in Union and Northern Pacific. At the strike of the gong Bob took possession of the Union Pacific pole and in thirty minutes had precipitated a panic by his merciless selling. Our house was heavily interested in the Pacific's, although not in connection with Reinheart and his crowd. As soon as I got word that Bob was the cause of the slaughter, I rushed over to the Exchange and working my way into the crowd, I begged a word with him. He had broken both stocks over fifty points a share and the panic was raging through the

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room. He glared at me, but finally followed me out into the lobby. At first he would not heed my appeal, but finally he said, "Jim, it is too bad to let up. I had determined to rub this hell institution off the map, but if it really is a case of injury to the house, it's my opportunity to do something for you who have done so much for me, so here goes." He threw himself into the Union Pacific crowd, first giving an order to a group of his brokers, who jumped for a number of other poles. Almost instantly the panic was stayed and stocks were bounding upward two to five points at a jump. Bob continued buying Union Pacific and his brokers other stocks in unlimited quantities. Nothing like such a quick turn of the market had been seen before. His power to absorb stocks seemed to be boundless. It was estimated that personally and through his brokers he bought over half a million shares before he joined me and left the Exchange.

I looked at him in wonderment. "Bob, I cannot understand you," I said at last as we turned out of Broad Street into Wall. "It seems as if you work with magic. Everything you touch turns to gold."

He wheeled on me. "Yes, Jim, you are right. Gold, heartless, soulless gold. But what is the dross good for? What is it good for to me? To-day I suppose I have made the biggest single killing in the history of 'the Street.' I must be an easy twenty-five millions richer in gold than I was this morning, and I had enough then to dam the East River and a good section of the North. But tell me, Jim, tell me, what can it buy in this world that I have not got? I had health and happiness, perfect health, pure happiness, when I did not have a thousand all told. Now I have fifty millions, and I know how to get fifty or five hundred and fifty more any time I care to take them, and I have only physical and mental hell. No beggar in all the world is so poor in happiness as I. Tell me, tell me, Jim, in the name of God, if there is one—for already the game of gold is robbing me of my faith in God—where can I buy a little, just a little happiness with all this cursed yellow dirt? What will it get me in the next world, Jim Randolph, what will it get me? If I had died when I was poor, I think you will agree with me that, if there is a heaven, I should have stood an even chance of getting there. Now on a day like to-day, when you see the results of my work, the results of my handling of unlimited gold, you must agree that if I were taken off I should stand more than an even show of landing in hell where the sulphur is thickest and the flames are hottest."

We were at the entrance of Randolph & Randolph's office as he poured out this terrible torrent of bitterness. He glared at me as a dungeon prisoner might glare at his keeper for his answer to "Where can I find liberty?" I had no words to answer him. As I noted the awful changes his new life was making in every line of his face, the rigid hardness, the haunted, nervous look of desperation, which seemed a forerunner of madness, I could not see, either, where his millions brought any happiness. His hair, which once was smooth and orderly, hung over his forehead in an unparted mass of tangled curls, and here and there showed a streak of white. Bob Brownley was still handsome, even more fascinating than before the iron entered his soul, but it was that wild, awful beauty of the caged lion, lashing himself into madness with memories of his lost freedom.

"Jim," he went on, when he saw I could not answer, "I guess you don't know where I can swap the yellow mud for balm of Gilead. I won't bother you with my troubles any longer. I will go up-town and see the little girl whose happiness Tom Reinheart needed in his business. I will go up and show her the pictures in this week's *Collier's* of the fine hospital for incurables that Reinheart has so generously and nobly built at a cost of two and a half millions! The little girl may think better of Reinheart when she knows that her father's money was put to such good use. Who knows but the great finance king may dedicate it as the 'Judge Lee Sands Home' and carve over the entrance a bas-relief of her father, mother, and sister with Hope, Faith, and Charity coming from the mouths of their hanging severed heads?"

Bob Brownley laughed a horrible ringing laugh as he uttered these awful words. Then he beat his hand down on my shoulders as he said in a hoarse voice, "Jim, but for you I should have had crimps in that jackal philanthropist's soul by now and in the souls of his kind. But never mind. He will keep; he will surely keep until I get to him. Every day he lives he will be fitter for the crimping. Within the short two years since he finished grilling Judge Sands's soul, he has put himself in better form to appreciate his reward. I see by the press that at last his aristocratic wife has gold-cured Newport of its habit of

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dating back the name Reinheart to her scullionhood, and it has taken her into the high-instep circle. I read the other day of his daughter's marriage to some English nob, and of the discovery of the ancient Reinheart family tree and crest with the mailed hand and two-edged dirk and the vulture rampant, and the motto, 'Who strikes in the back strikes often.'"

He left me with his laugh still ringing in my ears. I shuddered as I passed under the old black-and-gold sign my uncle and my father had nailed over the office entrance in an age now dead, an age when Wall Street men talked of honor and gold, not gold and more gold.

In telling my wife of the day's happenings I could not refrain from giving vent to the feelings that consumed me. "Kate, Bob will surely do something awful one of these days. I can see no hope for him. He grows more and more the madman as he broods over his horrible situation. The whole thing seems incredible to me. Never was a human being in such perpetual living purgatory—unlimited, absolute power on the one hand, unlimited, never-go-out hell on the other."

"Jim, how does he do what he does? I cannot make out from anything I have read or you have told me, how he creates those panics and makes all that money."

"No one has ever been able to figure it out," I answered. "I understand the stock business, but I cannot for the life of me see how he does it. He has none of the money powers in league with him, that's sure, for in the mood he has been in during the past two years it would be impossible for him to work with them, even if his salvation depended on it. The mention of any of the big 'System' men drives him to a fury. He has to-day made more money than any one man ever made in a day since the world began, and he had only commenced his work when he quit to please me. As I stand in the Exchange and watch him do it, it seems commonplace and simple. Afterward it is beyond my comprehension. At the gait he is going, the Rockefeller, Vanderbilt, and Gould fortunes combined will look tiny in comparison with the one he will have in a few years. It is beyond my power of figuring out, and it gives me a headache every time I try to see through it."

The last instalment of "***Friday, the 13th***" will appear in the March number.

Her Portrait, in Girlhood

By ARTHUR STRINGER

ASK me not now to praise the budding vine,
Who broods bewildered with the riper wine.

Turn not for me to count her beauty o'er,
Who now must love each withered leaf she wore,—

Who, by her noonday radiance blinded quite,
Could never read Dawn's purer pearl and white.

Yet this lost youthful face, this passing bell,
This petal soft that from her beauty fell,

I love for depths that youth could dream not of,
Nor she herself, so wistful wise in love.

For, round the earnest childlike mouth and eyes
Not hers, but all the world's youth broods and lies;

For, on her wondering brow so low and wide,
Not hers, but all the earth's lost dreams abide!

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Shall We Give Tips?

By THEODORE WATERS

OVER a century ago the waiters in an English inn set up a small wooden box beside the entrance of the dining-hall as a receptacle for such small gratuities as guests might be inclined to donate in return for good service. On the box was placed this sign:

TO INSURE PROMPTNESS

The practise was adopted in other hostelries but the sign was often abbreviated, only the first letter of each word being used, and so the box became generally known as the T. I. P. box. Thus originated the word that has such tremendous significance for every one who travels, who eats away from home, or who is the recipient of sundry small services.

That the significance is tremendous can be proved by a very simple survey of the growth of the tipping evil and an estimate of the possibilities inherent in its continuance. Far from being speculative, these possibilities are already realized for the traveled American in the present condition of Europe. But there is this difference between the two continents: In Europe tipping is the outgrowth of deeply rooted conditions of poverty and caste. In America tipping is a form of graft that is conducive to conditions of poverty and caste. And as these are abhorrent to the average American, the evil becomes at once a problem the solution of which concerns every citizen.

So far, attempts at suppressing the practise of tipping have been sporadic and vain. There are restaurants where it is forbidden and at the same time winked at. There are theatres, shops, and clubs where the printed rule against tipping is much in evidence, but where small services are to be obtained only at the expense of a surreptitious gratuity. There is an anti-tipping league, the members of which are pledged to give no tips, but which has not succeeded in creating a popular sentiment against tipping. More impressive is the fact that various State legislatures have passed bills making the practise of taking tips without the consent of an employer a misdemeanor, punishable by fine or imprisonment or both. But when has such punishment actually been visited upon such offenses? And, to make the State's action more ineffectual, the Federal Government permits tipping, tips to Pullman porters being regularly sanctioned items on the expense vouchers of Government employees.

One frequently hears it said that tipping in America would not be so bad if those who accept gratuities would be content with such small amounts as are doled out in European cities. But that is precisely one of the possibilities that should be dreaded by every right-thinking American. The size of a tip usually depends upon the wages received, or, in the case of a waiter, it is a certain percentage of the amount purchased—in England, a penny in the shilling, or eight per cent.; in France, a sou in the franc, or five per cent.; in the United States, a cent in the dime.

What this condition is in Europe, especially in England, is a matter of ghastly remembrance for all who have spent any considerable time there. It was Julian Ralph who, after a month's visit to England, expressed belief that he must have tipped every one in the island, except the Prince of Wales. And this does not far overstate the actual state of affairs. A man will run miles beside your cab in the hope of earning a few pennies for lifting down your trunk. The policeman, earning £1 a week from the city, is eager to direct you on your way, for a considera-

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tion. The cabman, who hires his rig by the day, charges you according to the regulations, but you must tip him an extra coin as well. Barbers, porters, messengers, shop clerks, the man on the 'bus-top—every one, everywhere, must be feed. Even the skilled artisan, after his work is done, lingers for an expected tip. In Germany the street-car conductors expect a personal tip equivalent to one and one-fourth cents. In France the postman gets an annual tip for delivering occasional mail. In every public place they lie in wait for you; in every hotel you must run the gantlet of them when you leave. If you complain to a resident you will be reproved for your lack of heart. "You must remember," said one Englishwoman, "that the poor things get very little and must live. Their employers know they will get tips and count upon it. You are really paying them wages, you know." In one of the largest hotels in London it is estimated that the public pays thus in wages to the employees £16,000 annually, or about $80,000. The daily tips given in Paris alone are estimated at $44,000.

The cause of this degradation lies in the poverty of the people, particularly evident in England, where, despite the fact that they belong to one of the richest nations on earth, working men and women are forced to abide by the institution of tipping in order to maintain life. For the tip-taking people of England and the Continent can look for relief to but two sources—to those who give tips, and to their employers. Now the attitude of the first is summed up in the remark of one Englishman who declared that he owed it to his self-respect as a gentleman to distribute largess to his "inferiors." His was the attitude of caste prejudice. That of the second is of course dictated by his pocketbook. By compelling an employee to exact part of his salary from his patrons, an employer decreases his own expenses by just so much. So why should he discourage tipping? Of course it is but a step from holding back part of an employee's wages to holding back all of them. And in many places in Europe waiters not only have to pay to secure berths that bring tips but no wages, but are even compelled to yield to the hotel proprietors a share of the tips.

In October, 1904, a discharged cloak-room attendant of the Hotel Carlton, London, sued the hotel management for £83, his "proportion" of the cloak-room tips. The evidence showed that this attendant had received wages amounting to five shillings a week; that before the employees divided the contents of the cloak-room tip-box the management had deducted £13, to which deduction it contended the employees had agreed. But this attendant denied making any such agreement, and the jury awarded him £50. It was declared at this trial that out of its deductions from the cloak-room tips alone the hotel management had uniformed its staff for one year at a cost of £800. Nevertheless, a junior attendant, after all was divided, could make but £2 weekly besides his five shillings.

Again, in January, 1902, an American tourist, on leaving a Vienna hotel, gave the head waiter seven florins as a tip. The waiter demanded ten, and as the guest refused to give them he locked up the American's baggage until the extra three florins should be forthcoming. The owner of the baggage took the matter to court, where the judge decided that he must pay, as the hotel *did not allow the waiter wages*.

The attitude of the private housekeeper is precisely the same as that of the hotel proprietor. Housemaids in England are easier to get and they keep their places longer than housegirls in America, despite the fact that their average weekly wages are but $2 a week. But they are able to eke out their small earnings with the tips obtained from the visiting friends of their hosts or hostesses. For in England the practise of tipping the servants of one's friends is accepted as a duty. There are private houses in England that maintain tipping-boxes to receive the contributions of guests. The mistress holds the keys and at the end of the year the contents are divided proportionately among the servants. But the usual practise is for the guest to distribute his largess personally among his host's servants. Recently the London *Mail* published what is understood to be an equitable division of spoils. According to this statement, the Englishman who spends three or four days in a shoot at a friend's country house, pays for the pleasure as follows:

To the coachman or chauffeur....	£0.	10
" " butler who smiles at him...	1.	
" " man who valets him.....	1.	
" " head keeper who places him	1.	
" " under keeper who looks at him.....	0.	10
	£4	

Practically $20 in tips for a few days' outing!

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Now leaving out of consideration the fact that traveling Americans leave about $5,000,000 annually with these "poor things" of Europe, the above might be dismissed as a more or less interesting chronicle of the strange customs of a strange land; but the fact is that America is rapidly approximating a condition in the matter of tipping very near that of Europe. Here the hotel proprietor, to be sure, rarely goes so far as to exact his share of the illicit tribute; and the payment of tips is not legally enforced. But as European practises have so far been our model, we can perhaps thus foresee our own future.

This condition is perhaps more apparent to the long-absent American who pictures the democracy of his native land as it was when he left, and who praises high heaven that he has at last shown common sense enough to come back to a country where everybody's hand is not out. To be sure, he does not escape the outstretched hand on the steamer, but that of course is because the line is under foreign control. So he willingly tips the purser and the stewards and the deck-chair man—happy in the anticipation of being able freely to inquire his way of policemen, to go up and down in elevators, to ride in cars, to move about his hotel, to have goods delivered to his room, have repairs made to his house, to visit his friends—in short, to go about freely in a free country without other charge than that legitimately exacted by the municipalities, companies, and employers involved. And to his amazement he finds that the extortion of tipping is almost as rampant—not quite—in America as it is in Europe.

He soon learns that the slogan of the waiter—"To those who give no quarter, no quarter will be given"—is being sounded by every hireling with temerity enough to give it voice. He may show his resentment by disregarding it and in consequence suffer much inconvenience. He may attempt to employ the European plan of small percentages (there was a Frenchman who ate a sixty-cent meal in a well-kown New York restaurant and who in accordance with the Parisian custom left five per cent. of the bill, three cents, for the waiter, and the expression of the waiter's face is still talked about in that place), but in the end our returned traveler succumbs, wondering perhaps how so servile a custom could have taken root in a democratic land.

For the problem as it exists in America is not the same as the European problem. The evil springs from a different source. Your Englishman, if guaranteed a sufficient income from his employer, would probably be content without extra fees. But I have heard American waiters declare their preference for a tipping as against a wage system—preferring to gamble with themselves upon a possible increase in their week's earnings rather than to be absolutely sure of a smaller amount. And I have talked with hotel waiters who have made and saved much money and by careful investments have acquired a moderate fortune. A well-known sandwich man at the lunch counter in a lower New York hotel is worth over $100,000. Another man in the same hotel is credited with $40,000. A former Fifth Avenue waiter retired recently with a competence saved from tips. A Brooklyn waiter who fell upon the sidewalk and injured his leg sued the municipality, and during the trial swore that his tips averaged $60 a week. The waiter's preference for tips rather than wages is not remarkable in the face of such figures and of such possibilities as the following incidents suggest:

The son of a millionaire mine-owner dropped into a New York manicuring establishment one evening and, finding the young women operators about to depart for the day, begged one of them to remain and manicure his nails. She did so and he "tipped" her with a $100 note. Of what consideration is the ordinary patron in the face of such an incident?

Again, the widow of a prominent railroad man distributed over $300 in tips among the employees of a Lenox hotel. The season was of few weeks' duration, yet the chambermaids received each $50, the bell-boys each $25, the elevator-boys each $25, the newsboys each $10. The cashier, the clerks, and the telegraph operator each received a solid gold scarf pin, and smaller gifts went to the minor employees. Of what consideration is the average guest to the employees of that hotel?

With such possibilities constantly appealing to his cupidity, it is small wonder that the hotel employee does not gratefully receive small favors; that a waiter in a hotel on Fifth Avenue recently refused fifty cents as a tip for a luncheon for two; that a waiter in another New York dining-room hurried after a lady who had left a dime for him with the remark, "Madam, you've forgotten your car fare!"

But it is in the nature of graft that the extorter has always in his turn to meet extor-

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tion. If the waiter does not share his harvest with his helper, the "'bus-boy" will complain to the head waiter and the latter will also demand a share. Indeed I was told by several New York waiters that their salaries are continually drawn upon by the head waiters, who thus exact their share of the patrons' gratuities. The method is as follows: The head waiter borrows sums of money from the regular waiters; and if the latter demand repayment, they soon find themselves out of a job. A waiter working in a Chicago hotel told me that unless he tipped the chef constantly, he got the wrong end of the joint, thus lessening his chance of pleasing his customer. Still another waiter complained of having to contribute part of his earnings to the cashier on pain, in case of refusal, of having his "change" handed to him in such denominations as would make it inconvenient for the patron to give him a proper tip.

It is not necessary to assume that waiters are as a class deliberately dishonest; such is not the case. But one cannot cling to the spokes of a moving wheel without losing one's sense of perspective; and many a waiter who would scorn to steal from his neighbor, condones these practises merely because they are the accepted way of his world.

The true culprit is the hotel proprietor, whose course of reasoning is the same in America as in England. Here, too, it has come about that in many large hotels wages are paid to none of the lesser employees. In one of the smartest hotels in Boston I was told that the ladies' maids, far from receiving a salary, pay the management $10 weekly for board and room. In spite of this one of the girls declared that her position was worth $20 a week to her, clear of all expenses. The bell-boys in this hotel also do not receive wages, and are yet able to average $10 weekly over all expense.

The wage-rate for waiters in hotels in large cities is usually $1 a day, but some of the biggest hotels in New York pay but $25 a month; and most of this, the waiters complain, ebbs back into the managerial till by reason of an elaborate system of fines, which covers everything that a waiter may or may not do, from laying his table-cloth crooked to turning his toes inward. So that between the head waiters and the fining system it would seem that ordinary waiters see but little of their salaries. And in some hotels waiters as well as minor employees are deprived of wages, and given a commission on all wine sold. In one large metropolitan restaurant they receive six per cent. of the wine bills.

As the grade lowers, the courtesy that in the large hotels generally veils the waiter's anxious attitude disappears, and patrons are given plainly to understand that tipping is compulsory. I have seen waiters openly remonstrate with guests. I have seen them hold back change and then thank the patron effusively for his "liberality." In most German restaurants the waiter in effect buys the food of the proprietor, turning in brass checks for it as he takes it from the kitchen and settling in cash for it at the end of the day. Each waiter thus becomes a prime mover in the game and deals with his customer in his own fashion. Still further down the scale, in dance halls, for instance, the waiter is made responsible for a certain amount of money to be returned for each seat. If, therefore, a "guest" does not order sufficient drink to please the waiter, he is quickly told to make room for some one else who will.

Accustomed to tipping in restaurants, the American has begun to tip in other directions, and employers everywhere, like the hotel proprietors, are beginning to take notice for their own profit. The apartment janitor was once a well-paid functionary, but as the habit of tipping has increased, the janitor's salary has decreased, until in many houses he now receives no wages at all. Rents, on the other hand, have steadily risen. Naturally, the owner of the apartment-house is very well content with the tipping system. And what is true of the janitor is coming true all along the line. Wherever you come in public contact with some one who has a smirk to sell, there you must tip. But scan the want columns of the daily papers, where such positions are offered. See the pittances that go with them, and if you have time, inquire why. It is because the employer has learned to count upon the public to pay in tips what he would otherwise have to pay in wages.

The manicure is compelled to work for $1 a day on the assumption that a millionaire's son may happen along and, eliminating all question of her self-respect, tender her a $100 note. The housemaid is given a small wage and told to be happy in the prospect of what tips she may receive from her employer's friends. Here, again, we ape the foreign custom. In one house the mistress, a woman of

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more executiveness than delicacy, modernizing the English tipping-box habit, leaves packages of envelopes in the rooms of her guests, each envelope marked with the name of a servant to be tipped. This case of course is not representative of well-bred American homes. But it is significant that the London *Mail's* discussion of how much a guest should contribute to the maintenance of a friend's country house, has been paralleled in an American paper. Note the particulars:

In case of a week's stay at a country house of twenty-five servants, one should tip as follows:

	MAN	GIRL
For the butler	$5.00	$2.00
" " groom	2.00	1.00
" " second man	3.00	....
" " ladies' maid	...	3.00
" " chambermaid, to be pinned to pillow	2.00	2.00
	$12.00	$8.00

Increase this fifty per cent. for two weeks. For three weeks every servant in the house should be tipped and the guest should give $5 to the cook. But all special services should be tipped extra.

The inevitable result of the practise must be the lowering of the general wage scale. Wages are a right. A tip is a charity. Tips destroy not only self-respect but wages—the point can scarcely be overemphasized. I have said that in one of the smartest hotels on Fifth Avenue, where a tip is always expected, the waiters are paid $25 a month. On the other hand, in one of the best-known beaneries on Park Row, where tips are unthought of, the waiters receive $60 a month. It may be put down as an axiom that salaries decrease directly as the size of the tip.

The Pullman porters have had cause to realize this. In the early days of sleeping-cars it was no uncommon thing for a porter to make $100 on a trip from New York to Chicago and back. And the company, realizing this, reduced the wages until a porter received but $1.23 for a trip from New York to Chicago. But custom is liable to change in the matter of tips. The public grew tired of paying so heavily for service, and began gradually to reduce the size of its tips. One porter told me that from sixty cents for the run from Chicago to New York in 1890, the average tip had dropped to fifteen cents. Yet the wages remain low, so low that at a political convention held in Saratoga a few years ago, sixty Pullman porters assembled in ex-Chief of Police Devery's private car, Elzevir, and formed themselves into an association to fight the tipping system and to demand fair working wages instead. There ought to be a moral for other wage-earners in this.

Of course it might be claimed on the part of the public that every person has an inalienable right to pay for special service. But special service is usually secured at the expense or inconvenience of the citizen next in line. What one does in the privacy of one's own home may be a personal matter, but the same act performed in a restaurant may become subversive of the public good.

We have deliberately allowed this abuse to develop in America, and it must be admitted that there is very little excuse for us, whether we are tip-givers or tip-getters. It is well known that we have to import practically all our domestic labor, because American-born men and women "do not make good servants." We are proud of this fact, as indicating that persons native to this democracy are unable to endure anything short of the most stalwart independence. It is a pity that the native American finds bribes and tips less destructive of his dignity and independence than, for instance, household service. It may be true that the readiest tip-takers are foreigners. But you will have little difficulty, you of the prosperous manner and thick purse, in recalling American faces that have looked their demand for unearned tribute, American hands that have closed upon your too easily yielded coin.

An effort to restore the wage-balance and the laborer's purity of conscience might come from several sources; most effectually, perhaps, from labor leaders, who might be able to create a sentiment against tip-taking that would be stronger than any law. It is of course true that organized labor is not responsible for unorganized bell-boys, and the pennies that may be flung to them. But there are cases where skilled mechanics, very deacons of their order, have stretched a willing palm for a distinctly unearned increment. A man who is capable of self-support, whether he be a waiter, a policeman, or a State senator, ought to feel disgraced by a "tip." Travelers, patrons of hotels, presidents of corporations, should feel humiliated that they are forced to pay them.

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GEORGES CLEMENCEAU

Prime Minister of France

By WILLIAM MORTON FULLERTON*

THERE are two classes of great men. In one, of which Napoleon is the type, "occasion makes the man." It is the class that Mr. Meredith, in his "Shaving of Shagpat," defines as formed by those who know how to "seize the event." Great men are for the most part of this kind.

But there is another class, that of which Richelieu is the crowning example. Men of this category themselves create the event before they "seize it"; make the occasion that "makes" them. The first class "come up to the scratch" when they see it; the second toe the line that they themselves have drawn.

M. Clemenceau belongs to the latter class. For such as he, the *sine qua non* of success is Time, but the main element of their character is Will.

Europe and America know him as the Prime Minister of France. He is in reality its ruler. Parliament can bring him to grief, but so long as he remains in office he will remain a dictator. A brilliant satirical journal has published a photograph of the cabinet seated round the green table, deliberating over affairs of state. In the armchairs, in ten different attitudes, ten ministers look out of the picture. The family likeness is extraordinary, and a closer scrutiny reveals the fact that they are all Clemenceau. The artist has not exaggerated. M. Clemenceau's colleagues are only so many facets reflecting the brilliant and multiple personality of one of the most enigmatic and picturesque statesmen in the world. They shine with his luster. His central light radiates through them to all points of the French compass.

To attain unto this pinnacle, this vantage-point from which he presides over the destinies of France at one of the most critical moments of her history, M. Clemenceau has had to wait forty-three years. He has been nearly a half-century struggling to the top. And now he is an old man of nearly sixty-six, bilious, living on his nerves, wiry still, and with undiminished intelligence, but driven annually for "spring-cleanings" to the waters of Carlsbad. What he means to do must be done quickly. When his father was arrested as a republican by Louis Napoleon, just as the old man was being hustled off by the gendarmes for transportation to Algiers, the young Georges Clemenceau cried out to the brave old veteran: "Father, I will avenge you." "If you want to avenge me, work!" was the reply. The boy never forgot. But now that he is playing his last card the paternal counsel seems to haunt him. He recalled his father's words in a speech the other day among his compatriots of the Vendée. He is aware that there is no time to be lost. When M. Clemenceau falls, whether his work will have accomplished its purpose or not, at all events it will have been done.

But all his life he has been obeying the father's behest. He has been taking vengeance, the vengeance that his father meant, against arbitrary power. He has been fighting, a veritable knight of St. George, against the dragon of the old reactionary France. For though the Revolution decapitated the Old Régime, it did not uproot it. What my famous master, Monsieur de Blowitz, used to call the "dry fruit" of the numerous royalist and imperialist régimes destroyed by the republic, was still left scattered all over French soil, like so many acorns capable of sprouting afresh. The Catholic Church kept watering the acorns. And little by little the Republicans themselves, having become well fixed in office, in an administration that seemed to be running without friction, let themselves be seduced by reactionary ideas. They inno-

* William Morton Fullerton is the Paris correspondent of the London *Times*. His book, "Terrés Francaises," was awarded the Guerin prize by the French Academy. He is the only English author, writing in French, who has ever received this honor.

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cently helped the old anti-republican crew back into the ship of state. Thiers wanted the republic to be "reassuring." He said so in a famous speech. Gambetta, in the same spirit, founded the Opportunist Party, the upshot of which was that the republican government was "all things to all men."

But Clemenceau meant the republic to be republican. Never for a moment was he the dupe of fine words or appearances. He was too canny for that. When other Republicans took the protests of loyalty of the Catholics and the Conservatives for gospel truth, Clemenceau unmasked their aims. He refused to take office with men whose democratic ideals were mere empty words. He drummed up a doughty little band of sharpshooters with which he pricked all the bubbles of the Opportunists during fifteen years. His chief pursuit, as leader of the radical opposition, seemed to be heading a scalp dance round the bodies of fallen ministers. Before bringing down an adversary he harassed the very life out of him by a guerrilla warfare worthy of his natal soil of the Vendée. Ruthless and reckless destroyer of idols—the Ferrys, the Brissons, the Freycinets—Georges Clemenceau, when he took office at sixty-five, was the most admired, but the most dreaded, political figure in France. He loomed like Banquo's ghost above the mortal remains of twenty cabinets.

But what is the secret of this admiration and this fear that blend in him to produce the peculiar fascination that he exercises alike on friend and foe? A personality that radiates so powerful a force of attraction, yet that has kept every one—of his own sex, at least—at arm's length, throughout a career which owes nothing to chance, is worth studying.

Admiral Maxse—now dead—the hero of "Beauchamp's Career," and one of the oldest and most intimate friends of Clemenceau, used to say to me: "What I like best in Clemenceau is the big heart of the man." The intimates of Bismarck will tell you the same of him; but that was never the impression left by the Iron Chancellor on the great public, nor is it the opinion that his compatriots have of M. Clemenceau. The fact is that no one ever systematically alienated more men than he; yet no one has ever inspired deeper affection among his friends. The public saw how he sticks to a man he likes, when he insisted on making General Picquart his Minister of War. But that was only one instance of a notable trait of the man, namely, his magnificent loyalty to his friends.

Those friends, however, have to put up with the incorrigible frankness that has won for him so many enemies. His causticity is proverbial. It is due mainly to his aristocratic impatience with any form of inferiority, his hatred of sham and stupidity; and to the real superiority and distinction of his own taste and intelligence. Smart repartee flashes into his brain in an abundance disconcerting to dullards, and it never occurs to him that his keen wit may rankle in the soul of its subject like withering sarcasm, and may cost him for all time a friend.

Once his penchant for making fun cost him more than a friend. It lost for him the presidency of the French Chamber. There was, some years ago, in that Chamber an honest countryman by the name of Michou, who loathed all the refinements of civilization. He was always asking for the suppression of the opera. He carried his peasant rusticity so far as to avoid, in fact, the use of water, not merely for drinking purposes, but also for his ablutions. One day, during a debate in the Chamber on the Paris water-system, the defender of the project remarked that each inhabitant required per day at least sixty liters of water. Michou rose indignantly, exclaiming: "What, the Parisians drink, then, sixty liters of water!" M. Clemenceau, thereupon, in his most sarcastic tones, cried out from his place: "My dear Michou, I assure you that there are certain tribes where water is also used for washing purposes." Very possibly Michou would have forgiven this personality if M. Clemenceau had henceforth let him alone. But there is something of the *gamin* of Paris about the disabused philosopher Clemenceau, and his face wears uniformly an ironic grin, which is the mask of an essential playfulness of temper, not wholly free from malice. He is an irrepressible practical joker, as one day Michou found out to his cost. It was Michou's custom, when his colleagues were thronging the House during a lively debate, to visit alone the *buffet* of the Chamber, and there to fill his pockets with sandwiches. As he wore a voluminous shooting-jacket the inroads thus made on the deputies' larder were by no means insignificant. M. Clemenceau one day glided behind him, and, while Michou was thus storing away his dinner, dexterously filched each successive sandwich from his pocket. Michou, however, soon

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discovered the larceny and burst into a furious passion. He vowed vengeance. Shortly afterward the Chamber had to elect its president. There were two candidates for the post, M. Clemenceau being put forward by the Radicals. The latter was beaten by one vote, and that vote was cast by Michou, who, although a Radical, and the object of his colleagues' supplications, refused to pardon the pickpocket Clemenceau. The fortunate candidate was M. Fallières, now president of the republic, of whose high destiny this election was the beginning. Never before had M. Clemenceau come anywhere near public office. And later on, instead of attaining power, he was beaten down by storms of obloquy. They who amuse themselves when reading history with such classic problems as the influence of the length of Cleopatra's nose upon the destinies of Rome, may find in this tale excellent matter for similar speculation.

This frankness of M. Clemenceau, which would deserve to be called "bluntness" if it were not pointed and direct, often reaches the sharpness of real insolence; but, whatever else it is, it is always original in its sarcasm. The soft answer that turneth away wrath is a physiological impossibility for the quick-firing gun of his brain. When the other day in the Senate he was interpellated by a member of the Right as to whether, "Yes" or "No," there was a military convention between France and England, and when he retorted disdainfully, "I should be the most embarrassed man in the world if I had to reply to you 'Yes' or 'No.' All I can say is that I do not *think* any such convention exists," he gave his imprudent colleague a lesson that will not be forgotten. He followed it up, after a few lapidary utterances, with the curt and frivolously unparliamentary final words: "*J'ai bien l'honneur de vous saluer*" (I now have the honor to bid you good day!). Doubtless he thought that was all his colleague deserved, but no other public man in France would have the "cheek," as we say in America, to make such a retort. It is not surprising that, piqued to the quick, the senator should have adopted a preternaturally serious air, and exclaimed with ill-smothered anger: "The Prime Minister's laugh has about it something funereal, lugubrious. It is not French. I hope that that everlasting laugh will not break into a sob when his accursed policy shall have led his country to a miserable end."

It is not true, however, that M. Clemenceau's laugh "is not French." More than once M. Urbain Gohier, his great fighting companion during the days of the Dreyfus affair, has said to me: "His is a great intelligence, and what is more, an intelligence absolutely French." This is perfectly true of M. Clemenceau. It is an alert Celtic mind, sparkling with wit, allied to a temper of combativity rivaling that of the fabled Antæus who never knew when he was down, but never regretted when his shoulders touched the soil, because thus he gathered strength for further battle. The French detest apathy, admire quick resolution, yet love order. In M. Clemenceau they see a man capable of putting things in their place with a kind of demiurgic sureness and serenity. His cruelest utterances they applaud because they delight in spectacles exhibiting nerve, and have the keenest admiration for intelligence. A score of cases might be instanced of M. Clemenceau's ready wit, that almost preternatural presence of mind that never fails him. It is displayed on the gravest as well as on the most trivial occasions.

About ten years ago M. Clemenceau had a duel with a famous Opportunist politician. As a fighter, whether with the pen or the sword, he has but one principle of action: he takes the offensive. He dashed impetuously at his opponent, who retreated at each thrust. At one moment he fell back rather farther than usual. M. Clemenceau stopped. Then saluting his adversary with his sword, and with a magnificent flourish of courtesy, he said, in the most exquisite tone of reproach, as a host chides a guest who is in a hurry to say good-by:

"What, sir, you are already going to take leave of us?"

This sort of thing stings. But phrases like these bear the hall-mark of M. Clemenceau's individuality, as an anecdote like the following reveals the strength and the weakness of his masterful nature:

One day when the Governor-General of Algeria was paying him a visit, the following conversation took place:

"*Eh bien*, Mr. Governor, how are your prefects getting on? Are you satisfied with them?"

"Yes, Mr. Minister, I have no complaint to make. Mr. A—— is dealing satisfactorily with the unrest on the frontier; Mr. B—— is one of the best officials in North Africa; and as to Mr. C——, although he is somewhat

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From a daguerreotype.
BENJAMIN CLEMENCEAU, FATHER OF THE STATESMAN.

a revenue cutter, threading his steady way toward Heaven knows what port, with something of a rakish air. His hat is well on the side of his head, almost resting on his left ear. He draws little water, being perhaps under the average size. His black clothes set off the white hair, the cadaverous face with its deep-sunken eyes, and the white, stiff, thick mustache, which looks as if it had been positively stuck on his lip, and which falls round the curves of the mouth like two gigantic commas, set there to render his phrase more curt. This wiry, rakish old gentleman, whose physiognomy is thus a cross between that of a Japanese officer and a death's-head, is surely, when you meet him, making somewhither, for he was never known to loaf. Since he has become a minister he has a motor-car, but that luxury constitutes the only marked change in his habits; and if he has adopted the more rapid mode of locomotion it is not for amusement's sake, but in order to get through more work. He might have shifted his *penates* to the Home Office, where there are superb apartments. But he preferred to remain in the flat where he has lived for a number of years, and where nothing has been altered, save that now and then, since he has become Prime Minister, M. Clemenceau unhooks the telephone, in order not to be troubled in his dreams.

CLEMENCEAU'S CHILDREN BY HIS FIRST WIFE, AN AMERICAN.

No gentleman's lodgings were ever less pretentious, yet none more discreetly elegant. They are in the back portion of a house in the rue Franklin on the high grounds of Passy, and look out southward across the river over the more unkempt quar-

easy-going (the words were textually *un peu mou*) he is organizing. . . ."

"What!" interrupted M. Clemenceau. "Mr. C—— is *un peu mou!* Then, I revoke him!"

The governor-general jumped in consternation. "But, Mr. Minister," he exclaimed, "I did not mean to formulate any serious criticism of a man who is an upright, conscientious, and hard-working civil servant. All I meant was that——"

"No, no! If he is easy-going (*mou*) he must be changed. I repeat: I revoke him!" And nothing that the poor governor-general could say would induce the minister to withdraw his fiat. The prefect was revoked.

Evidently this man is the embodiment of will, not of obstinacy, but of that quick decision that is the sign of moral sanity and of an accurate sense of the real. His external aspect would prove this even to the chance observer who knew nothing of his career. His movements and gestures are quick, *staccato*. They are the material accompaniment of ideas and impulses that are "to the point." If you were to meet the Prime Minister of France in the boulevard to-day you might take his Excellency for General Oku or General Kuroki come to "do" Paris. Alexandre Dumas *fils* used to sail down the boulevard, tacking from side to side like a vessel of the Spanish Armada beating up channel under a stiff breeze. There was a leeward and a windward side of him. M. Clemenceau is like

CLEMENCEAU AT THIRTY, WHEN MAYOR OF MONTMARTRE.

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ters of the great city, the ugliness of which is enhanced by the *débris* of the late Exhibition in the distance beyond the Seine. But between these ground-floor rooms and the next street a quiet garden stretches to a low wall. Almost all day long it is full of sunlight. When you call on M. Clemenceau there are nine chances to one that you will find him either seated near the open window at work in the shadow of tall shrubs, or basking in the garden among his animals. There is a terrier, there are chickens, there are two Alsatian storks and a pair of peacocks. The man loves companionship, but he wants it to be distinguished and discreet. Disullusioned philosopher, he sees in the vain-glorious splendors of the strutting peacocks, with their spreading tails, magnificent occasions for the inward chuckle in which his sincere, undupable soul delights. And the storks bring him back to the Japan of the *kakemonos*, the *nitzkis*, and the lacquered boxes he adores. For, mind you, in all matters of art he is a great *connoisseur*, and, after the art of Hellas, he has gathered from that of Japan his most exquisite sensations. He was a friend of the Goncourts, the brothers who introduced to Frenchmen the mysteries of Outamaro. He has written authoritative criticism on the Manets, the Monets, and the leaders of the Impressionist School. His father was a collector, a sculptor and painter even, and Georges Clemenceau, the eldest son, absorbed more perhaps than any of his brothers, at the paternal fireside, of the spirit of artistic sensibility that the old materialist doctor, the elder Clemenceau, who loved life for its own sake, spread about him wherever he turned his steps.

From a daguerreotype.

CLEMENCEAU AT SEVEN, AND HIS SISTER, NOW MME. JACQUET.

But M. Clemenceau, who has inherited the father's taste and curiosity, has gone many leagues farther than he. Who could suppose that the Prime Minister of France is one of the best Greek scholars in Europe? Such is, however, the case; and many a holiday he has spent in the Peloponnesus, Pausanias in his hands in preference to a Baedeker, ferreting out, along the old Hellenic routes, the traces of the men and deeds of the fifth century before Christ. A set of his articles, still unpublished in book form, may be found in the columns of the Paris press of the epoch when he seemed definitively estranged from political life, and was known only as one of the great writers of France. Even now, amid all the affairs of state, his passion for antiquity is so strong that he arranges his working-day so as to secure some moments—perhaps an hour—to revel in the past. In his studies of antiquity, however, he never forgets the present. He said the other day at Carlsbad to the eminent Danish critic, Georg Brandes: "The democracy that I have studied most profoundly is that of the country that I like best, namely, ancient Greece. The democracy of Athens, that of one of the best endowed peoples on the earth, was incontestably the most refined in the world. But one day it condemned Socrates. Doesn't every democracy feel the necessity daily of condemning Socrates to death? I am afraid that such is the case."

When Georg Brandes told me this, the other day in Paris, I could not but recall the extraordinary moment during the Zola trial that opened the Dreyfus case. The *Aurore*, M. Clemenceau's organ, had only just published the terrible indictment against the French General Staff, for which M. Clemenceau, by the way, had invented the title: "*J'accuse!*" Summoned to give evidence before the Seine Assizes, in the historic trial of the great novelist, M. Clemenceau pointed to the magnificent picture by Henner of the Christ on the cross, and recalling the argument of the officers that because Dreyfus had been regularly condemned as a traitor by an honorable court-martial, there was no reason for reopening the case, he exclaimed: "The *chose jugée?* [the regular verdict]. There you have it over the judges' seat. Look yonder! There is the cross, bearing witness to the fallibility of human justice!"

At five in the morning M. Clemenceau is on his feet. Winter and summer it is the same. After a bout of Swedish gymnastics he is in his bath, and at seven he is at his breakfast-table. He eats a half-dozen eggs, which shows that he has no fear of albumen, takes a little cold meat, for energy's sake, and the whole he washes down with pure water, by

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preference that of the Lake Genevan spring of Evian. He is now ready for work. His motor-car is puffing at the door. At an hour when many of his subordinates are still turning uneasily in their beds, asking themselves if they may still filch from the state a few more minutes of repose, M. Clemenceau is at the ministry, surrounded by his secretaries, and going through the voluminous correspondence that accumulates nightly in the Ministry of the Interior. By half past ten he has finished this mountain of letters, and the receptions begin. Heaven knows whom he has to receive during the next two hours. In a recent speech to his electors in the Var, M. Clemenceau complained that his life was being worried out of him by the demands of busybodies and solicitors. All Frenchmen are to be divided into those who are "in it" and those who are "out of it"; and the head of the Home Office is literally bombarded with requests from time-servers and place-hunters. It would be a wonderful experience to lie hid under M. Clemenceau's table, and to hear him despatch these visitors. I have received the confessions of some of them, politely but summarily *congédiés*, as the French put it. They have no desire to renew the experiment. Their one desire is for a cordial, a "pick-me-up"; and we must suppose that the two hours' experience has something of the same effect on the minister, for at 12.30 at the latest, he is back in his motor-car, making for the calm of his rue Franklin flat. He lunches meagerly: another boiled egg, and a glass of water, and then, for an hour or more his own master, he gives himself up to his passionate pursuit of Greek archæology. At two o'clock the Chamber opens, and it is rarely possible for him to avoid putting in an appearance. There he may have to stay for an entire afternoon. And even if no announced interpellation absorbs him, it is imprudent to wander far afield

CLEMENCEAU IN FRONT OF HIS HEN-HOUSE, WHICH WAS SPECIALLY BUILT FOR HIM ON THE AMERICAN PLAN

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when that capricious House is sitting. Squalls descend there out of a clear sky as suddenly as upon a Scottish lake. M. Clemenceau passes his time with an air of *nonchalance* on the front ministerial bench. He writes no letters; he simply listens and smiles and shakes hands, or now and then flings a sudden sarcastic retort at the orator in the tribune. The great man, who spent thirty years of his parliamentary life on the opposition benches, seems more or less stunned. One would say that even his philosophy had been disconcerted by the astonishing turn of the wheel that has lifted him from the ranks of the carping critic to the dignity of the Prime Ministership of France.

Ah, if once he were to begin to dream, the historic hall of the Palais Bourbon would quickly be peopled for him by gigantic ghosts. From my seat in the gallery I gaze down upon him often, and, knowing what I know, recalling what I recall, I wonder if the echoes that still haunt my ears are playing in his as he sits there serene, unruffled. There he sits, smiling quizzically, now a senator—the man who has assaulted the Senate; he who backed, then downed the famous Boulanger; he who insisted on the separation of the Churches and the State, yet who now finds himself compelled—that having been accomplished—to invent a working régime under which French Catholics can serve their God in liberty; he, finally, who, up to the point of being accused of selling himself to the foreigner, relentlessly attacked the colonial policy of France, yet who now, by the force of things, the irony of fate, is constrained to conduct a policy of colonial expansion in Morocco, in comparison with which the episodes of Tongking, Tunis, and Madagascar are as child's play. There he sits, smiling unconcernedly, the man whose inveterate hostility to the great Ferry, who made France an empire, exposed him to the charge of being an agent of England, a traitor to his country. I recall all the details of that hideous past of the Panama scandals, when half the members of the French parliament were being accused of bribery and corruption, and M. Clemenceau, simply because he had counted among the shareholders of his paper, *La Justice*, the famous Cornelius Hertz, who had engineered the great scheme of the canal, was engulfed in the maelstrom of calumny that eventually overtook that great financier. Conservative Republicans, from hatred and envy, Boulangists whose bubble he had pricked, monarchists and royalists who knew this great democrat to be their enemy to the death—all left him to his fate.

I have witnessed many great days in the French Chamber. I beheld M. Rouvier, charged with collusion, brought to bay by a cowardly House into whose faces he flung the stinging insult: "Gentlemen, if I had not done what I did, more than half of you would not be seated on these benches."

I heard the *mitrailleuse* of Vaillant's bomb whistle about my ears on the famous day when the president of the Chamber, M. Dupuy, quelled the emotion caused by the mad freak of the anarchist with the words:

"Gentlemen, the sitting continues!"

I heard, in the early days of the terrible "Affair"—only now shelved by the elevation of General Picquart to the War Office—the Prime Minister of France, M. Méline, declare:

"Gentlemen, there is no Dreyfus affair!"

And I saw the Minister of War of the Brisson cabinet traitorously fling his portfolio at his chief's head in a resignation intended to seal the fate of the French officer sweltering in the "double buckle" at the Ile du Diable. I have seen all this, and more. But never have I known a moment more dramatic than that when finally the rumor that had hitherto slunk in the shadows lifted its head, and stalking openly in the lobbies of the French Chamber, penetrated, in the persons of Mm. Deroulède and Millevoye, into the hall of deliberation with the cry, no longer *sotto voce*, "M. Clemenceau is not merely an enemy of France; he has his spies at the War Office; he upset ministries on the orders of the foreigner; he is a bandit, a traitor to his country, in the pay of the British Embassy." A Boulangist paper, that very morning, had published *facsimiles* of documents purporting to emanate from that embassy, and to prove the venal treason of Clemenceau. When, in an icy atmosphere of sinister silence, he rose to the tribune to exculpate himself, a Boulangist hound barked at him from the benches, "Talk English!"

It was a superb situation; and but for the limitations on my space I should transcribe here the entire speech as a masterpiece of Clemenceau's style, which, free from rhetoric, ignoring the worn-out formula or catchword, is a firm-knit tissue of reason, shot with brilliant threads of pure gold. He is an old duelist, and his words leap straight at the

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A SNAP-SHOT OF M. CLEMENCEAU WITH MME. THIBAUT, THE ACTRESS, AND PRESIDENT FALLIÈRES WITH MME. CARRÉ, THE WIFE OF THE MANAGER OF THE OPÉRA COMIQUE.

forehead of his adversary, and are never below the belt. Several minutes sufficed for him on this occasion to put his foes *hors de combat*. They did not cry *touché*, but the House cheered to the echo. What had happened was that M. Clemenceau's enemies had been the silly dupes of a needy negro named Norton, who had traded on their gullibility to sell them forged documents, on paper stolen from the British Embassy, where he had been employed. The episode had its *dénouement* in the Paris Assize court, where the negro and his accomplices were condemned by a Paris jury. But the calumny had done its work. France was on the eve of a general election. The immense publicity of the *Petit Journal* had spread throughout M. Clemenceau's constituency the atrocious tale. The people have good hearts but feeble heads. M. Clemenceau was beaten at the polls in a region where, a few weeks ago, the populace acclaimed him as no minister has been acclaimed since Gambetta. His political career seemed ended. He had passed the milestone of fifty. Even at the Palais Bourbon many who should not have done so, breathed more easily: Clemenceau was a political corpse.

But now the man who lay dead and buried, politically speaking, for nearly a decade, but whom the Dreyfus affair resuscitated—after he himself had created it with Zola, Gohier, and the rest—finds himself at the pinnacle of honor. For almost an entire lifetime his name was Apollyon. His country calls him at last to show whether he have in him the metal of a statesman, and the talent of a constructor. Is this destroyer also a creator? His time has come. Is it to lead on to fortune, or is he to fall more heavily than ever amid the cackles of his enemies? Courageous he, who in the present state of Europe, and in the existing tangle of political and social problems in France itself, should undertake to reply to these questions.

But what is the nature of his opportunity?

M. Clemenceau has already rendered one great service to the political life of France. He has cleared the air of Opportunist cant, and has defined in a businesslike way a working program of sincere radicalism. M. Clemenceau is a Socialist, but he is not a collectivist.

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He is a man of scientific training and he abhors utopias. The first thing he did on taking the Home Office was to ascend the tribune and shatter the Jaures balloon. For five years that great orator had been the Warwick of the Palais Bourbon. M. Jaures held the influence formerly enjoyed by M. Clemenceau himself. He frightened prime ministers into submission. M. Clemenceau saw clearly that before all thought of constructive legislation he must break the shackles that tied the radical Republicans to the Socialists. It took him only two days to do it, but while the parliamentary duel lasted all hung on his words. When the battle was over the once glorious envelope of Jaures's high-soaring conceptions covered the soil in a shapeless mass. M. Clemenceau had reassured Frenchmen on the one point on which they are all at one, the intangibility of their pocketbooks. His anti-collectivism won for him the grateful admiration of the Conservatives. But this necessary task of sweeping the ground clear was immediately followed up by its constructive corollary. Called to form a ministry, he offered two of the most important places in his cabinet to two eminent Socialists, founding for one of them a new ministry, that of Labor. It was the act of that type of practical but far-sighted politician to whom we are wont to give the name of statesman. It meant that "the republic should be synonymous with serious social reform, or it is unworthy of the name. I am ready for any and every experiment of state and intervention that makes for justice, but on matters of property I will never compromise. Then, the public highways belong to the state. Why not those no less necessary mediums of general communication, the railways? So I shall bring in a bill for the purchase of the railway companies by the state. Again, during years of opposition, I have clamored for an income tax. I am in office to honor my signature. I shall bring in an income-tax bill. Furthermore, for years I have defended the idea of workmen's pensions. The laborer is worthy of his hire: he shall have his pension. Call all this socialism if you like. I am not afraid of the word. Socialist I am, but collectivist I am not. Do you understand, M. Jaures? And now what are you going to do about it?"

A CHARACTERISTIC ATTITUDE AND LEER OF THE STATESMAN, WHEN, AS HE LEAVES THE MINISTRY, HE IS ACCOSTED AND CONGRATULATED BY AN OBSEQUIOUS ADMIRER.

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The Chamber replied for M. Jaures. It gave M. Clemenceau the majority with which the government is now carrying out the above program.

This attitude was courageous. No less so was the attitude he took, and is maintaining, on the other grave problem, that of Church and State.

Half of the French Chamber expected him, longed for him, to begin a war to the knife against Catholicism. His reply was:

"I am anti-clerical, not anti-Catholic. The Roman Church refuses to allow its agents to conform to the liberal law by which, in view of the disestablishment of Catholicism in France, we insured to them the privilege of possessing church property and continuing religious worship. . . . They are free if they like to reject the gifts and privileges we offered. So, let them live under the common law. Our bill declares that all Frenchmen are free to worship God as they like. The Catholics are not an exception. They may go on worshiping God. Never will I close a church or interfere, unless they use the pulpit to break the laws of the land."

Such is the home policy of M. Clemenceau. His foreign policy is no less clear, no less intelligible. It may be summed up in a word: to keep Germany, whose hegemony was shattered by M. Delcassé, in her place in Europe, by maintaining those guarantees of French security that are based on the complete defensive understanding of France with England, Italy, and Spain. France, he holds, has a right to govern herself as she sees fit, without taking the advice of her neighbor beyond the Rhine. The Germans regard M. Clemenceau as their *bête noir*. They are right if by that they mean that his keen intelligence has seen through their game ever since they cajoled France into the policy of colonial expansion that pitted her against England all over the planet. But they are wrong if they fear him sincerely as a man likely to prepare a war against them. That is within neither the intelligence nor the heart of the Prime Minister. He means, nevertheless, that France shall be ready if ever war is declared by another power, and this is his simple patriotic duty.

Anti-collectivist, anti-"humanitarianist," anti-clerical, but socialist, liberal, and tolerant of all faiths, profoundly and patriotically French, M. Clemenceau is to-day one of the few practical statesmen of his day and generation; one of the few public men who, knowing exactly what they want, possess the intelligence adequate to carry out their will. The unknown quantity in the problem of his success is the factor of the personal hostility of his "friends" in French parliamentary life. His reckless frankness still continues. He has thus far shown himself more of a statesman than an "old parliamentary hand." The irrepressible irony and sarcasm that years ago lost him the presidency of the Chamber may still play him an even dirtier trick. For he will not hold his tongue. He is incorrigible. He still remains too much the mere artist, the detached observer, the admirer of Greek temples and of Japanese lacquer. He treats politics as a game, a noble one, but a game, and men as pawns. This is statesmanlike, but it is not the part of a statesman to let men know his attitude.

In the next number there will appear an article by Mr. Vance Thompson on Cardinal Merry del Val, in which the Church's side of the State and Church controversy in France will be presented.

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THE WHOLE VILLAGE DEVOTED ITS TIME TO THE MOMENTOUS QUESTION.

A WOMAN'S NO

By ELLEN PAINE HULING

Illustrations by Charles S. Chapman

WITH neck stretched far as it would possibly go, Père Loivin's gray horse stood staring over the fence at his master. Indeed a wiser brain might have been puzzled by the actions of Père Loivin. For the first stretch of the lane he had walked along gaily enough, twisting the tassels of his red sash and humming a few bars of "Vive la Canadienne," a song usually evoked by pleasant convivial memories. But once within sight of the house in the fields, his song had ceased, his jolly face had taken on an anxious look, and his swagger had given place to a stealthy crouch.

At the end of the lane he stood upright to reconnoiter. From the cabin, now black under the shadow of the mountain, came no sounds of life; from the clumsy chimney rose no smoke. Père Loivin nodded his bush of white hair and smiled craftily.

"Bien bon, très bon," he muttered. "It is late; she is gone for the cows. If I but got them first she could not scold——"

Until beyond observation, he crawled along by the brook on hands and knees. Just as he rose to his feet he heard something in the dusk before him breathe hard. Near the clump of bushes something stirred. As it did so, there was a faint tinkle.

"La clochette!" he murmured, and with a mighty shout bore down on the supposed cow. To his horror it reared and turned on him with such vigor as to send him sprawling backward into the brook. When, spluttering and dripping, he picked himself out, he found standing over him the tall form of his wife. As she moved, the carrier's yoke on which she bore her water-pails tinkled against the tin handles. Her face, as usual, was calm and contemptuous.

"C'est bien fait, Jean Loivin," she remarked. "What were you doing here?"

"Getting the cows."

In spite of him, his old face wrinkled into a sheepish grin. Forty years' practise had never enabled him to muster an innocent look that would stand her gaze.

"The cows were home two hours ago; they're no fools. Get up and go home, Jean Loivin!"

Meekly he obeyed. Tramping across the fields in the dusk, he dared not laugh for fear of the active old figure clattering along behind him. But once alone over his onion stew, he brought down his fist with a bang that sent every plate on the shelf dancing.

"Mon Dieu, she is smart!" he chuckled. "Just the same since forty years ago she married me when I was courting Almire

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Vermotte. Mon Dieu, she is smart, that woman!"

After supper he sat on the edge of the gallery, smoking. When she had washed the dishes, his wife came out and sat behind him in the doorway. Save for the click of her knitting-needles it was very still.

"Where is the molasses?" she asked suddenly.

"What molasses?"

"The molasses you went to get at four o'clock this afternoon."

The old man thought a moment. "There was none. Pierre sold the last this morning."

"Ça va pas," answered his wife calmly. "The youngest girl of Pierre carried a pail of molasses to Philamène Desjardins at five. I saw her. You, you forgot it!"

The old man merely grinned and shrugged his shoulders. His wife snorted contemptuously.

"Then what were you doing the three hours?"

"Laurie Lauridon just called me to his door——"

"And treated one little glass of whisky blanc, eh? Laurie Lauridon is a good hôtelier; he knows well his business. One glass is ver' small; there will be others. Oh, oui, he knows his business well!"

"Mais non, you are wrong this time," said the old man triumphantly. "It was not Laurie Lauridon at all; it was François Dubois who is back from Montreal, François Dubois who married Almire Vermotte!"

"Oui, je sais." There was a kind of passionate restraint in the old woman's voice. "And are they still calling her 'la belle Almire'? Did you see her?"

"I saw her." In the dark the old man smiled at his wife's tone. "But she is stout, oh, ver' stout and old—not beautiful at all. Always, even in the old days, she was too stout. And her shoulders were crooked—not tall and straight like you!"

"Vraiment? But you did not think so in the old days!"

"Always. I married you!"

The old woman sank back in her chair with a half-suppressed purr of contentment. The old man chuckled to himself. Now, while she was in good humor, was the time to announce delicate news.

"François Dubois was there to give a notice," he finally said, avoiding his wife's eyes. "He is ver' rich; he has a big lumber-camp up on the Ottawa, and he wants choppers for his gang."

"But that is ver' far, up in Ontario!"

"Oui."

The old woman leaned forward and her tone was of the sharpest. "Jean, what did you say?"

"Moi, I said——"

"Oui?"

"I said I would go. He promised me twenty dollars a month and my fare. He said he knew I was ver' fine chopper, in old days the mos' bes' chopper on the St. Maurice!"

"You, an old man? Jean Loivin, you have promised you will go off there to Ontario, by the train, away from St. Félix, where you were born and married, away where never again will you see the village, or the church, or the graves of the little ones? Jean?"

Her voice fairly leaped at him. She had risen and stood above him, grasping his shoulder with tense, tremulous fingers. The old man tried to move away, but was held, against his will, by the look in her eyes.

"Yes," he said doggedly. "Moi, I have promised."

"And moi—Listen to me, Jean Loivin. Moi, I tell you that I will not go. I am an old woman. Sixty-five years I have lived in paroisse St. Félix. In that church I am baptized and married; there will be my funeral mass. I have been a good wife to you, Jean Loivin; I have worked for you, borne your children, and buried them, all but Lazare, in the little graveyard on the hill. When I am dead I will be there, too, beside the children. But if you ask me to go far away where never again shall I see paroisse St. Félix, moi, I will not go!"

For a moment she stood there in the starlight, tall, erect, quivering with the reserved passion of sixty-five years. Then she turned and fled into the house. Silent, abashed, the old man followed her.

But by the next day all his jaunty self-confidence had returned. Seated on a pork-barrel before the village store, surrounded by all the male gossips of the village, the old man was in his glory.

"Oh, oui, it is one ver' good job," he assented, jamming his torn straw hat still farther to one side. "But there, moi, I am a ver' good chopper. In the old days I am the bes' chopper on the St. Maurice! Often I have chop' down, with one blow, a tree grand—eh, grand like this house! Eh, oui, messieurs, c'est vrai!"

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Amid the laughter that followed, the little voice of p'tit 'Toine Poirier, the village cripple, piped up from the edge of the crowd:

"But, Jean, does your old woman go to Ontario with you?"

"Without doubt. Pourquoi pas?"

"It is nothing. But when Jacques Besette went by this morning she had out the ourdissoir, warping. And if she warps to-day she will weave to-morrow."

The old man nodded nonchalantly. "That is nothing. She will go. True, she does not wish it. Last night—eh, messieurs, if you had but seen her! Moi, I said nothing. All women are like that. Much noise, eh, oui, but afterward they mind well. For it is a woman's duty to follow her husband!"

Above the approving voices, that of the innkeeper rose gay and loud. "Vive Père Loivin! And now, messieurs, to the hotel and drink the health of the woman-sage!"

That and numerous other healths so detained Père Loivin that it was mid-afternoon before he reached home. Passing the front door, he glanced in. Over in the corner sat his wife, weaving hard at the loom. Near her, leaning back against the frame of the ourdissoir, stood Philamène Desjardins, the one old maid of the village. Though he could not see her face, he recognized her by the size of the sabots.

"Oui, Philamène," his wife was saying in a loud tone, "I will weave you the carpets of catalan. But it will take a long time—perhaps two weeks."

"Then you do not go with M. Loivin to Ontario?"

"Non."

The grim tone of the monosyllable would have daunted another, but Philamène Desjardins was neither sensitive nor easily daunted. "Tell me, Marthe," she asked, leaning forward eagerly, "is it that you and Jean have quarreled?"

"Tell me, Philamène Desjardins, is M. le Curé dead?"

In horror, the visitor sprang from her chair.

"Non, grâce à Dieu!" she gasped. "At the crossroads I passed him. But why do you ask that?"

"It is well," answered her hostess calmly. "I thought you had been appointed father confessor. Au revoir!"

Philamène Desjardins, retreating in haste to a furious accompaniment of thuds from the loom, barely escaped running down a lean old figure fleeing equally fast in another direction. But when, safe in the wood-shed, the old man paused for breath, he voiced the sentiments of both.

"Mon Dieu," he gasped. "That old woman, she is no sapré fool!"

Great was the excitement among village gossips when Mlle. Desjardins announced the result of her errand.

"I asked her about the catalan to find out, and she, she would tell me nothing!" complained the spinster. "But for all that she has quarreled with him and says she will not go, moi, I say that she will go. It is always like that with such women. Listen to me, she will go quick enough!"

"And, moi, I say no!" Mme. Nadeau brought her plump fist down with emphasis. "You say that, Philamène, because you never had a man. Les vielles filles think that wives must always obey. We married women know better. I say that if a man will go to the ends of the earth it is not binding that his wife go also. And that is right. Moi, I say Marthe Loivin will not go!"

"And, moi, I say she will!"

"Eh, bien, we shall see!" said Mme. Nadeau, rising ponderously.

"Vraiment, we shall see!" nodded her friend.

As M. Loivin's day of departure drew near, the whole village charitably devoted its time to the momentous question. Even the men and children were drawn into it. At recess young Jacques Nadeau gained great distinction among the village children by inventing a new game called "Père et Mère Loivin," in which he was victorious who could pull another over a given line into "Ontario." All day long the group on the porch of the village store discussed the situation, and every evening the back room of the hotel was filled with wild-eyed habitants settling it by potent aid of whisky blanc. The reputation of the village was at stake. Never before had a woman of St. Félix refused to obey her husband. If this were permitted, who could tell to what lengths woman's presumption might proceed?

Special watch over the Loivins was kept on the day before they were to start. In the morning Mlle. Desjardins reported that she had seen the cows driven off. Another alarm rose later in the day when signs of a wash appeared—a wash at three in the afternoon could be caused only by moving or a like catastrophe! Still later, however, the wash was found to be dish-towels. About five o'clock Mme. Nadeau, who went over ostensibly to

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BY THE EXPRESSION OF HER BACK HE KNEW THAT SHE HAD HEARD HIM.

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borrow salt, brought back word that no furniture had been moved, and that Mme. Loivin, weaving furiously at the loom, paid no more attention to her than to the gray cat. At sunset that night the village, for lack of facts, was forced to confine its discussion purely to argument.

Nor could M. Loivin himself have given them much light on the question. Till that morning he had believed confidently that his wife would go with him. Always before, she had objected, but at last, with bad grace, had yielded to his wishes. This time he expected no less. Humor her, and she would go—like a good woman!

FOR A MOMENT HE STOOD IRRESOLUTE.

When, after breakfast, he had found her settling down at the loom, he suggested that she pack up the clothes. She stared at him calmly.

"Jean Loivin, I weave to-day," was all she said.

Baffled, the old man busied himself in the barn and shed. At noon, seeing that none of the articles was packed, he started to do it himself. After fumbling round in the inner room a while, he appeared at the kitchen door.

"Marthe, where is the hide trunk?"

"What do you want of the hide trunk?"

"To pack the clothes."

"Bah! Your pocket will do!"

The old man stared at her, open-mouthed. "Mais, Marthe! It is not large enough! All the clothes?"

"Your other shirt and the stockings. What else have *you?*"

Her emphasis on the pronoun put argument out of the question. For a moment the old man stared at her, then he shuffled away.

Once more, for the last time, he made the attempt. It was almost six o'clock; for an hour he had been waiting, with the horse all harnessed, hoping to see her prepare the furniture for removal. Beside him was Luc Gros, a half-witted boy who was to drive the load over to St. Agnès. Within, he saw his wife sitting at the loom as she had sat all day, throwing her shuttle back and forth with little vicious jerks. The old man strode to the doorway.

"Marthe?" he ventured apologetically. No answer. By the expression of her back he knew that she had heard him.

"Marthe!" His tone was louder. Still no answer.

A faint giggle from Luc settled the question. Striding forward, the old man seized the object nearest the door, which happened to be the spinning-wheel, and deposited it in the cart.

Instantly the thud of the loom stopped. When he turned again, his wife stood on the threshold. Her cheeks flamed, her whole spare frame quivered with energy. Before her eyes his, as usual, dropped.

"Jean Loivin, put that back!"

The old man hesitated.

"Jean Loivin!"

Irresolutely the old man lifted the wheel from the cart and set it on the ground.

"Jean Loivin, whose is that wheel?"

"Yours."

"Whose is all the furniture in the house?"

"Yours—of your dowry—but——"

"Eh, oui. It is mine.—Luc Gros, we have no need of you."

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Looking back over his shoulder, Luc saw the old man carrying the wheel into the house.

During supper neither spoke. Afterward the old man took his pipe out to a corner of the gallery. The west was scarlet with a brilliant autumnal sunset, against which the peaked roofs of the village houses stood out sharp, distinct. In the distance a bell was tolling. "L'Angelus," thought the old man; then he remembered that the Angelus had already rung. Heavy and slow the sound came over the fields. He started uneasily. Somehow it reminded him that this was his last night in St. Félix. And Marthe——

Turning, he saw her in the doorway. She was dressed in her Sunday clothes, with her crucifix and black bead rosary. Her face had an odd look and her eyes were very red—"But Marthe does not weep!" thought her husband. As if conscious of his thoughts she gazed straight at him.

"Well?" she queried savagely.

From the distance sounded again the muffled tolling. "Why does it ring to-night?" asked he.

A dull flush mounted to her forehead. "C'est la veille de la Fête des Morts. You have not forgotten?"

There was a note almost of appeal in the woman's voice; she stood there a moment, waiting. The old man stared stupidly at her; then, to cover his perplexity, he leaned and knocked the ashes from his pipe. When he raised his head, she was striding across the fields. As her arms swung back, he saw that she carried four wreaths of immortelles. Then it dawned on him. Every year, on All Souls' Eve, they had gone together to decorate the graves of the little dead children. This year, in his excitement, he had forgotten.

Instantly he started after her. But the hill-pasture was steep and his wife's steps were quick; strive as he might he could not catch up with her. He reached the lane; already he saw above him the grass-grown mounds under the great cross; already the figures of the villagers come to decorate the graves rose before him, black silhouettes against the sunset sky. One figure stood apart from the rest.

But just as he turned up the path he felt a hand on his shoulder and heard close to him the well-known voice of Laurie Lauridon.

"Bonsoir to you, Père Loivin. Here we've been half-way to St. Agnès looking for you. To the hotel and help us drink bon voyage!"

FROM THE SKY-LINE SOME ONE WAS ADVANCING TO MEET HER.

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About him the old man saw all his cronies —Jacques Besette, p'tit 'Toine Poirier, and the rest. For a moment he stood irresolute.

"You haven't given it up, eh?" From somewhere on the edge of the crowd came suppressed laughter.

Jean straightened up. "Mon Dieu, non! Moi, I go to Ontario. Eh, bien, never yet have I turned my back to the good whisky blanc. A l'hôtel! Allons, messieurs!"

Before light the next morning Père Loivin was wakened from brief sleep by a vigorous shake from his wife. When, sleepy and thoroughly sobered, he came into the kitchen, he found breakfast spread by lamplight. The steam of his favorite onion stew rose visibly in the chilly air. Through the shutters the dismal light of dawn straggled into the room. The old man seated himself and glanced furtively at his wife, half dreading a scene. She stood over by the stove watching him in a curious way.

"Thou goest?"

The tone and the familiar pronoun made the old man look up hastily.

"Oui." He dropped his eyes. "And—Marthe—thou dost not go?"

"What have I said?" Her voice had the old sharpness.

Later she came out to the barn where he was harnessing. She stood in the doorway, looking not at him but at the village roofs, which loomed vague and fantastic through the mist. As she spoke she fingered an ox-goad. Her face was averted.

"The shirt and the stockings and the medal from St. Anne's are in a paper on the porch. And here is the oil for your rheumatism. You can't reach to rub it in hard; it is necessary that some one do it for you. And in the spring be sure that you wear three pairs of stockings in your moccasins. But you will never remember; you will have the rheumatism as before. And for the sake of la Sainte Vierge wear the comforter on your neck when it is sn——"

In her tense hands the stout ox-goad snapped in two. She turned and fled to the house. Half-way across she stopped and shouted back over her shoulder, "Jean Loivin, if you go, go quickly—before all the village wakes to laugh at you!"

When he drove round to the front, she was standing on the porch. The old man started to speak, but stopped short. His tongue and throat seemed so swollen as to fill his whole mouth—and there was really nothing to say. In silence he drove on.

At the turn of the road he looked back to see if she were watching. She was, but turned away as quickly as he did. Once more, at the foot of the hill by the village, he turned his head—and encountered the triumphant stare of Mme. Nadeau, who was sweeping her steps. The broom dropped from her hand; with one bound she had crossed the street to inform Mlle. Desjardins. Even in the distance Père Loivin could hear her exultant voice—"Et sans madame! Je l'avais dit!"

Great was the excitement in St. Félix when it became known that Mme. Loivin had kept her threat. All that day and the next, which happened to be Sunday, the village talked of nothing else. Never had gossip in front of the church door after mass been so animated. By degrees the whole parish took sides, led, respectively, by Mlle. Desjardins and Mme. Nadeau. If the advocates of wifely subjection were more numerous, their opponents made up for it by the energy with which they stated their opinions.

Mme. Nadeau, standing on the topmost step of the church porch, gesticulated till the big beads of her rosary rattled like castanets.

"Eh, oui, it is as I said," she announced triumphantly. "Mme. Loivin said she would not go and she did not go. She has a brave spirit, that Mme. Loivin. Eh, oui, pourquoi? If a man is fool enough to leave paroisse St. Félix for the ends of the earth, it is not necessary that his wife make a fool of herself, too!"

"Mais non, Mme. Nadeau," broke in Jacques Besette, the village bachelor. "It is the duty of a wife to follow her husband. The man is head of the family; the wife is to obey him. Always in the marriage service she promises to obey. You promised, Mme. Nadeau!"

The latter gave him a withering look. "Eh, oui, M. Besette, c'est vrai. Mais, moi, I am waiting to see your wife obey you!"

In the shout of laughter that followed, poor M. Besette wilted out of sight. All the village knew that Jacques Besette had never been able to muster courage for a proposal.

Ignominiously worsted, but not overcome, the advocates of wifely subjection devoted their time to still closer scrutiny of Mme. Loivin.

The few times that the old woman visited the village store her demeanor was savage

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"BUT, MOI, I THINK ALL THE TIME OF PAROISSE ST. FÉLIX."

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and reserved, her expression not such as to encourage questions.

Mlle. Desjardins, who eyed her sharply as she passed the window, turned back to Marie Marcotte with an emphatic nod. "She misses him, that woman; see but the lines here, under her eyes, and how she drags her feet when she walks. Mark me, Marie, she will go to him yet!"

Never cat watched mouse as the spinster watched the Loivin house for the next few days. Not a stick was brought in or a dish-cloth hung to dry without her knowledge. Nor was her zeal fruitless. About twelve o'clock on Friday she sent in haste for Marie. When the girl arrived, she found her friend out on the side gallery, watching the Loivin house under shaded hands.

"Listen, Marie," gasped the spinster. "But now I have seen madame come out of her house with large frame-boards in her hands. She dusted them and carried them back. They are the boards of the bed; she is packing!"

"Mme. Loivin sends her loom to be repaired."

The voice was so near that the two women started. Looking across the street, they saw Mme. Nadeau on her porch, also gazing at the Loivin house. Her remark was apparently addressed to the sky.

"Behold, she comes again, Marie!" Mlle. Desjardins's tone was unnecessarily loud. "And the boards are of a certainty those of the bed. She packs to go to him!"

"Mme. Loivin sends to furnish her husband's house," continued the soliloquy across the street. "She has two beds!"

The verbal duel finally ended for lack of information. Perhaps Mme. Loivin may have guessed the interest of her neighbors, for all her subsequent activity went on within the house. Even by standing on tiptoe, Mlle. Desjardins could see nothing.

But at last the vigilance of the watching women was rewarded. About one o'clock a wagon-load of furniture driven by Luc Gros was observed to come out from behind the house and turn down the lane.

"Eh, oui, it is as I said!" exclaimed the old maid. "But see, Marie, the loom, and the spinning-wheel, and the boards of the bed!—Pierre, run to the house of Mme. Nadeau and ask her, with the compliments of mademoiselle, to behold the lane!"

Mme. Nadeau had seen only too well. She saw, too, when Mme. Loivin came round to the front of her house in Sunday costume—and turned off to the left!

"Give to Mlle. Desjardins my compliments, and ask her to behold that Mme. Loivin does not take the road to St. Agnès!"

Her triumph was short-lived. Both women saw Marthe Loivin cross the fields and ascend the steep hill to the graveyard. Involuntarily they dropped their eyes; they knew what she was doing there. When she came out, she started down the lane toward them. She walked heavily, weighed down by a bundle on her head. Her half-averted face was wrinkled and grim. But in both face and walk there was a new humility; her purpose was unmistakable.

The women watched her as she climbed the hill, a clumsy old peasant figure haloed in a cloud of dust. Then Mlle. Desjardins could contain herself no longer.

"Marie, I was right! She is gone! Run quickly to tell M. Lauridon and the men at the store, and thou, Pierre, run to the house of Mme. Nadeau and give her the grand compliments of Mlle. Desjardins!"

Eagerly the old maid watched the effect of her message. But Mme. Nadeau hardly noticed the words stammered by little Pierre. She stood at the end of her gallery, gazing eagerly at the top of the dusty hill. In spite of herself, Mlle. Desjardins did likewise.

For more than a quarter of a mile the hill sloped upward under the cold, intensely blue November sky. Ascending slowly, lifting her wooden shoes clumsily at each step, was the stooping old figure of Mme. Loivin. But—from the sky-line at the top of the hill some one was advancing to meet her! With eyes and mouth opening wider each minute, Mlle. Desjardins gazed and gazed till she could doubt no longer. That shambling form, that sidewise, bow-legged gait could only be those of Père Loivin. From across the street came a quick exclamation; Mme. Nadeau, too, had recognized him. In silence the two women watched the little drama. They saw Mme. Loivin's head go up with a jerk and her body sway to and fro; they saw the old man run forward to catch her; they saw the gesticulation and finally the embrace. But not till the old people stood actually in the road before them did the two women come back to life.

Then, rivalry forgotten, they rushed at the couple with questions and congratulations. All the village was there—M. le Curé, ponderous and smiling; p'tit 'Toine Poirier, mak-

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ing way through the crowd with his crutches; Laurie Lauridon with whisky from an upturned glass dripping unheeded down his white apron.

"Vive Père Loivin!" cried the innkeeper, almost smothering the old man in his mighty arms. "He alone is the woman-sage, always have I said it! And for madame——"

"Eh, oui," broke in her husband, "the mos' smart woman in paroisse St. Félix!"

"Vive!" shouted Laurie. "But tell us, Jean, mon brave, how did it happen?"

The old man ascended the church steps, dragging with him his wife, who, silent and smiling for the first time within memory of the village, did not object.

"It is like this," he began. "Moi, I said she would go, and she, she said she would not. And she did not go. Mon Dieu, she is smart, that woman! But when I am come to Montreal, there are so many people and they speak so bad French—not like the French of St. Félix—that, moi, I can't understand it at all, I am ver' lonesome. The night before we start for Ontario, François treats to good whisky, but I can't swallow it; there is one big lump here, in my throat. The men talk of the grand Ontario, but, moi, I think all the time of paroisse St. Félix. While they are talking, I walk down to Mil' End and there passes, ver' slow, a freight-train going north. And behold one of the men on the car speaks the good French of St. Félix! I jump on that car and I ride all night. To-day I walk over from St. Agnès. And as I ascend the hill I see Marthe, and of a sudden I know why I could not stay in Montreal. When I catch her in my arms, she pushes me away and says, 'Jean, I go to Ontario with you.' But I say, 'Moi, I stay at St. Félix with you!' And behold, again we quarrel!"

Amid the cheers, 'Toine Poirier elbowed himself to the front with something in his hand. "A letter for you, Jean Loivin, come two days ago. Do you wish that I read it?"

The old man fingered the letter curiously and with a nod returned it.

"It is from your son, Lazare," began the cripple. "He has one ver' good place on a gang that goes into the woods down here at Lac Aux Nuages and he wishes you to come as head chopper. But that is grand! That is near, so you can live here as before. And Marthe will not have to move!"

"Eh, oui, I was right!" exclaimed Mme. Nadeau. "I said she would not go and she did not go! Trust women that they have their own way!"

M. Loivin shrugged good-naturedly. "Trust women that they have the last word!"

In an instant his wife was upon him. "Who has it now?"

The applause of the crowd stopped short as the old man rose to his full height. With one hand he covered his lips; with the other he dramatically pointed at his wife.

"Vive la femme!" shouted Laurie Lauridon. And amid the cheers and good-natured laughter of the village, the two old people, hand in hand, walked away up the lane together.

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The Point of Honor

By CATALINA PÁEZ

Illustrations by Mary Sigsbee Ker

THE Alien stood upon the outskirts of things, and looked on. Backed into a solitary corner beneath the iron shed that skirted two sides of the playground, he watched the rough-and-tumble frolic of his schoolmates, in the first wild ecstasy of recess.

There were throngs, and clusters, and groups, and little knots of two and three; everywhere, every one had a comrade. Only the Alien stood alone and unfriended upon the outskirts, and looked on. In it, but not of it, a mere spectator, "a rank outsider," to quote Paddy Sullivan. And the epithet went unchallenged; for in all class 3B1 there was no boy daring enough to refute a statement of Paddy Sullivan's.

The sunshine did not reach in under the iron shed, but the biting east wind did. It tore the Alien's cap from his head, and sent it spinning across the snowy playground. Paddy Sullivan raised a shout of laughter at the mishap, and assisted the east wind by a well-aimed kick. The Alien's black eyes flashed lightning, but over his dark little face stole a mask, wrought of twenty generations of Castilian pride. Only because he was a very little boy, his mouth twitched, ever so slightly. Then he rescued his cap, shivered before another onslaught of the east wind, and, turning up his fur collar, stepped back into his solitude.

It was of the North, this wind, frigid and cruel and rude, like all things of the North, this great, cold North. And they were of the North, these boys, cold and cruel like the east wind, and even more discourteous. The Alien was gradually hardening to the cold; but the cruelty, the discourtesy, that was a new experience. Why that kick? That laugh? At home, when one had lost one's hat, all the world left business or pleasuring, and set himself about its rescue. And he who recovered and restored it to its owner, first brushed it off, with many protestations of sympathy and esteem. To which, of course, one returned ten thousand thanks, and assurances of undying regard. And here they laughed, and kicked! It was strange! But in this great cold North, all things were strange. One must accept them and question not. The Alien's philosophy was bred in Spain ten centuries ago, during the supremacy of the Arab Moor, who had brought it from Bagdad and Damascus; but in those far lands and times, men termed it fatalism. For the blood of the Alien was the blood of the Arab of Andulus, warrior and philosopher, whose Oriental fierceness and Oriental calm had descended to the Alien, mingled with other traits, which had flowed in tributary streams over the crumbling ramparts of Granada: the romance of Léon, the pride of Castile, the chivalry of Aragon, all burning with the passion of fiery, tropic America.

However, fatalist or philosopher, the Alien, standing alone, in the third month of his exile, suddenly felt his stoicism slip from him. From individual experience he was deducing a universal doctrine: that it is not good for man to be alone. The Alien was not yet a man, but man's primitive sorrow had assailed him. He was lonely.

He was conscious of a strange, benumbing ache that was not of the east wind, and his eyes winked hard and fast as again he looked out across the playground, and watched the riotous multitude romping and shouting in their joyous hour of freedom. Watched the multitude—nay! Watched, rather, a stocky little figure which swaggered about the yard, the multitude at its heels. And woe betide the deserter, or mutineer! Paddy Sullivan's strong right arm was swift and sudden in its punishments. Dim, remote Sullivans, in the days of Strongbow, had done good work with the broadsword; Sullivan senior inculcated

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ethics at the point of a night-stick; the shock-headed scion of Sullivan profited by his inheritance. He ruled in truth by force of arms.

The Alien beheld him, fascinated. Little though he realized it, a subtle kinship existed between them, setting them forever apart from the rest of the throng. For the Alien, likewise, came of a race of fighters. Above the mantelpiece in his father's study there hung a long, thin blade, with a handle of gold and ivory, curiously wrought with quaint arabesques and strange devices. The sword was as old as the Alien's name—which was ancient indeed—and had been wrought at Toledo, when the sword-makers of the world came thither to perfect their crafts. And if Paddy paid homage to the night-stick, token of power through force, the Alien reverenced the flexible blade, symbol also of power; power born of agility, alertness, keen nervous energy, supreme nicety. These attributes within himself had made the Alien also a leader in the halcyon days prior to his exile; had ranked him always as general in the miniature revolutions, as *espada* in the mimic bull-fights. So he vouchsafed small attention to the rabble horde; his eyes always sought out their leader, Paddy the indomitable.

"WHY DO YOU ACT THO THORRY, LITTLE BOY?"

"Hello, Swipes!"

The Alien lifted his head as Paddy Sullivan darted in under the iron shed and greeted a comrade to an accompaniment of cordial thumps. It seemed to the Alien that it must be the greatest joy on earth to have a fellow deliver you a sounding and staggering blow, and call you "Swipes." "Swipes!" It was music to the ear. Nobody ever called him "Swipes." They called him—and here the Alien's dark little face grew darker, as he heard the detested name fall from the lips of Paddy Sullivan—they called him the "Dago." He didn't know why; perhaps they did not understand. They were stupid creatures, these Saxons.

Moved by a sudden impulse, he stepped forward, cap in hand, bowed to Paddy Sullivan, and then, standing very straight, began explaining in his slow, courteous way, and curiously twisted phrases, that his name was not Dago, but José Miguel Alcantāra y Romero.

Paddy Sullivan broke into a roar of merriment, which summoned to the scene a host of his devoted henchmen.

"Wholesale and Retail, eh! What do yer wholesale—peanuts on the corner? Boys, git out yer coppers; his father sells peanuts, wholesale and retail."

And the laughter only waxed louder, when the Alien, wide-eyed with horror, exclaimed:

"You noh ohn-dairstan! My fathair, he noh can *sell*. My fathair ees a *gaint*leman!"

Paddy Sullivan rolled about in glee.

"My fader, he no can sell," he mimicked. "Ain't got nothin' to sell, I guess. What's he do for a livin' then? Must play the organ, with you for a monkey. Hi fellers, looka de monk!"

And Paddy hopped about, amid shouts of laughter, scratching his ribs, and grimacing horribly. The Alien, still puzzled, still grave, still courteous, tried yet again to explain, his thin little hands making nervous effort to assist his stumbling speech. "My fathair, he noh play de organ, noh! He play de *vee*olin, but he noh ees musico, noh! He only divairt heemself. He ees—how you call heem?—*politico*."

The dark little head went up proudly, the

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short upper lip curled slightly, but the heavy-lidded black eyes that searched Paddy Sullivan's were limpid and appealing. The pride of race was strong upon him, but the barriers of caste prejudice were giving way before the onslaught of primitive instincts. He would be friends with this boy, not of his class, to be sure, but of his kind, in a broader human relationship. So the Alien's eyes smiled into Paddy Sullivan's.

But Paddy, after a jovial smirk, continued to hop and grimace.

"*Pea*nuts, wholesale and retail! Looka de monk!

"'Johnny Morgan plays the organ,
Sister plays the drum,
Papa plays the *vee*olin,
And the Dago is a bum!'"

The boys roared. The Alien looked about him in helpless wonder. Slowly it began to dawn upon him. He was the butt in something, he did not understand what; but Paddy Sullivan was the principal irritant. Something surged within the Alien, his hands clenched, he took a step forward; Paddy lurched into line for action, and for a strained moment the boys faced each other. The Alien, black-eyed, sallow, straight, and thin as a rapier, tense, nervous, blazing; Paddy, shock-headed, square, careless, and jovial, but with a twist to his shoulders strongly suggestive of the goats that capered about his ancestral shanty. The Alien lunged, Paddy parried—and just then the yard gong sounded. There was a pause, a scramble, a silence, and the boys stood shuffling upon line, then trooped in steady rows up the iron stairways.

Thus does Discipline exact unfaltering tribute!

That night the Alien talked things over with his father. They were the bright spots in his darkened days, these evening talks when, after the dessert had been removed and the Alien had held open the door for his mother to pass out, he sipped his little cup of tinted hot water, and watched his father drink thick, black coffee, and roll innumerable cigarettes, with fingers tense and nervous like the boy's. They talked of many things: the Alien's new bicycle, what he was going to do when he grew up, the surprise they planned for the mother's saint's day, and the latest news from Venezuela. Sometimes they bent together above the Alien's lesson books, or laughed over the jokes in "Blanco y Negro," subtle Andalusian jokes—too subtle sometimes for the Alien's understanding, but he always laughed anyway.

To-night he could not laugh. "Blanco y Negro" had lost its charm; neither was there any merit in the new bicycle. A word from his father and the whole wretched story poured out in an excited torrent, punctuated

"WE AIN'T MAKIN' SLIDIN'-PONDS FOR NO GIRL-BABIES."

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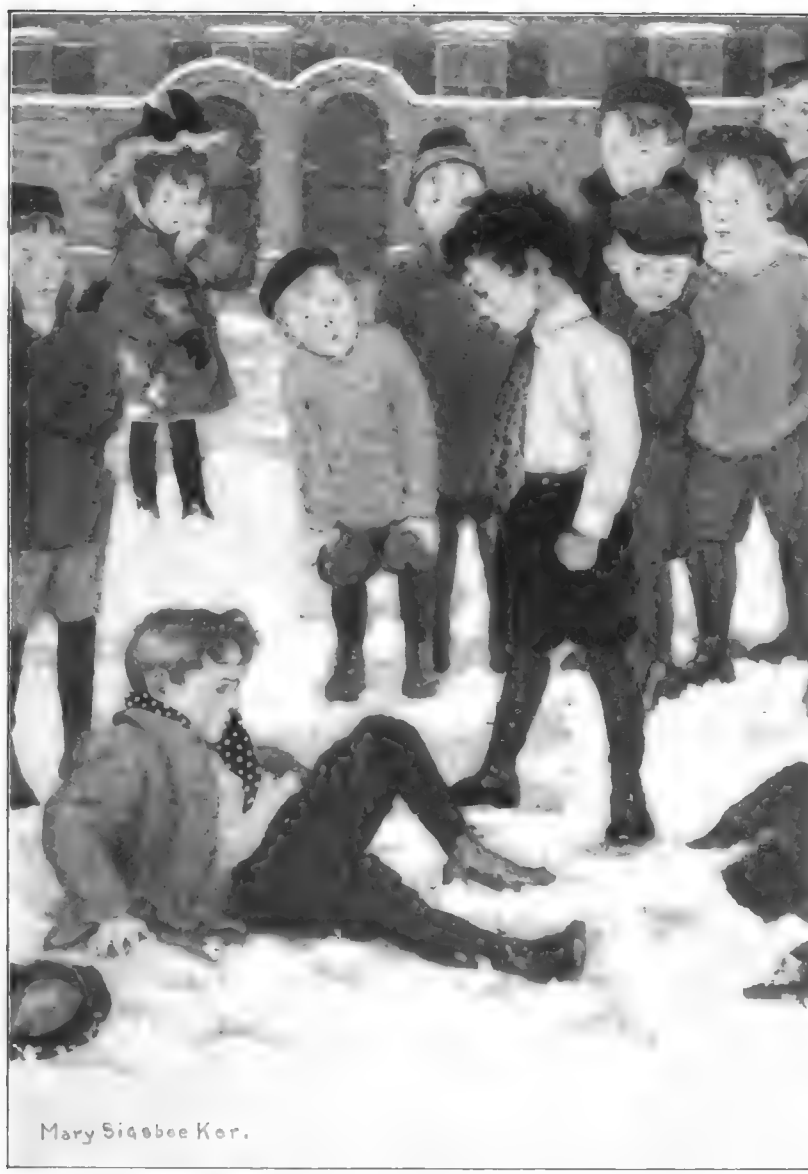

HE WHO YESTERDAY HAD BEEN FRIENDLESS, TO-DAY WAS A HERO.

with much rapid gesture. The father listened impassive, but his restless fingers twisted and untwisted the ends of his pointed mustache. The boy finished his story with a huge sigh, and regrets that he had not been able to punch Paddy's head off. Thereupon the father spoke:

"My son," he said, "remember: a gentleman may fight—with his equals—but he never brawls."

The Alien nodded and slipped his hand into his father's as they made their way into the study, and stood before the open fire. A flame leaped up, and the light glinted upon the gleaming blade and inlaid hilt of the Toledo rapier which hung above them. The father took down the sword, and, bending the blade nearly double, let it spring back with a whir like a whip-lash.

"They brought the secret from Damascus," he mused; then he looked down at the boy, who watched him eager-eyed: "These Saxon

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savages fight with their fists, like bears in a circus; but *we* know finer weapons."

The Alien ran a cautious forefinger along the blade.

"It looks very clean and shiny," he said meditatively; "I suppose, father, you haven't used it much recently."

"Not *very* recently."

Something in the tone arrested the boy's finger and attention. Never before had his father spoken in that way. He stole up to him and touched his hand timidly.

"Father," he whispered, "did you *ever* use it?"

"Yes, my son," said his father.

"And—and—" the boy's eyes framed the question his lips left unspoken.

The man rose and put the sword back in its place over the mantelpiece.

"I killed him," he said simply.

The child was wide-eyed, but loyal. He crept into his father's arms, and hugged him close, as he whispered:

"I thought—I thought—it was—wicked to kill."

"My boy," said the father slowly, "there is a time when it is wicked *not* to kill."

The Alien shook a puzzled head. "I don't understand," he murmured, then blinked at the firelight, while his father's voice sounded very far away. And in truth the man spoke more to himself than to the boy.

"The knights of old Castile called it the 'Point of Honor.'"

But the Alien again shook his head, a heavy, sleepy head, that drooped upon his father's shoulder. The little face showed very babyish in the firelight. The father bent above it with a sudden solicitude, a passionate tenderness, as he murmured softly:

"*El Pundonor!* High chivalry! What canst *thou* know of these?"

The day following the Alien stood, as usual, alone in his corner near the door—a door that gave upon Paradise. But man might not enter there; for within dwelt, not angels, but Eve. Eve in legions. Eve big, Eve little; Eve light-haired and curled, Eve dark-haired and pig-tailed; Eve fat, Eve thin; snub-nosed and Grecian — but whatsoever her guise, charming, alluring, distracting. She passed by the door with a side glance and a smile when it was open, or fluttered and giggled provokingly behind it when it was shut. It was generally shut, but to-day kind chance had smiled, and the Elysian fields lay revealed. Here, too, all life was mated; here hand sought out hand, head nodded close to head, and arms locked themselves in mysterious combinations. The Alien looked, and noted; and then, his dreary limbo grown drearier by contrast, sighed.

As if by magic, a face appeared from behind the door, a rosy, chubby face, set in an aureole of flame-colored hair, a face with a snub nose and a dimple, and two sweetly serious gray eyes that peeped shyly at the Alien, and then withdrew behind their fringes. She looked up again, however, and smiled, a tender, commiserating smile, and spoke in a low, sweet voice that lisped delightfully:

"Why do you act tho thorry, little boy?"

On the instant the Alien's slender stock of English deserted him, and he stood before her, dumb, his nervous fingers torturing one another.

The little girl tried again: "Why don't the other boys play with you, little boy? Has *your* little thithter got the meathles too?"

The Alien made shift to answer sadly that *no* one ever played with him, and that he had no little sister.

"I'm tho thorry, little boy." A pause; she seemed groping for a thought of hope and comfort. Suddenly it came; she beamed upon him: "Maybe, little boy, if you're good, God will *thend* you a little thithter to play with."

Something began to stir in the Alien's pulses. He edged closer to the door, and smiled his radiant Latin smile. The smile produced its logical effect. The little girl smiled back, looked up, down, hesitated, and then reached forth a comforting hand that closed about the Alien's.

"If you like, little boy, I'll be your little thithter while you're waiting."

The Alien's heart leaped within him, but again he faced her, dumb.

"You thee," she continued, "my little thithter's got the meathles, and the girls won't play with me, because they thay I'm catching; but"—quickly—"you needn't be afraid, I really ain't, because I'm living over to my auntie's. You can't be catching, you know, when you're to your auntie's."

"I doan care," replied the Alien stoutly, "eef you are catching; eef you are *vairy* catching. Eef you weal be my seestair I weal lohf you *vairy* much."

He had another vision of dimple and smiling eyes, then the fringed curtains dropped, and she was gone. But all that

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day, and during many days, the vision stayed. And he learned to look for an open door.

And he learned to hate Paddy Sullivan. A deep, abiding Latin hate, that feeds on itself, and renews itself as it feeds. He was still impassive, still courteous, but his hands sometimes clenched within his pockets. But now it needed no bell to hold them. The Alien remembered his talk with his father, so, although his hot blood often surged within him, he cloaked himself about with Moorish philosophy and Castilian pride, and held himself haughtily aloof from all encounter. It was not always easy, for a new taunt had come to disturb him. Paddy Sullivan had another name with which to jeer.

"Fraid-cat! Fraid-cat! You won't fight because yer know I'll lick yer. I might spoil yer good looks, an' yer pretty clo'es, an' then yer couldn't stand roun' an' talk to girl-babies."

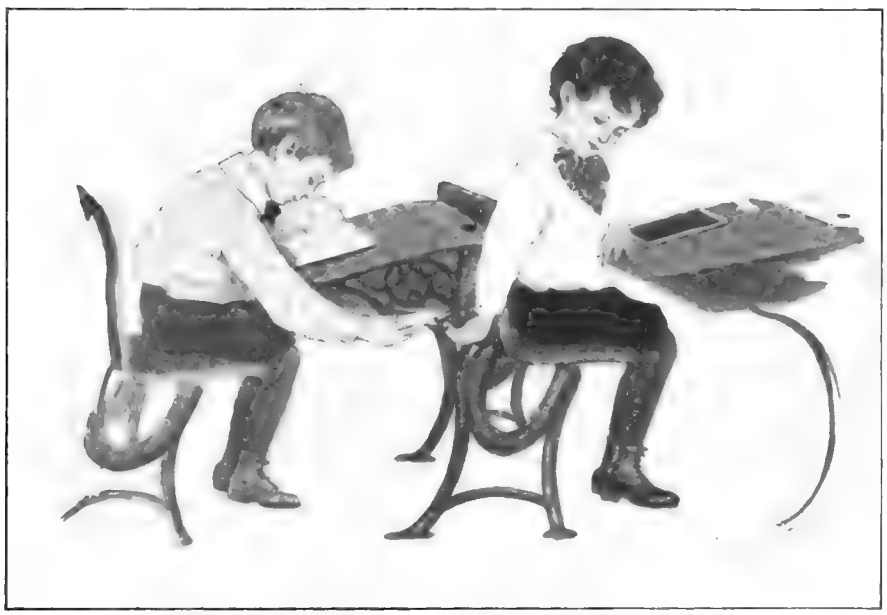
For Paddy's keen eye had detected the growing intimacy, and he lost no opportunity to deride it.

"Hi fellers, look at Wholesale making eyes at Red-top! Don't they look sweet?" or, "Only a *girl* would talk to a coward."

At which the Alien would throw back his head like a war-horse, but her detaining hand and lisping drawl would always restrain him.

"Don't you care—*I* don't. He is a bad, wicked boy, and my mama won't let me talk to him. I wouldn't if I could. Don't you want to thee my new penthil-box?"

Thus with feminine adroitness she drew his thoughts to other things.



THE ALIEN RECEIVED A GRIMY NOTE BY THE UNDERGROUND METHOD OF TRANSIT.

But finally came the clash.

There had been a slight fall of snow, and the boys had made a sliding-pond on the sidewalk, near the gate. The Alien did not slide, but watched the fun from a solitary corner. One morning he arrived rather earlier than usual, and found himself the first upon the scene. But soon there appeared a chubby little figure in a scarlet coat and hood, from under which bobbed an aureole of flame-colored hair. She did not see the Alien, for another object had caught her attention, and she launched herself gaily upon the sliding-pond. Down the ice she glided, two red-mittened hands flung out to steady herself, her laughter ringing out upon the frosty air; when suddenly the laugh changed to a cry of pain and terror. For almost without warning, a stocky little figure hurled itself down the sliding-pond, two sturdy little arms flung themselves about her and hurled her roughly into a snow-bank. Then Paddy Sullivan's voice rang out in wrath:

"That'll teach you to shinny on yer *own*

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side. We ain't makin' slidin'-ponds for no girl-babies."

It had happened so suddenly that the Alien found no chance to interfere. But he saw through a crimson haze. Then every fiber of his being tingled with a terrible fury. All in a moment he *understood*! He knew when it is wicked not to kill. The Point of Honor lay whimpering in a snow-bank.

The Alien forgot that Paddy Sullivan was his inferior, he forgot that a gentleman does not brawl, forgot the sword of Toledo, forgot everything save the weapons of the "Saxon savage." He tore off hat, coat, and gloves, and faced the astonished Paddy, fury blazing from his eyes.

"Now," he cried, "dees time, I'm gone *keel* you."

Then he hurled himself upon the heir to the night-stick.

Taken unawares, and hampered by his heavy overcoat, Paddy was from the first at a disadvantage. Still, he held his own valiantly, returning blow for blow, and the two rolled about in snow, on ice, in the gutter and out again. Now it was Paddy on top, now the Alien; now they had gained their feet, still plunging and parrying; now they rolled again in ice, and snow, and gutter. The Alien felt warm streams pour down his face, but he heeded them not; he felt himself bruised and shaken, but he cared not a whit; he possessed but one dominating sense—the desire to battle, to hurt, to kill; to strike out at Paddy before Paddy should get another blow at him. He was sore and panting, but still he battled on. He felt his adversary slowly weakening, and he redoubled his energies, watching every waver, catching at every advantage, until with a quick thrust he caught Paddy just above where his breakfast lay placidly digesting. Paddy went down like a log, flat on his back upon the icy sidewalk.

Quick as a panther the Alien was upon him and had him pinioned fast. The hour had come! Almost automatically his restless fingers flew to Paddy's throat; they clutched, they pressed, they twisted. Paddy's jovial countenance grew purple, his eyes stared, his breath came in long gasps. The Alien felt the tense form beneath him grow limp—and then he, also, gasped, started, and the relentless fingers relaxed their hold.

What said the code of his fathers anent a fallen foe? Paddy was prostrate, disabled, helpless. And he would have killed him *so*! Suppose he had already done the deed? Paddy lay limp and still.

The next instant the Alien was on his knees, loosening Paddy's collar, bathing Paddy's face with grimy snow. Paddy twitched, sighed, and opened his eyes. The Alien regarded him fixedly, then rose, and thrust his hands deep into his pockets. The well-springs of his hate filled up again. He could be magnanimous; he could not be forgiving. As he stood above Paddy Sullivan, loathing and contemptuous, there sprang to his lips the Spaniard's epithet supreme of loathing and contempt; relic of the ancient days when Witiza and his Gothic horde hacked their way through Iberia, everywhere loathed and hated. The Alien stood motionless.

"Get up," he cried, "thou Goth!"

A cheer went up from somewhere, and the Alien awoke to the fact that he was standing in the midst of a multitude: boys of his school, and other schools, and no school; all eager to shake him by the hand, to brush him off, to wipe his face, to lend a helping or a deterring hand as the need might be—one and all his loyal adherents. He who yesterday had been friendless, to-day was a hero.

He pushed them aside, struggled into his coat, and made his way over to a sobbing little bundle of bedraggled scarlet.

"Doan cry," he said; "I'm here."

The Cid had done battle, and now he claimed allegiance. He won his guerdon; the little lady looked up, and smiled. Whereupon the yard gong sounded.

That afternoon, while laboriously computing the cost of seven horses, if twelve horses cost $1,600, the Alien received a grimy note by the underground method of transit. He opened it in startled surprise, for never before had any one written him a note. This is what he read:

"The fellers is going too have a Snow fite down on the drive this afternune and we Want you two be Captin if you will pleeze wink and oblidge yours truely THE BUNCH."

The Alien pondered. Then he gravely winked.

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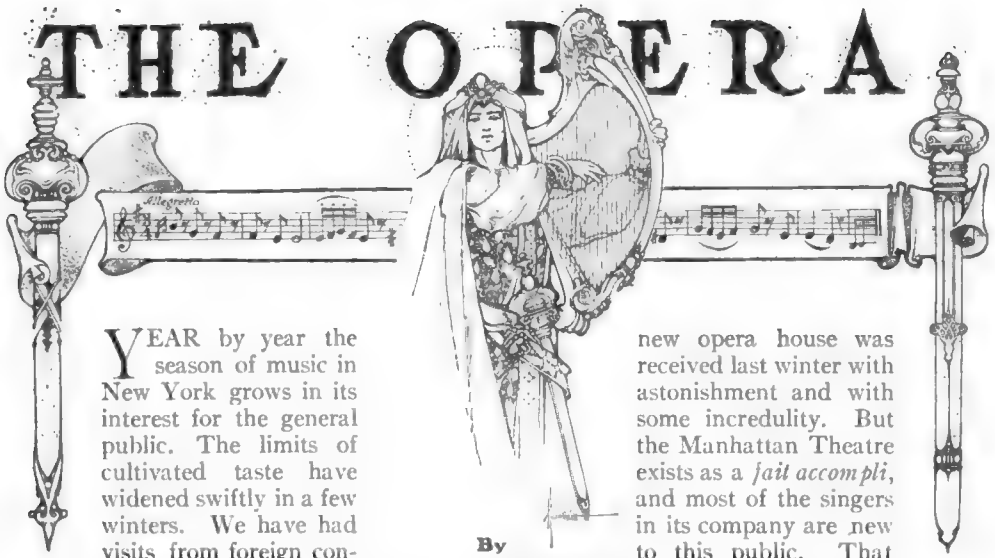
THE OPERA



By
W. J. HENDERSON
Author of "What Is Good Music?" "The Art of the Singer," etc.

YEAR by year the season of music in New York grows in its interest for the general public. The limits of cultivated taste have widened swiftly in a few winters. We have had visits from foreign conductors of high repute. These men have caused excited discussion of the methods and purposes of master composers. We have had song recitals by famous singers, and these have led to inquiry into the artistic scope and significance of the German *lied* and the French *chanson*. Pianists of prodigious technical facility and Herculean power have smitten the keyboard till we have all asked ourselves whether the musicians who created the literature of the pianoforte ever dreamed of such thunders. Much purposeless prattle on the part of those who never look below the surface has run side by side with intelligent discussion by men and women to whom art is something more than a mere pastime, men and women who think that the crystallization of our passing inspirations is precious. Whether the comment be wise or foolish, it all goes to build up the edifice of a love for good music and it tends to raise the interpretative musician in the public mind to the position of a benefactor.

None in the domain of music commands such wide worship as the opera singer. The opera is the most easily understood form of musical entertainment. It makes the smallest demand on the intellectual faculties of the hearer and offers to him the magnetism of personalities in its most potent exhibition. This season has brought to America many new operatic performers. The announcement that Oscar Hammerstein, an ambitious, shrewd, and daring manager, would open a new opera house was received last winter with astonishment and with some incredulity. But the Manhattan Theatre exists as a *fait accompli*, and most of the singers in its company are new to this public. That Mr. Hammerstein's announcement was accepted at its face value by Heinrich Conried, the manager of the Metropolitan Opera House, was proved by the speed with which he set out for Europe to procure new singers, and novelties in the shape of operas hitherto unheard on this side of the Atlantic. These operas are for the most part merely vehicles for the exploitation of certain artists. The meeting of Lina Cavallieri and Caruso in the same company brings us "Fedora" and "Adrienne Lecouvreur." The need of new parts for other singers forces the production of other novelties. Strauss's "Salome" alone is brought forward solely because of its own sensational characteristics.

Mr. Conried is properly striving to find new and young singers who will be able to fill the places of the old favorites when the ruthless hand of time shall send the latter into retirement. In the consulship of Maurice Grau we continually heard the despairing cry, "There are no rising singers in Europe." Mr. Grau went every summer to seek for them and always came back empty-handed. But in the last three or four years there has been a change. Prima donnas have sprung up like Jack's beanstalk, in a night. Men who had previously moved serenely along the path of acceptability have found opportunities for distinction. Hence Mr. Conried has been able to discover new artists for whom there was some hope of success in the land where operatic success is harder to achieve than it is anywhere else in the world.

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CHARLES DALMORES AS *DON JOSÉ*
in "Carmen"
Manhattan Opera Company.

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GERALDINE FARRAR AS *JULIET*
in "Romeo and Juliet."
Metropolitan Opera Company.

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Photograph by Bassano, London.

ELEANORE DE CISNEROS

Manhattan Opera Company.

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Of all the new singers whom the manager of the Metropolitan has brought to us none has had a more remarkable ascent into celebrity than Geraldine Farrar, the daughter of Syd Farrar, once a Boston baseball star. She was born in Boston twenty-four years ago and is therefore at the beginning of her career. She showed a fondness for singing when she was a mere child, but it was not till she had reached the age of fifteen that a serious view was taken of her talent. Then her parents set about getting her educated and soon afterward she went to Paris to begin her studies. Mrs. Bertram Webb, of Boston, supplied the means. It was in Paris that she obtained her first hearing, but it was not till after she crossed the Rhine that she entered into her true kingdom. In Berlin the public and the critics took to her and she attracted the attention of that mighty artist, Lilli Lehmann, who accepted her as a pupil. This teacher coached her in the rôle of *Elizabeth* in "Tannhäuser," a part entirely out of keeping with other features of her repertoire, such as *Juliet*, *Mimi*, *Marguerite*, and *Zerlina*. In Berlin even royalty admired her and rumor distinguished her by declaring that the crown prince had angered his august father by falling in love with her. Whether this was a fact or not, Miss Farrar's career has thus far been notable for her tact and dignity in avoiding even the appearance of anything that could give ground for such stories. Princes may fall in love with her if they will. She cannot help that. But as for her, she goes about her business with papa on one side of her and mamma on the other and apparently thinks of nothing but her profession. At her farewell performance of *Manon* last fall in Potsdam the crown princess presented the singer with autographed portraits of herself and her husband.

Photograph by Falk, New York.

JOSEPHINE JACOBY.
Metropolitan Opera Company.

Miss Farrar is noted for her superb ability as an actress and also for her self-will. She quite upset Germany by wearing a pompadour coiffure and high-heeled shoes as *Marguerite*. She is not a beautiful woman, but she is as sinuous as the serpent, and has eloquent dark eyes. Her voice is a lyric soprano, full and pealing, but she is yet a neophyte in the art of singing. She conquers by her personality and her restless, insistent action. Miss Farrar has a life engagement at the Royal Opera, Berlin, and is here on leave of absence.

In the lighter and more facile music of the older Italian operas another one of Mr. Conried's newcomers has long enjoyed a reputation in Italy. But without doubt she has earned more fame as a beauty than as a singer. Her name is Lina Cavallieri and she was born in Rome, the daughter of a janitor. She began her ascent of the world's ladder by selling flowers in the cafés of the Piazza Colonna. From Rome she sold her flowers all the way to Milan, where the manager of a barn-storming vaudeville company gathered her in and set out to make an Italian show girl of her. She learned to sing a few songs and accompany herself on a guitar.

Suddenly she appeared in Paris, without the guitar. She sang and danced at the Folies Bergère. Quite as suddenly she disappeared. Paris sighed over the fleeting of the dark-eyed Italian beauty—and forgot her. She had saved her money and was studying for the opera. That was the secret. After some years she returned to Italy and sang her way through the minor towns back to Rome, where she appeared at the Costanzi Theatre. Rome fell at her feet and vowed she was the most ravishing beauty of Europe. Later, Russia went wild over her. And now cool, dispassionate New York is pleased with her flower-girl face, her Folies Bergère manner, and her Costanzi

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vocal style. But it does not rave. It so seldom does.

These are the women who are associated with Sembrich and Eames in the interpretation of the lighter and more mellifluous works of the Metropolitan repertoire. But tradition has fixed the Wagnerian list in the forefront of local operatic doings, and despite the remarkable popularity of the old Italian works, brought about by the public favor accorded to the singing of Mme. Sembrich and M. Caruso, the German creations always play a prominent part in the season. This year Mr. Conried engaged as his principal Wagnerian soprano that superb Croatian, Milka Ternina. She was not a member of the company last year, and it was at that time feared that she would never be heard here again. Her voice was said to be quite beyond repair and her career at its end. But last summer she reappeared on the Continental stage, singing *Sieglinde* in "Die Walküre" magnificently at Munich. Mr. Conried had already been informed as to her condition and had engaged her. Her host of admirers has been plunged into grief by the announcement that she is again physically unfit to sing.

Photograph by Frank Bangs, New York.

RICCARDO STRACCIARI.
Metropolitan Opera Company.

Another dramatic soprano who is numbered among the Wagnerian forces is Katharina Fleischer-Edel, but like Mme. Ternina she can sing in other languages. This soprano has found the pathway up the musical Parnassus quite smooth for her feet. Her career has been one of comfort and continued success. She was born in Mühlheim, never mind when, and studied at the Cologne Conservatory, which was near her home. A guess may be made at her age by those who regard such matters as important, from the fact that she made her début ten years ago, singing *Hänsel* in Humperdinck's fairy opera "Hänsel und Gretel" at the Dresden Opera. At that time the young singer was expected to become a sort of Fritzi Scheff, but she developed into a dramatic singer. She had a prima donna's quarrel with the management of the Dresden Opera and for several days was at liberty. She was then engaged by Pollini, the manager of the Hamburg City Theatre. There she made her first appearance as *Agathe* in "Der Freischütz." Hamburg is a musical city of high importance in Germany, and a leading soprano there has plenty of opportunity to win distinction. Mme. Fleischer-Edel sang *Elsa*, *Elizabeth*, *Eva*, *Pamina*, and other rôles, and also she appended the Fleischer addition to her title by becoming the wife of an engineer of that name. She is noted in Germany as a Mozart singer and she has also sung *Marguerite* in Berlioz's "La Damnation de Faust" in the original French and in Paris. This was certainly a daring undertaking. She has been heard in Munich, Berlin, and Vienna.

Mme. Kirkby-Lunn, another of Mr. Conried's new singers, is by no means unknown in this country. She has frequently been heard here in concert, and a little more than a year ago she was the *Kundry* in Savage's production of "Parsifal" in English. Mme. Kirkby-Lunn is an Englishwoman and the wife of a distinguished English teacher of singing. She is well known in Great Britain as an oratorio singer, and she has also, of course, sung in London in opera. She belongs to the contralto department of the opera, though she is capable of singing soprano rôles that do not call for a high range of voice.

Mr. Conried has for two or three years been searching for a tenor to take the place of Jean de Reszke in the French rôles, such as *Faust* and *Romeo*. He thought he had solved the problem when he induced Albert Saleza to return to America. But Mr. Saleza had a repetition of former unhappy experiences. His voice could not endure our climate. He was again obliged to abandon his work here and seek rest and recuperation in France. Now Mr. Conried believes that he has once

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Photo. by Peignè, Paris.

SOUBEYRAN.
Metropolitan.

Photo. by Mishkin, N. Y.

PINKERT.
Manhattan.

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ROUSSELIÈRE.
Metropolitan.

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KIRKBY-LUNN.
Metropolitan.

Photo. by Hyatt, Rome.

BONCI.
Manhattan.

more found this operatic missing link in the person of Charles Rousselière. He is a young man, born of poor parents, as so many singers have been, who for a long time was a hard-working mechanic. One day he found that he had a marketable tenor voice and then the world was his. Fortunately for him, poverty was no obstacle, for the doors of the Paris Conservatoire are open to any son of France possessed of talent. M. Rousselière is young and has a good figure, though not a handsome face. He has that skill in stage movement that is so rarely wanting in the graduates of the Conservatoire. He has a certain grace and elegance of manner, and naturally these are found also in his singing. M. Rousselière sang *Canio* in "Pagliacci" in Paris after Jean de Reszke had sung it, and nevertheless the younger singer was successful. He sang *Romeo* in Paris, and the French capital liked him. But those who observe the march of musical events in this country know that the verdicts of Paris are frequently reversed here, for the plain reason that Paris has a vicious fondness for certain vocal sins that are intensely unpopular in America. It is therefore all the more to the credit of M. Rousselière that he has found favor with New York audiences. As for the successor of Jean de Reszke, that is another matter. M. Rousselière's *Romeo* is excellent enough to stand on its merits without comparisons. It has the charm of sincerity and the attraction of a poetic style of singing. It is long since the New York public has heard the sensuous love music of Gounod given forth with such warmth.

The other important new tenor of Mr. Conried's opera company is Carl Burrian. This gentleman belongs to what is conveniently termed the German contingent of the operatic army. He is so young that he has not even found his way yet into that exhaustive record of everything musical in Germany, "Das Goldenes Buch der Musik." He is a Bohemian by birth, but his fame is wholly German. He made his first success in Budapest and immediately went to the Dresden Opera, where he became a great favorite. He sings several rôles in French, German, and Italian, but naturally in New York he will take his place as one of the interpreters of Wagner. He made his début as *Tannhäuser* and pleased a large audience. He is not a handsome man. Few German tenors are, and furthermore Nature seldom gifts them with willowy shapes. But Burrian is a capital actor and he has a delightful manliness in his style of singing. His voice is a true tenor, but it has the hard metallic quality so common among the Teutonic warblers. Mr. Burrian sometimes sings wonderfully off the key, but this is expected to be thoroughly in keeping with one of his famous rôles, *Herod* in Strauss's "Salome." He was the original of this part when the opera was produced in Dresden, and the composer was quite carried away with his interpretation.

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MILKA TERNINA.
Metropolitan Opera Company.

Riccardo Stracciari is the name of an Italian barytone imported by Mr. Conried for this season. He made his début at the first matinée of the series as *Germont* in "La Traviata." He has an excellent presence and a musical voice, but his manner of singing

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belongs to a period that public taste has quite outlived. It is really puzzling to know why impresarios continue to engage singers of the tremolo school. No one likes to hear them.

It is said that when Oscar Hammerstein was preparing to launch himself upon the stormy waters of opera he invited a council of his friends to offer him advice. With one accord they said, "Either shoot Caruso or get him away from Conried." Mr. Hammerstein, thus suspended between crime and impossibility, laid his finger beside his nose and said, "Melba." Perchance it would have cost him less to get Caruso out of the Conriedian fold, for Melba is officially declared to be the highest-priced singer on the lyric stage just now. She asserts that only Patti was ever paid more than she is. Important as this fact may be, it is still more interesting to lovers of singing to know that her voice, one of the most beautiful that the world has ever heard, has come back to its best estate. She sang last summer in London in such a way that the critics were captivated by the ravishing beauty of her tones. It is good to have her back, but a pity that she is not here for a longer stay.

Photograph by Reutlinger, Paris.

LINA CAVALLIERI.
Metropolitan Opera Company.

It is worthy of note that Mr. Hammerstein's company contains comparatively few European celebrities. It appears to have been the policy of this manager to bring to New York singers who have not glittered in Paris and London, but who have earned substantial favor in Italy or other lands. His notion seemed to be that if unknown to America, they would have better opportunity of earning approval than if they came with cumbrous European reputations, which they might be unable to justify in the minds of New Yorkers. So many distinguished European artists have failed here that Mr. Hammerstein had ample ground for his point of view.

Among the singers whom he brought over with the hope that they would earn a reputation here is Regina Pinkert, a Polish coloratura soprano. Mme. Pinkert has made her career almost wholly in Italy, and in the cafés of Rome her name is quite familiar. Mr. Conried had her under consideration two years ago, but passed her by. Mr. Hammerstein had to have a coloratura singer for general purposes, because Melba was to come for only ten performances. So he engaged "The Pinkert," as they call her in Italy. She is an experienced artist. She has served more than an apprenticeship in her calling. She deserves and receives honorable consideration. Her coloratura singing has found favor. But it is a pity that she did not come sooner. She might have made her way to a position of command, but now perhaps it is too late.

Rumors of Pauline Donalda, a Canadian soprano, have floated across the sea often enough to arouse some curiosity in the minds of those who keep track of musical doings. For two years Miss Donalda has sung at Covent Garden in London. She is young and attractive and is said to be a sort of protégée of Melba. She is at the beginning of her career and may in time become a leading light. Her voice is very pretty and she is a charming *Marguerite*.

Lina Paccary is one of the most experienced members of Mr. Hammerstein's organization. She is a Frenchwoman, and has received all her training in the Gallic capital, where the public loves a manner of singing not always enjoyed here. Mme. Paccary was for some years a member of the company of the Opéra Comique. She was subsequently transferred to the Grand Opéra, where she has been one of the serviceable sopranos of the regular season. She has never sung in New York till this winter, and it is safe to predict that she will continue to be most

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useful in Paris. She is a thoroughly trained *routiniere*, but New York demands stars of the first magnitude.

Nothing could be more interesting than the story of Eleanore de Cisneros, one of the contraltos of Mr. Hammerstein's company. She is one of the few women who have had the wisdom to map out a career for themselves and resolutely follow it till they attained success. Mme. de Cisneros is a Brooklyn woman and her maiden name was Eleanor Broadfoot. She studied her art in this country and sang in a choir in the City of Churches for a short time. But her friends believed that she was destined for the operatic stage, and through their efforts she finally succeeded in getting an engagement to sing small parts at the Metropolitan Opera House under the management of Maurice Grau. In the season of 1899–1900 she was observed in the company of Suzanne Adams and Rosa Olitzka as one of the genii in Mozart's opera, "Il Flauto Magico." Once she sang *Amneris* in "Aida" in Philadelphia. But she suddenly disappeared and the places that had known her knew her no more. After a time American newspapers began to contain notices of a new contralto, Eleanore de Cisneros. Then some of the habitual writers on musical topics received letters informing them that this was their former acquaintance, Miss Broadfoot.

She had become the wife of a Cuban gentleman and had gone abroad to make for herself a career. She had wisely decided that there was no hope for her to rise at the Metropolitan. The public would not tolerate any experiments with minor singers. Only stars of established reputation could be permitted to sing to the fastidious New Yorkers. Mme. de Cisneros sailed for the port of fame by a route seldom taken by American singers in these days. The usual route is by way of the Paris opera, as traveled by Emma Eames, Sibyl Sanderson, and numerous others, or through Germany, as traveled by Olive Fremstad, Edyth Walker, and many more. Mme. de Cisneros took the Italian route.

She has said often that there was far greater opportunity for a young singer in the Italian career than in any other. At any rate she seems to have proved this in her own case. For in six years from an unknown singer of small parts she has risen to such prominence that she is accepted in Italy, Austria, and England in leading rôles. She has been a star in Milan, Rome, Madrid, Vienna, and London. She has improved in appearance and action. Whereas she used to be an ungainly and awkward young woman, she is now a singer with the bearing of authority and the art of making herself attractive to the eye. She has naturally long desired to return to America and particularly to New York, where she used to walk on and off the stage always in company with others and sing such small parts that she hardly was mentioned in the papers. She has conquered huge difficulties and probably she is now enjoying the fruits of her arduous struggle.

Another contralto of Mr. Hammerstein's force is Mme. Bressier-Gianoli. Although a stranger to the opera-going public of New York, she had sung in this city before her début as a member of the Manhattan company and had attracted the notice of those whose profession it is to watch the progress of musical events. On March 15, 1904, Mme. Bressier-Gianoli sang *Carmen* at the Casino. This singular incident demands explanation. At that time this contralto was a member of a French opera company, brought here from New Orleans by an adventurous manager. Some of the singers were really members of the New Orleans regular company and Mme. Bressier-Gianoli was one of these. Her *Carmen* excited some comment because of its bold realism, its elemental force, and complete freedom from artificial polish. It was a *Carmen* of the cigarette factory, not a romantic Gipsy of Prosper Merimée poesy that she gave us. Her voice was powerful and she generally sang in tune, but she had the vicious tremolo that is so common among French singers.

Alessandro Bonci, Mr. Hammerstein's principal tenor, is to-day the most famous Italian singer in the world with the solitary exception of his great rival, Enrico Caruso. Bonci is young and has a pleasant face, but unfortunately his stature is exceedingly small. However, no one remembers that when listening to his singing. In Europe he is regarded as the first exponent of the beautiful and finished vocal art, but it is generally conceded that his voice has not the power of Caruso's. His history is interesting. His family has for years been engaged in the book and picture business near the grotto of Loretto in Italy. The men of the family have always sung in the church. Once upon a time Pietro Mascagni, the composer of "Cavalleria Rusticana," was visiting Loretto and he heard young Bonci sing. Mascagni was at that time director of the conservatory

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at Pesaro, the birthplace of Rossini, and he haled Bonci away to sing for Pedrotti, the head of his vocal department.

Bonci walked ten miles a day from his uncle's home to get his lessons. His only teacher was Felice Coen, to whom he says he owes everything. His first appearance was made in 1896 at Parma as *Fenton* in Verdi's "Falstaff." His success there opened for him the doors of La Scala at Milan, the heaven of all Italian opera singers. He sang several rôles there, and in Leghorn had his first innings with "Faust." In Milan shortly afterward he appeared in Bellini's "I Puritani."

So great a success did he achieve in this opera that he now makes it a clause in his contracts that he is to sing first in it in every engagement. That explains why this gloomy old opera was selected for the opening night of Mr. Hammerstein's season. In 1901 Bonci's fame outside of Italy began when he went to Berlin and sang with Mme. Sembrich in "I Puritani," "La Traviata," and "Faust." He was then engaged to sing in Vienna and later in St. Petersburg, and his visits to German cities are now frequent. He is also a tremendous favorite in South America. He is a purely lyric tenor. His voice does not admit of his undertaking any of the heroic rôles, but he sings with fervor and passion and with exquisite grace of style.

Charles Dalmores, the French tenor of Mr. Hammerstein's forces, came to America from the famous Théâtre de la Monnaie of Brussels. Usually singers come here from three places, La Scala at Milan, Paris, or any place you like in Germany. But French art reigns in Brussels, and the reputation of the operatic performances there is high in Europe. Mr. Dalmores is a Frenchman and learned his art in Paris. He was to have gone this year to the Royal Opera at Oporto, but Mr. Hammerstein desired his services sufficiently to buy his release at a large figure.

Maurice Renaud, the distinguished French barytone, is one of the most expensive of Mr. Hammerstein's importations.

Renaud is a graduate of the Paris Conservatory, but his achievements at that institution did not bring him the usual engagement at the Grand Opéra or the Opéra Comique. He went to Brussels to sing at the Monnaie, making his début in 1883 as the priest in Reyer's opera "Sigurd." He continued to sing at the Monnaie till 1890 and then he went to the Opéra Comique in Paris. The next season opened to him the doors of the Grand Opéra and he sang there *Nelusko* in Meyerbeer's "L'Africaine." He remained at the Grand Opéra five years, but in recent seasons his greatest successes have been in Italy. M. Renaud is notable for his Wagnerian impersonations in French. He sang the leading barytone rôles in the first performances of some of Wagner's music dramas in Paris and was warmly praised by Wagnerian commentators from England and Germany.

Mario Ancona, another barytone of Mr. Hammerstein's company, is an old acquaintance. He was a member of Maurice Grau's company at the Metropolitan Opera House ten years ago, when Vittorio Arimondi, one of Mr. Hammerstein's basses, was also here. Arimondi is now regarded as the first of Italian basses and he has an extraordinarily wide range of rôles, extending all the way from the low comedy part of *Don Pasquale* to the tragic one of *King Mark* in Wagner's "Tristan und Isolde." Arturo Sammarco, a young Italian barytone, will take Renaud's place when that singer's engagement ends. He is quite unknown to Americans, but he has sung in London with great success.

Ancona and Arimondi made their reappearance in the opening performance of "I Puritani." M. Ancona left America a singer of erratic style and method. He returns an artist. He now sings with a delightful quality of voice, with smooth and round tone, and with good phrasing. His success has been great, and it is altogether unlikely that he will again be absent from America for so long a period. M. Arimondi, though heard in a rôle of no great importance, fully sustained his reputation. He has an imposing presence and his voice is commensurate with his body.

These are the leading singers brought to us by Mr. Hammerstein. The manager swept Europe with a telescope and these were the best stars he could find. But we must always remember that some of the most admirable singers in Europe cannot be secured for this country because of their engagements at home. Both impresarios, for example, would like to have M. Delmas, the noted bass of the Paris Grand Opéra, but that house will release him only in its off season, which coincides with ours. This state of affairs is found in many other instances. It is therefore to the credit of the two local managers that they have succeeded in bringing to this country so fine an array of lyric artists.

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BEFORE ADAM

By JACK LONDON

Author of "The Call of the Wild," "The Sea Wolf," etc.

CHAPTER XVI (*Continued*)

THERE is no telling how long we might have lived in the Swift One's tree-shelter. But one day, while we were away, the tree was struck by lightning. Great limbs were riven, and the nest was demolished. I started to rebuild, but the Swift One would have nothing to do with it. She was greatly afraid of lightning, and I could not persuade her back into the tree. So it came about that, our honeymoon over, we went to the caves to live. As Lop-Ear had evicted me from the cave when he got married, I now evicted him; and the Swift One and I settled down in it, while he slept at night in the connecting passage of the double cave.

And with our coming to live with the horde came trouble. Red-Eye had had I don't know how many wives since the Singing One, who had gone the way of her predecessors. At that time he had a little, soft, spiritless thing that whimpered and wept all the time, whether he beat her or not; and her passing was a question of very little time. Even before she died, Red-Eye set his eyes on the Swift One; and immediately afterward, the persecution of the Swift One began.

Well for her that she was the Swift One, that she had that amazing aptitude for swift flight through the trees. She needed all her wisdom and daring in order to keep out of the clutches of Red-Eye.

To make the situation worse, she fell ill. It must have been a touch of the malaria from which we sometimes suffered; but whatever it was, it made her dull and heavy. She did not have the accustomed spring to her muscles, and was indeed in poor shape for flight when Red-Eye cornered her near the lair of the wild dogs several miles south of the caves. In her normal condition, she would have circled around him, beaten him in the straightaway, and gained the protection of our small-mouthed cave. But this time she could not circle him. She was too dull and slow. Each time he headed her off, until she gave over the attempt and devoted her energies wholly to keeping out of his clutches.

Had she not been sick it would have been child's play for her to elude him; but as it was, it required all her caution and cunning. It was to her advantage that she could travel on thinner branches than he, and make wider leaps. Also, she was an unerring judge of distance, and she had an instinct for knowing the strength of twigs, branches, and rotten limbs.

It was an interminable chase. Round and round and back and forth for long stretches through the forest they dashed. There was great excitement among the other Folk. They set up a wild chattering, which was loudest when Red-Eye was at a distance, and which quieted when the chase led him near. They were impotent onlookers. The females screeched and gibbered, and the males beat their chests in helpless rage. Big-Face was especially angry, and he did not hush his racket so much as the others did.

As for me, I played no brave part. I know I was anything but a hero. But of what use would it have been for me to en-

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counter Red-Eye? He was the mighty monster, the primitive brute, and there was no hope for me in a conflict of strength. He would have killed me, torn me limb from limb, and the situation would have remained unchanged. He would have caught the Swift One before she could gain the cave. As it was, I could only look on in helpless fury, and dodge out of the way and cease my raging when he came too near.

The hours passed. It was late afternoon. And still the chase went on. Red-Eye was bent upon exhausting the Swift One. After a long time she began to tire and could no longer maintain her headlong flight. Then it was that she began going far out on the thinnest branches, where he could not follow. Thus she might have got a breathing-spell, but Red-Eye was fiendish. Unable to follow her, he dislodged her by shaking her off. With all his strength and weight, he would shake the branch back and forth until he snapped her off as one would snap a fly from a whip-lash. The first time, she saved herself by falling into branches lower down. Another time, though they did not save her from striking the ground, they broke her fall. Still another time, so fiercely did he snap her from the branch that she was flung clear across a gap into another tree. It was remarkable, the way she gripped and saved herself. Only when driven to it did she seek the temporary safety of the thin branches. But she was so tired that she could not otherwise avoid him, and time after time she was compelled to take to them.

Still the chase went on, and still the Folk screeched, beat their chests, and gnashed their teeth. Then came the end. It was almost twilight. Trembling, panting, struggling for breath, the Swift One clung pitiably to a high, thin branch. It was thirty feet from the ground, and nothing intervened. Red-Eye swung back and forth on the same branch farther down. It became a pendulum, swinging wider and wider with every lunge. Then he reversed suddenly, just before the downward swing was completed. The Swift One's grips were torn loose, and, screaming, she was hurled toward the ground.

But she righted herself in mid-air and descended feet first. Ordinarily, the spring in her legs would have eased the shock of impact with the ground. But she was exhausted. She could not exercise this spring. Her legs gave under her, having only partly met the shock, and she crashed over on her side. This, as it turned out, did not injure her, but it did knock the breath from her lungs. She lay helpless and struggling for air.

Red-Eye rushed upon her and seized her. With his gnarly fingers twisted into the hair of her head, he stood up and roared in triumph and defiance at the awed Folk that watched from the trees. Then it was that I went mad. Caution was thrown to the winds; forgotten was the will of my flesh to live. Even as Red-Eye roared, from behind I dashed upon him. So unexpected was my charge that I knocked him off his feet. I twined my arms and legs around him and strove to hold him down. This would have been impossible to accomplish had he not held tightly with one hand to the Swift One's hair.

Encouraged by my conduct, Big-Face became a sudden ally. He charged in, sank his teeth in Red-Eye's arm, and ripped and tore at his face. This was the time for the rest of the Folk to have joined in. It was the chance to do for Red-Eye for all time. But they remained afraid in the trees.

It was inevitable that Red-Eye should win in the struggle against the two of us. The reason he did not finish us off immediately was that the Swift One clogged his movements. She had regained her breath and was beginning to resist. He would not release his clutch on her hair, and this handicapped him. He got a grip on my arm. It was the beginning of the end for me. He began to draw me toward him into a position where he could sink his teeth into my throat. His mouth was open, and he was grinning. And yet, though he had just begun to exert his strength, in that moment he wrenched my shoulder so that I suffered from it for the remainder of my life.

And in that moment something happened. There was no warning. A great body smashed down upon the four of us locked together. We were driven violently apart and rolled over and over, and in the suddenness of surprise we released our holds on one another. At the moment of the shock Big-Face screamed terribly. I did not know what had happened, though I smelled tiger and caught a glimpse of striped fur as I sprang for a tree.

It was old Saber-Tooth. Aroused in his lair by the noise we had made, he had crept upon us unnoticed. The Swift One gained the next tree to mine, and I immediately

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joined her. I put my arms around her and held her close to me while she whimpered and cried softly. From the ground came a snarling and crunching of bones. It was Saber-Tooth making his supper off what had been Big-Face. From beyond, with inflamed rims and eyes, Red-Eye peered down. Here was a monster mightier than he. The Swift One and I turned and went away quietly through the trees toward the cave, while the Folk gathered overhead and showered down abuse and twigs and branches upon their ancient enemy. He lashed his tail and snarled, but went on eating.

And in such fashion were we saved. It was an accident, the sheerest accident. Else would I have died, there in Red-Eye's clutch, and there would have been no bridging of a thousand centuries down to a progeny that reads newspapers and rides on electric cars —aye, and that writes narratives of bygone happenings even as this is written.

CHAPTER XVII

It was in the early fall of the following year that it happened. After his failure to get the Swift One, Red-Eye had taken another wife; and, strange to relate, she was still alive. Stranger still, they had a baby several months old—Red-Eye's first child. His previous wives had never lived long enough to bear him children. The year had gone well for all of us. The weather had been exceptionally mild and food plentiful. I remember especially the turnips of that year. The nut-crop was also very heavy, and the wild plums were larger and sweeter than usual.

In short, it was a golden year. And then it happened. It was in the early morning, and we were surprised in our caves. In the chill gray light we awoke from sleep, most of us to encounter death. The Swift One and I were aroused by a pandemonium of screeching and gibbering. Our cave was the highest of all on the cliff, and we crept to the mouth and peered down. The open space was filled with the Fire People. Their cries and yells were added to the clamor, but they had order and plan, while we Folk had none. Each one of us fought and acted for himself, and no one of us knew the extent of the calamity that was befalling us.

By the time we got to stone-throwing, the Fire People had massed thick at the base of the cliff. Our first volley must have mashed some heads, for when they swerved back from the cliff three of their number were left upon the ground. These were struggling and floundering, and one was trying to crawl away. But we fixed them. By this time we males were roaring with rage, and we rained rocks upon the three men that were down. Several of the Fire-Men returned to drag them into safety, but our rocks drove the rescuers back.

The Fire People became enraged. Also they became cautious. In spite of their angry yells, they kept at a distance and sent flights of arrows against us. This put an end to the rock-throwing. By the time half a dozen of us had been killed and a score injured, the rest of us retreated inside our caves. While the Swift One remained well within the cave, trembling with fear and making low wailing sounds because I would not come in, I crouched at the entrance and watched. I was not out of range, but the distance was great enough to spoil effective shooting, and the Fire People did not waste many arrows on me. And I was curious. I wanted to see.

The fighting had now become intermittent. It was a sort of deadlock. We were in the caves, and the question with the Fire People was how to get us out. They did not dare come in after us, and in general we would not expose ourselves to their arrows. Occasionally, when one of them drew in close to the base of the cliff, one or another of the Folk would smash a rock down. In return, he would be transfixed by half a dozen arrows. This ruse worked well for some time, but finally the Folk no longer were inveigled into showing themselves. The deadlock was complete.

Behind the Fire People I could see the little wizened old hunter directing it all. They obeyed him, and went here and there at his commands. Some of them went into the forest and returned with loads of dry wood, leaves, and grass. All the Fire People drew in closer. While most of them stood by with bows and arrows, ready to shoot any of the Folk that exposed themselves, several of the Fire-Men heaped the dry grass and wood at the mouths of the lower tier of caves. Out of these heaps they conjured the monster we feared—*FIRE*. At first wisps of smoke arose and curled up the cliff. Then I could see the red-tongued flames darting in and out through the wood like tiny snakes.

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The smoke grew thicker and thicker, at times shrouding the whole face of the cliff. But I was high up and it did not bother me much, though it stung my eyes, and I rubbed them with my knuckles.

Old Marrow-Bone was the first to be smoked out. A light fan of air drifted the smoke away at the time so that I saw clearly. He broke out through the smoke, stepping on a burning coal and screaming with the sudden hurt of it, and essayed to climb up the cliff. The arrows showered about him. He came to a pause on a ledge, clutching a knob of rock for support, gasping and sneezing and shaking his head. He swayed back and forth. The feathered ends of a dozen arrows were sticking out of him. He was an old man, but he did not want to die. He swayed wider and wider, his knees giving under him, and as he swayed he wailed most plaintively. His hand released its grip and he lurched outward to the fall. His old bones must have been sadly broken. He groaned and strove feebly to rise, but a Fire-Man rushed in upon him and brained him with a club.

And as it happened with Marrow-Bone, so it happened with many of the Folk. Unable to endure the smoke-suffocation, they rushed out to fall beneath the arrows. Some of the women and children remained in the caves to strangle, but the majority met death outside.

When the Fire-Men had in this fashion cleared the first tier of caves, they began making arrangements to duplicate the operation on the second tier. It was while they were climbing up with their grass and wood that Red-Eye, followed by his wife with the baby holding to her tightly, made a successful flight up the cliff. The Fire-Men must have concluded that in the interval between the smoking-out operations we would remain in our caves; so that they were unprepared, and their arrows did not begin to fly till Red-Eye and his wife were well up the wall. When he reached the top, he turned about and glared down at them, roaring and beating his chest. They arched their arrows at him, and though he was untouched he fled on.

I watched a third tier smoked out, and a fourth. A few of the Folk escaped up the cliff, but most of them were shot off the face of it as they strove to climb. I remember Long-Lip. He got as far as my ledge, crying piteously, an arrow clear through his chest, the feathered shaft sticking out behind, the bone head sticking out before, shot through the back as he climbed. He sank down on my ledge, bleeding profusely at the mouth.

It was about this time that the upper tiers seemed to empty themselves spontaneously. Nearly all the Folk not yet smoked out stampeded up the cliff at the same time. This was the saving of many. The Fire People could not shoot arrows fast enough. They filled the air with them, and scores of the stricken Folk came tumbling down; but still there were a few who reached the top and got away.

The impulse of flight was now stronger in me than curiosity. The arrows had ceased flying. The last of the Folk seemed gone, though there may have been a few still hiding in the upper caves. The Swift One and I started to make a scramble for the cliff-top. At sight of us a great cry went up from the Fire People. This was not caused by me, but by the Swift One. They were chattering excitedly and pointing her out to one another. They did not try to shoot her. Not an arrow was discharged. They began calling softly and coaxingly. I stopped and looked down. She was afraid, and whimpered and urged me on. So we went up over the top and plunged into the trees.

This event has often caused me to wonder and speculate. If she were really of their kind, she must have been lost from them at a time when she was too young to remember, else she would not have been afraid of them. On the other hand, it may well have been that though she was of their kind, she had never been lost from them; that she had been born in the wild forest far from their haunts, her father maybe a renegade Fire-Man, her mother perhaps one of my own kind, one of the Folk. But who shall say? These things are beyond me, and the Swift One knew no more about them than I did.

We lived through a day of terror. Most of the survivors fled toward the blueberry-swamp and took refuge in the forest in that neighborhood. And all day hunting parties of the Fire People ranged the forest, killing us wherever they found us. It must have been a deliberately executed plan. Increasing beyond the limits of their own territory, they had decided on making a conquest of ours. Sorry the conquest! We had no chance against them. It was slaughter, indiscriminate slaughter, for they were merciless, killing old and young, effectively ridding the land of our presence.

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It was like the end of the world to us. We fled to the trees as a last refuge, only to be surrounded and killed, family by family. Inevitably, we saw much of this during that day, and, besides, I wanted to see. The Swift One and I never remained long in one tree, and so escaped being surrounded. But there seemed no place to go. The Fire-Men were everywhere, bent on their task of extermination. Every way we turned we encountered them.

I did not see what became of my mother, but I did see the Chatterer shot down out of the old home-tree. And I am afraid that at the sight I did a bit of joyous teetering. Before I leave this portion of my narrative, I must tell of Red-Eye. He was caught with his wife in a tree down by the blueberry-swamp. The Swift One and I stopped long enough in our flight to see. The Fire-Men were too intent upon their work to notice us, and, furthermore, we were well screened by the thicket in which we crouched.

Fully a score of the hunters were under the tree, discharging arrows into it. They always picked up their arrows when they fell back to earth. I could not see Red-Eye, but I could hear him howling from somewhere in the tree. After a short interval his howling grew muffled. He must have crawled into a hollow in the trunk. But his wife did not win this shelter. An arrow brought her to the ground. Evidently she was severely hurt, for she made no effort to get away. She crouched in a sheltering way over her baby (which clung tightly to her), and made pleading signs and sounds to the Fire-Men. They gathered about her and laughed at her —even as Lop-Ear and I had laughed at the old Tree-Man. And even as we had poked him with twigs and sticks, so did the Fire-Men with Red-Eye's wife. They poked her with the ends of their bows, and prodded her in the ribs. But she was poor fun. She would not fight. Nor, for that matter, would she get angry. She continued to crouch over her baby and to plead. One of the Fire-Men stepped close to her. In his hand was a club. She saw and understood, but she made only the pleading sounds until the blow fell.

Red-Eye, in the hollow of the trunk, was safe from their arrows. They stood together and debated for a while; then one of them climbed into the tree. What happened up there I could not tell, but I heard him yell and saw the excitement of those that remained beneath. After several minutes his body crashed down to the ground. He did not move. They looked at him and raised his head, but it fell back limply when they let go. Red-Eye had accounted for himself.

They were very angry. There was an opening into the trunk close to the ground. They gathered wood and grass and built a fire. The Swift One and I, our arms around each other, waited and watched in the thicket. Sometimes they threw upon the fire green branches with many leaves, whereupon the smoke became very thick.

We saw them suddenly swerve back from the tree. They were not quick enough. Red-Eye's flying body landed in the midst of them. He was in a frightful rage, smashing about with his long arms right and left. He pulled the face off one of them, literally pulled it off with those gnarly fingers of his and those tremendous muscles. He bit another through the neck. The Fire-Men fell back with wild, fierce yells, then rushed upon him. He managed to get hold of a club and began crushing heads like egg-shells. He was too much for them, and they were compelled to fall back again. This was his chance, and he turned his back upon them and ran for it, still howling wrathfully. A few arrows sped after him, but he plunged into a thicket and was gone.

The Swift One and I crept quietly away, only to run foul of another party of Fire-Men. They chased us into the blueberry-swamp, but we knew the tree-paths across the farther morasses where they could not follow on the ground, and so we escaped. We came out on the other side into a narrow strip of forest that separated the blueberry-swamp from the great swamp that extended westward. Here we met Lop-Ear. How he had escaped I cannot imagine, unless he had not slept the preceding night at the caves.

Here, in the strip of forest, we might have built tree-shelters and settled down; but the Fire People were performing their work of extermination thoroughly. In the afternoon, Hair-Face and his wife fled out from among the trees to the east, passed us, and were gone. They fled silently and swiftly, with alarm in their faces. In the direction from which they had come we heard the cries and yells of the hunters, and the screeching of some one of the Folk. The Fire People had found their way across the swamp.

The Swift One, Lop-Ear, and I followed on the heels of Hair-Face and his wife. When

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we came to the edge of the great swamp, we stopped. We did not know its paths. It was outside our territory, and it had always been avoided by the Folk. None had ever gone into it—at least, to return. For us it held the mysterious terror of the unknown. As I say, we stopped at the edge of it. We were afraid. The cries of the Fire-Men were drawing nearer. We looked at one another. Hair-Face ran out on the quaking morass and gained the firmer footing of a grass-hummock a dozen yards away. His wife did not follow. She tried to, but shrank back from the treacherous surface and cowered down.

The Swift One did not wait for me, nor did she pause till she had passed beyond Hair-Face a hundred yards and gained a much larger hummock. By the time Lop-Ear and I had caught up with her, the Fire-Men appeared among the trees. Hair-Face's wife, driven by them into panic, dashed after us. But she ran blindly, without caution, and broke through the crust. We turned and watched, and saw them shoot her with arrows as she sank down in the mud. The arrows began falling about us. Hair-Face had now joined us, and the four of us plunged on, we knew not whither, deeper and deeper into the swamp.

CHAPTER XVIII

Of our wanderings in the great swamp I have no clear knowledge. When I strive to remember, I have a riot of unrelated impressions and a loss of time-value. I have no idea of how long we were in that vast everglade, but it must have been for weeks. My memories of what occurred invariably take the form of nightmare. For untold ages, oppressed by protean fear, I am aware of wandering, endlessly wandering, through a dank and soggy wilderness, where poisonous snakes struck at us, and animals roared around us, and the mud quaked under us and sucked at our heels.

Countless times we were turned from our course by streams and lakes and slimy seas. Then there were storms and risings of the water over great areas of the low-lying lands; and there were periods of hunger and misery when we were kept prisoners in the trees for days and days by these transient floods.

Very strong upon me is one picture. Large trees are about us, and from their branches hang gray filaments of moss, while great creepers, like monstrous serpents, curl around the trunks and writhe in tangles through the air. And all about is the mud, soft mud, that bubbles forth gases, and that heaves and sighs with internal agitations. And in the midst of all this are a dozen of us. We are lean and wretched, and our bones show through our tight-stretched skins. We do not sing and chatter and laugh. We play no pranks. For once our volatile and exuberant spirits are hopelessly subdued. We make plaintive, querulous noises, look at one another, and cluster close together.

This event is without connection with the other events in the swamp. How we ever managed to cross it I do not know, but at last we came out where a low range of hills ran down to the bank of the river. It was our river, emerging like ourselves from the great swamp. On the south bank, where the river had broken its way through the hills, we found many sandstone caves. Beyond, toward the west, the ocean boomed on the bar that lay across the river's mouth. And here, in the caves, we settled down in our abiding-place by the sea.

There were not many of us. From time to time, as the days went by, more of the Folk appeared. They dragged themselves from the swamp singly, and in twos and threes, more dead than alive, until at last there were thirty of us. Then no more came from the swamp, and Red-Eye was not among us. It was noticeable that no children had survived the frightful journey.

I shall not tell in detail of the years we lived by the sea. It was not a happy abiding-place. The air was raw and chill, and we suffered continually from coughing and colds. We could not survive in such an environment. True, we had children; but they had little hold on life and died early, while we died faster than new ones were born. Our number steadily diminished.

Besides, the radical change in our diet was not good for us. We got few vegetables and fruits, and became fish-eaters. There were mussels and abalones and clams and rock-oysters and great ocean crabs that were thrown upon the beaches in stormy weather. Also, we found several kinds of seaweed that were good to eat. But the change in diet caused us stomach troubles, and none of us ever waxed fat. We were all lean and dyspeptic-looking. It was in getting the big

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abalones that Lop-Ear was lost. One of them closed upon his fingers at low tide, and then the flood-tide came in and drowned him. We found his body the next day, and it was a lesson to us. Not another one of us was ever caught in the closing shell of an abalone.

And then, one day, the Fire People appeared again. They had come down the river, not on a catamaran, but in a rude dugout. There were three of them that paddled in it, and one of them was the little wizened old hunter. They landed on our beach, and he limped across the sand and examined our caves.

They went away in a few minutes, but the Swift One was badly scared. We were all frightened, but none of us to the extent that she was. She whimpered and cried and was restless all that night. In the morning, by sharp cries, gestures, and example, she started me on our second long flight. There were eight of the Folk (all that was left of the horde) that remained behind in the caves. There was no hope for them. Without doubt, even if the Fire People did not return, they must soon have perished. It was a bad climate down there by the sea. The Folk were not constituted for the coast-dwelling life.

We traveled south, for days skirting the great swamp, but never venturing into it. Once we broke back to the westward, crossing a range of mountains and coming down to the coast. But it was no place for us. There were no trees—only bleak headlands, a thundering surf, and strong winds that seemed never to cease from blowing. We turned back across the mountains, traveling east and south, until we neared the great swamp again.

Soon we gained its southern extremity, and we continued our course south and east. It was a pleasant land. The air was warm, and we were again in the forest. Later on we crossed a low-lying range of hills and found ourselves in an even better forest country. The farther we penetrated from the coast the warmer we found it, and we went on and on until we came to a large river that seemed familiar to the Swift One. It was where she must have come during the four years' absence from the horde. This river we crossed on logs, landing on the other side at the base of a large bluff. High up on the bluff we found our new home—a cave most difficult of access and quite hidden from any eye beneath.

There is little more of my tale to tell. Here the Swift One and I lived and reared our family. And here my memories end. We never made another migration. I never dream beyond our high, inaccessible cave. And here must have been born the child that inherited the stuff of my dreams, that had molded into its being all the impressions of my life—or of the life of Big-Tooth, rather, who is my other-self, and not my real self, but who is so real to me that often I am unable to tell in what age I am living.

I often wonder about this line of descent. I, the modern, am incontestably a man; yet I, Big-Tooth, the primitive, am not a man. Somewhere, and by straight line of descent, these two parties to my dual personality were connected. Were the Folk, before their destruction, in the process of becoming men? And did I and mine carry through this process? On the other hand, may not some descendant of mine have gone in to the Fire People and become one of them? I do not know. There is no way of learning. One thing only is certain, and that is that Big-Tooth did stamp into the cerebral constitution of one of his progeny all the impressions of his life, and stamped them in so indelibly that the hosts of intervening generations have failed to obliterate them.

There is one other thing of which I must speak before I close. It is a dream that I dream often. In point of time the real event must have occurred during the period of my living in the high, inaccessible cave. I remember that I wandered far in the forest toward the east. There I came upon a tribe of Tree People. I crouched in a thicket and watched them at play. They were holding a laughing council, jumping up and down and screeching rude choruses.

Suddenly they hushed their noise and ceased their capering. They shrank down in fear, and quested anxiously about with their eyes for a way of retreat. Then Red-Eye walked in among them. They cowered away from him. All were frightened. But he made no attempt to hurt them. He was one of them. At his heels, on stringy bended legs, supporting herself with knuckles to the ground on either side, walked an old female of the Tree People, his latest wife. He sat down in the midst of the circle. I can see him now, as I write this, scowling, his eyes inflamed, as he peers about him at the circle of the Tree People. He had found his place.

THE END

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THREE RUSSIAN SOLDIER POLICEMEN WERE SITTING ON SOMETHING THAT SQUIRMED AND WRIGGLED.

An Envoy of the Higher Civilization

By RICHARD HENRY LITTLE

War Correspondent with the Russian Army during the recent Russo-Japanese War

Illustrations by Will Crawford

THE first time I met Mr. William Keegan, scout and spy, was under peculiar circumstances. The peculiar circumstances applied to Mr. Keegan only, and consisted of three very large and exceedingly coarse Cossacks who were sitting on his chest. But I am ahead of my story.

I was jogging slowly back to our more or less happy home in Mukden toward the close of a dreary, cold December day. The Russian censor had given me some American papers, the first I had seen for many weeks, and I was reading them as I rode along. I had just finished the fifth fiery attack on the Russian army, and was engrossed in a paragraph that cried deep and everlasting shame on a nation whose people were so addicted to the demon drink that they could do naught, even in war, except carouse and dissipate, while the enemy was knocking at their gates. "The Russians are not civilized," declared the indignant American newspaper. "They are nothing but a brawling, drinking lot of braggarts. In America, where, under a beneficent civilization, manhood has reached its highest development, we should, for a time at least, cease sending missionaries to Africa and the South Seas, and send a few envoys out to the Russian army, that those wretched Russian officers and soldiers may know what a real man looks like, and from him learn self-restraint, calmness, dignity, and decency."

My horse shied and I found myself resting comfortably on his ears. I slid back into the saddle and observed a little group before me in the road. Three Russian soldier policemen were sitting on something that occasion-

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ally squirmed and wriggled. I realized that this something was a man. The man's face was bloody, where one of the policemen had apparently pricked him with a bayonet, and yet in spite of the disfigurement of his countenance there was something American about it.

"Do you speak English?" I asked finally.

"You're on, Bo," replied the prostrate one, and he gave a howl of joy and a squirm that pitched all the soldiers off his chest. They hurriedly scrambled back into position again, and I resumed the conversation.

"You must be an American."

"Right, Bo," said the stranger, "righter'n a rabbit."

I was surprised and also highly pleased. It's dull and lonesome being with a people whose language you do not understand. And here away out in Manchuria, ten thousand miles from home, I had found one of my own countrymen.

"What are you doing down there in the road?" I asked.

"Nothin'; these Cosseks are friends of mine an' they wanted to sit down an' rest, an' me bein' a good fellow, I didn't want 'em to sit in a snow-bank an' catch cold."

"I think you are under arrest," I ventured.

"Shouldn't wonder ef you were more nor less right, Bo," said the new arrival, "but jest take notice that it takes the whole police force to get Bill Keegan to the calaboose."

"I fear, Mr. Keegan," I remarked, "that you have been disturbing the peace and quiet of the Russian army. Nobody is privileged to do that except the small, brown gentlemen of Japan."

"Quit your kiddin', Bo," interrupted Mr. Keegan. "I didn't do nothin' but a little roughhousin' in a vodkee shop. Say, do you think I'm stuck on havin' these Ruskies sittin' on my stomach?"

I observed that the situation did not seem entirely delightful.

"WHY, GENTS, I AM BILL KEEGAN."

"Git 'em off, then," put in Mr. Keegan, in a peevish voice. "You knock one of 'em over the head an' I'll lay out the other two."

I demurred. I explained to Mr. Keegan that under the rules and regulations of the Russian army for the government and control of war correspondents in the field, I was not permitted to knock the army over the head.

"Fer the love of heaven," groaned Mr. Keegan, "git me out o' this. I'm froze stiff and I'm layin' on a brick, and these Cosseks are awful heavy."

The pathetic appeal touched my heart. I put spurs into my faithful steed and galloped down to the house of the provost, the chief of the military police of Mukden. He was a friend of mine and a good fellow, and he returned with me to where Mr. Keegan was still acting as a patent adjustable folding bed for tired Cossacks. The chief of police bade the Cossacks lift Mr. Keegan to an upright position, while he questioned him.

"And you are who it is?" he asked.

"Hello, chief," said Mr. Keegan affably and in a manner indicating that he had communicated with chiefs of police before. "Howdy? Shake."

They shook hands solemnly, and then Mr. Keegan said, "Don't you know me?" Both the chief and I shook our heads.

The prisoner looked surprised. "Why, gents," he said impressively, "I am Bill Keegan, scout and spy."

A visible effect was immediately produced, but hardly the one that Mr. Keegan was looking for. "Spy" is not precisely the word for a stranger to conjure with in an army. The chief of police bristled like a porcupine. He grew white and rigid.

"Spy, spy!" he shouted. "Ha, ha, a spy, a spy!" he yelled in Russian, and, together with the soldiers, sprang upon the astonished Mr. Keegan and, hurling him again to the frozen ground, seated himself with the Cossacks upon the self-proclaimed spy's prostrate form.

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"Don't think you helped much, Bo," said the stifled voice of Mr. Keegan in reproachful tones to me. "This big fat copper weighs more than the whole bunch put together an' he's sitting on my face."

I hurriedly explained to the provost that Mr. Keegan was an American, that he came from the western part of our great and glorious country, that he had been a scout and spy against the fierce red Indians, and was not in the employ of the Japanese. I did not know all this, but I imagined from Mr. Keegan's speech and manner that it was at least partially true. I was corroborated by Mr. Keegan's saying, in sad, muffled tones, "Right you are, Bo, right."

I finally calmed the excited provost, and Mr. Keegan was again suffered to rise. He dug deep down in his pockets and brought up from each one a handful of hundred-ruble notes while the provost and the soldiers glared at him greedily. At last he found what he had been seeking, a letter written in Russian, which he gave to the chief of police.

"There, mister man," he said in a patronizing tone, "glue your lamps on the billy-doo."

The provost looked puzzled. "Is it him the English speaking?" he asked.

"Read the document, Excellency," I translated. "He is talking American."

The provost read the letter and looked at Mr. Keegan with a kinder glance.

"That love-letter," explained Mr. Keegan to me, "is from the Ruskie high guy down at Tientsin. He's my meal-ticket. I've got a job buying steers for the Ruskie army. How about it, Bo?" he asked pleasantly of the provost.

The provost looked shocked. "Bo," I hastily interrupted, "is American for 'Excellency.'" The provost grew cordial once more.

"It ees most satisfactoree," he said. "This, the lettair, is from the Russian militaire agent at Tientsin. I now understand. But tomorrow I would the longer talk with your friend and him accompany to mon ghenerale."

"Sure, Mike," said Mr. Keegan, "but I'm all in now, an' ef you hain't no objections it's me with my friend here. He wants me to go with him to his house and stable there."

I had not extended any such invitation to Mr. Keegan, but I hastened to do so at once. So we shook hands with the provost, and I promised to be responsible for Mr. Keegan and bring him over to the police station in the morning.

"Good-by, Bo," said Mr. Keegan to the provost pleasantly. "No hard feelings. You done your duty. See you to-morrow. By-by." And Mr. Keegan and I went our way, leaving the provost and his policemen standing in the road gazing in a dazed manner after us. As my new-found countryman and myself walked along I tried to find out as much as I could about him. It's never a comfortable thing to be caught harboring a spy. And in war every stranger is a spy until he proves himself otherwise. As far as appearance went Mr. Keegan looked well enough, barring the blood on his face and the exceedingly disheveled condition of his clothes. He was a straight, tall man, probably close to fifty years old, slim and wiry, and with a clean-shaven, keen, hawk-like face.

"What's the trouble, Bo?" asked Mr. Keegan affably; "don't you think I'm on the square?"

"Oh, probably," I answered, "but permit me to remind you, Mr. Keegan——"

"Cut out the mister, Bo, cut it out. Jest plain, every-day Bill Keegan, that's me. Bill Keegan, scout and spy."

"I wouldn't pull out the full organ-stop on that 'spy' part of it, Bill, if I were you," I remonstrated gently. "You never can tell around this army when you're going to meet some one that talks English."

By this time we had reached the house occupied as a mess by four of us correspondents with the Russian army. I felt a little hesitancy about introducing Mr. Keegan. I was the only American in the mess. One of the other correspondents was an English lord, another was a German baron, and the third was a French citizen, who fussed around more over the "citizen" part than either the Englishman or the German did over his titles. Besides that, I remembered with a sudden shock as I came in sight of the house that we were to have three Russian officers at dinner that night, one of them a Circassian prince. I looked around at Keegan doubtfully.

"There's three Russian officers in the house, Bill, and—and——"

"Don't you worry about Bill Keegan, Bo; them Cosseks got my gun, but ef you jest lend me yourn I'll take care o' myself all right, all right."

"Mr. Keegan," I remonstrated, "it is plain to me that you misunderstand the nature of my remark. It will not be necessary for you to arm yourself. The officers are gentlemen and will not attack you. This is

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"I'D JEST GONE AND KILLED WHOLE TRIBE. JEST LIKE ME, AWFUL CARELESS ABOUT THOSE THINGS."

merely a little dinner here to-night, and I do not expect an outbreak of hostilities unless you——"

'Say, Bo, don't worry about me. I hain't a-goin' to start nothing. I'll be the all-fired-est little ba-ba you ever saw in your life, and as for them Ruskie officers, say, Bo, I'll have them whiskered guys eatin' out o' my hand in five minutes by the clock."

I still had some misgivings, but I led Mr. Keegan into the cook-house and assisted him in getting into a more presentable condition. I put court-plaster over his wound, and to explain it we fixed up a nice little story about his having been thrown from his horse and fallen on a rock. Then we went into the house.

I introduced Mr. Keegan as an old friend of mine from the States who was touring the world for the sake of his health, and who, because of his distinction at home, had been permitted by the Russian Government as a special favor to visit Mukden. As I finished, Mr. Keegan, who was sitting at the end of the

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table and was drinking cognac in place of soup, smiled at me approvingly and said:

"Say, Bo, when it comes to throwin' the bull con you got me beat a mile."

"My word," ejaculated the English lord. "I say, you Americans are deucedly droll. 'Bull con,' I say, most extraordinary expression, y'know."

"Mr. Keegan is a Westerner," I explained. I knew I was doing a mean thing to the Westerners, but I had to blame Keegan on somebody, and he was one type of the West at least.

"You are a soldier, yes?" asked the German correspondent of Mr. Keegan.

"No," said Mr. Keegan, emptying his champagne glass the third time and calling to the Chinese boy to fill it again, "no doughboy business for your Uncle Bill. Gents, I am Bill Keegan, scout and s— Gents, I suppose we're all friends here."

The correspondents nodded; the Russians looked somewhat apprehensive.

"Well, then, that being the case," resumed Mr. Keegan, I'll—I'm a-goin' to put you wise to who I am. Gents, take a look at me. I am Bill Keegan, scout and spy. Now don't you Ruskies look scared. I hain't doin' any spy pigeon now, leastways not for the Japs. But regarding my previous condition of servitude, it's all summed up in them words, Bill Keegan, scout and spy. Yes, sir, gentlemun, I'm the real thing. See that scar alongside my head. Piute Pete put that there. But say, where is Piute Pete? Ask me, somebody."

His tone was so commanding that all three Russian officers shouted as one man, "Peeuett Pete, he is where?"

"Thanks, gents." The scout and spy leaned back in his chair and drank a glass even full of vodka. Then he gazed reflectively at the ceiling and blew smoke-wreaths. Finally he spoke again and his voice was low and sad.

"Gentlemun, to-night the twinklin' stars are a-peekin' down in a little valley away back there in God's country in Arizona. It seems funny to call Arizona God's country, but it all depends on where you stand when you say it. Well, gentlemun, a-down that valley runs a little brook, and right alongside that little brook is a little stone, and on that little stone is a little verse, and that little verse it says:

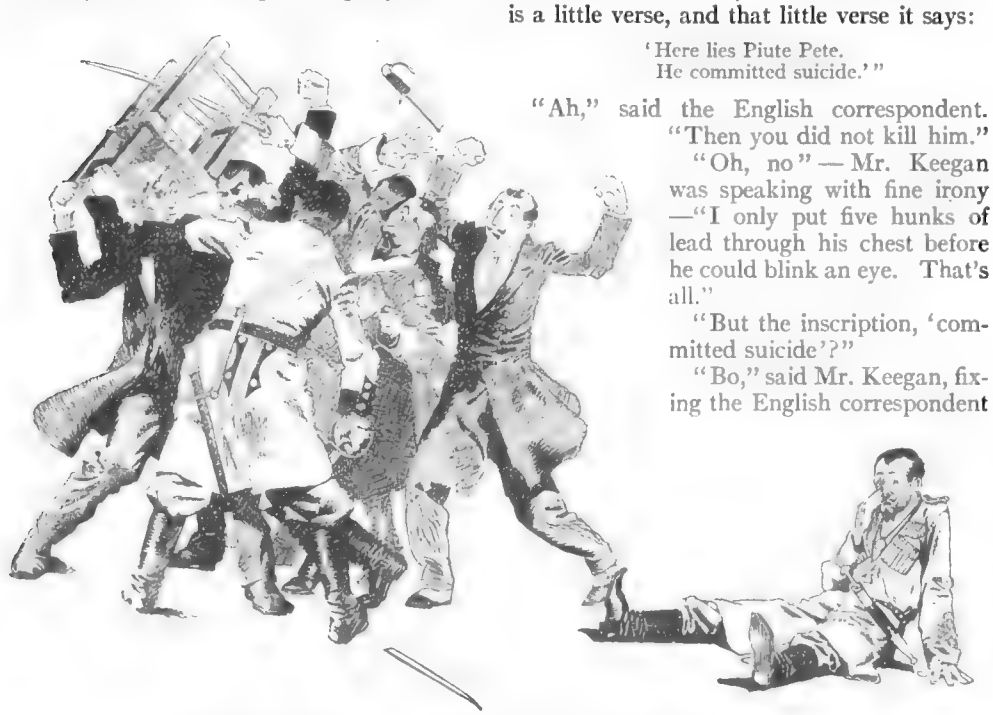
'Here lies Piute Pete.
He committed suicide.'"

"Ah," said the English correspondent. "Then you did not kill him."

"Oh, no"—Mr. Keegan was speaking with fine irony—"I only put five hunks of lead through his chest before he could blink an eye. That's all."

"But the inscription, 'committed suicide'?"

"Bo," said Mr. Keegan, fixing the English correspondent with his piercing eye, "down in Arizona starting trouble with me was all the same as committing suicide. Savvy?"



KEEGAN GRABBED UP A CHAIR, AND THEN CRASH, CRASH, CRASH—

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The other guests commenced to look apprehensive. The scout and spy poured himself another glass full of vodka and went on with his story:

"Gentlemun, you don't know me here. But you can't walk into licker shops between the Rio Grande and the Canada line and ask a barkeep who Bill Keegan is what won't tell you. They know me over there. I was counted the best shot west of the Missouri River, and, well, I don't want to brag, but I never did see nothin' I was afraid of. I remember one day when Miles was campaigning along down the Rio Grande. He'd been chasing around with a couple of hundred men for three months tryin' to round up a greasy old Pawnee chief called Roarin' Catamount. Finally he heard that he was in a big cañon called Skeleton Gulch with all his tribe, an' that ef them two hundred men tried to go down that cañon they'd jest natcherally get cut into small bits. So old Miles he thinks and thinks. Then he looks up and he says, 'Send Bill Keegan here.' They told me the general wanted me and I walked in. 'Bill,' he says, 'I've two hundred soldiers here, but it hain't enough to take into that cañon after the Cat'mount. But I want you to sneak in there to-night and bring that red devil out to me dead or alive. Will you do it?' 'Gen'ral,' I said, salutin', 'you know me,' an' with that I went away.

"The next mornin' about sunup I went drivin' up to the gen'ral's tent. I got out and went walkin' in where the gen'ral was in bed.

"'Lord,' he said, 'I'm disappointed in you, Bill. Thought you said you were goin' after Roarin' Cat'mount?'

"'That's what I said, gen'ral. Roarin' Cat'mount is outside.'

"Say, the gen'ral jest natcherally came right up out o' that bed.

"'What,' he hollered, 'you got the Cat'mount out there? Walk him in.'

"'Can't,' says I.

"'Why not?' says he.

"''Cause,' says I, 'he's dead.'

"'Oh,' says he."

The conqueror of the Roaring Catamount leaned back in his chair, after moistening his lips with something out of our best and last bottle of brandy, and pulled contentedly at his cigar.

"*Magnifique*," murmured the French correspondents. "Quite extraordinary," gasped the Englishman. The Russians and the German gazed in mute wonder at my countryman.

"Maybe you'd like to know why the soldiers, now that the chief had cashed in, didn't jump on the rest of the bunch and round 'em up?"

I could see that the scout and spy was much pleased with the great effect his stories were producing, and I shuddered to think what he might do next. The vodka and brandy he had been drinking in such wholesale quantities were beginning to take hold.

"Well, gentlemun, that's jest wha' the gen'ral said," resumed Bill, after a few more drinks. "He said, 'Here, adj'tant, turn out the men an' go jump them redskins ri' now. It'll be easy with Cat'mount dead.'

"'One minit, gen'ral,' I said, like that. 'No use of going after thet tribe.'

"'Goo'. Gawd,' shays gen'ral, gettin' whiter 'an' goat. 'Bill,' he shays, 'Bill, damn you, you gone an' killed off thet whole Indun tribe nen I can't be no officer no more. No Induns fight, no job for me, have go home.' An' he cried. Made me sorry to see fine man like Miles cryin'. I says, 'Sheer up, sheer up, may not be true; let's go count dead.'"

Bill stopped and looked around the room. Every one hung breathless on his words. "Alash," he finally resumed, "alash, too troo, ev'ry Injun dead. I'd jest gone and killed whole tribe. Jest like me, awful careless about those things."

Bill finished his discourse and leaned back, receiving with patronizing calmness the enthusiastic applause of the other guests.

"You are one grat man, Meestair Keeghann," said the Circassian prince admiringly.

"Thanks, king," responded Mr. Keegan with American modesty.

"Non, non, non, meestair," interposed the prince hurriedly. "I am not king. I am but preence."

"Shay," said Mr. Keegan, appealing to me, "ish thish king, prinsh, high, low, jack, an' game business on square?"

"Of course," I said hastily, while the English lord commenced to turn red.

"Then," said Mr. Keegan, rising magnanimously, "I wan' shay ri' now you're all ri'. Never met no lords er dukes er kings 'fore, an' ev'body over in States always knockin' 'em. Bu' not me. Noshir. I shay, no matter ef man king, prinsh, er lord, what diff'rance, so

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long he behaves himshelf? Hain't his fault. Can' help it. Perty is ash perty dosh, an' if prinsh er king er lord acksh right, then he ish right, an' Bill Keegan is goin' stan' by 'em."

"DANCE!" YELLED MR. KEEGAN, "DANCE, WHISKERS, DANCE!"

This beautiful sentiment quite won the hearts of all around my board. The German baron wept into his coffee, and two of the Russian officers sobbed convulsively.

"Ah, ha, Meestair Beel Keegan," shouted the prince, "I lofe you," and after the fashion of his people, he suddenly presented the hero of Skeleton Gulch with a very wet and loud-sounding kiss. I jumped for Mr. Keegan, but before I could reach him he had swung his fist into the Russian officer's face and sent him spinning across the room. The other officers drew their swords, Keegan grabbed up a chair, and then crash, crash, crash—down went our table and all of the precious dishes that we had imported from Harbin. Over and over on the floor rolled Keegan and the officers. Finally they got to their feet, the officers hacking at Keegan with their swords, and Keegan warding off their attacks with a chair. The first officer had been driven so hard against the wall that he lay senseless on the floor and took no further interest in the proceedings. The rest of us tried to get the combatants apart, but the wildly flying swords and Keegan's chair kept us back. Finally one of the officers tripped and fell, and we captured him before he could rise. Keegan drove the other man into a corner and pounded him over the head with his chair until we rushed in and ended the battle. The Chinese boys had brought in soldier police from the streets, and by enlisting ourselves with them we found we had enough to permit of three persons sitting upon each one of the combatants. I myself sat upon Mr. Keegan's chest and tried to explain the Russian kiss. I pointed out to my new guest that the officer had intended to show him a great honor by kissing him, but Mr. Keegan still cried aloud for slaughter. The Russian officers were furious with rage and made the soldiers release them. Then they ordered Keegan taken to the jail, and the scout and spy, still struggling, was hustled ignominiously off the premises.

I went down next morning. The officers at the commissaire's (the Russian civil ruler of Mukden) who had charge of Mr. Keegan's case, were terribly excited. Keegan, they said, was no doubt a spy. Besides, he had struck the Czar's uniform. He had repelled the kiss of friendship. He should be shot, hanged, drawn, and quartered. It looked bad for my friend Keegan. He was brought in

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looking somewhat nervous and apprehensive for a real Western desperado.

"It's all right, Keegan," I said. "Don't be afraid. I'll stand by you. They won't hang you."

"'Tain't that, Bo, 'tain't that," said Keegan huskily, "but say, Bo, stand by me, stand by me, Bo; don't let any of these Ruskie guys kiss me, will you, Bo, huh? Stand by me; don't let 'em, Bo, don't let 'em."

"It's all right, Bill," I assured him. "They wouldn't kiss you now for a thousand-ruble note."

We asked Keegan to show his papers. He had no army passes, or permits, but he did have a letter from a Russian agent in Tientsin to the chief of the commissariat of the Russian army. This letter explained that a number of Russians in Tientsin wished to go into the business of selling cattle from Mongolia to the Russian army in the field. Keegan was to be the company's agent and had been given five thousand rubles to begin business with, after he should have been furnished with the proper credentials from the army headquarters at Mukden. The atmosphere began to clear. Some of the officers around us were themselves interested in this scheme and had been looking for Keegan for many days. I did a great deal of explaining, and Keegan did a lot of promising, and finally everything seemed to be coming out all right. I left Mr. Keegan at the commissaire's and went back to the house.

Mr. Keegan did not come home to dinner, and afterward we walked down-town to see if we could run across him. As we neared the Russian hotel, which at this hour was always crowded with officers, I noticed Chinese and soldiers standing thick around the windows and doors peering in. I felt that something was wrong and my fears whispered the name of Keegan. I pushed my way in. Standing against the bar at the far end of the room and facing the big crowd of Russian officers who sat at the tables eating and drinking, was Mr. Keegan, scout and spy. His hat was pushed back and his right hand was extended behind him to the locality of his hip pocket. I jumped to the conclusion that he had secured somewhere a revolver, a supposition that was soon afterward supported by the facts. Mr. Keegan was haranguing the crowd after a style quite common and somewhat popular in many localities in the West, but hitherto unknown in Mukden. The only thing that gave me any comfort at all was that as I swept my eyes over the throng I could not find any officers who spoke English, and as Mr. Keegan's remarks were confined entirely to that tongue I hoped that no one would take offense at what he said.

"Yes," Mr. Keegan was saying, "I'm a-talking to you. I'm Bill Keegan, I am—Bill Keegan, scout and spy from Skeleton Gulch, United States of America. See? Are you wise? You guys are looking at an American now. That's what. U. S. of A. Savvy? I come from a country where one man could lick a whole regiment of dudes like you. All you're good for is to destroy vodkee. No wonder the Japs lick you. I can lick you myself. You're nothin' but—" and here Mr. Keegan broke into a profusion of the choicest and most expressive expletives I had ever listened to. A big, burly, good-natured officer had just come into the room. He didn't know what Mr. Keegan was saying, but he could see that the stranger was very much under the influence of strong drink and was disturbing the room. He walked forward in a friendly way and put his hand on Keegan's arm.

"Dance!" yelled Mr. Keegan, jerking his pistol from his hip pocket. "Dance, whiskers, dance!" Bang! bang! went the pistol, and the bullets cut close to the big officer's feet. Then there was an uproar. Pistols flashed everywhere. Somebody threw a bottle and hit my countryman on the side of his head, felling him to the ground. I tried to push my way to him, but in the excited, struggling mass it was impossible. I saw Keegan striking out with his pistol and fighting his way to the door. He got outside, where a Cossack orderly stood holding an officer's horse. The hero of Skeleton Gulch knocked the Cossack down and sprang into the saddle. Then he raised his voice and gave a yell that frightened the Chinese half out of their senses.

"Hi, hi!" he yelled, "Bill Keegan, scout and spy, is now at home. I'm a bad man and I'm looking for trouble, and blood is what I want. Whoop-ee!" Bang! bang! went his pistol, and down the street he went at a furious gallop. Soldiers had rushed into the street and were firing at him. But Russians are poor shots, and Bill continued on his way. The guard at the city gate rushed out to stop him, but he charged through them and left them sprawling in the road. He disappeared with a final volley from his pistol and a parting yell. I got home in time to meet half a dozen dif-

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ferent details of soldiers sent after Mr. Keegan. I had great difficulty in persuading them that I was not Mr. Keegan myself. The provost, the censor, every officer I knew came over and heaped reproaches upon me for harboring a Nihilist, a Japanese spy, and a raving maniac.

It would take too long to describe in detail the rest of the incidents of that exciting day. Besides, the memory would be too painful. Suffice it to say that Mr. Keegan, the scout and spy, was rounded up somewhere outside the mud wall some time that afternoon and escorted back to jail snugly wrapped up in what seemed to be fifty yards of strong rope, and attended by a guard of two hundred fierce Cossacks.

And that night in Mukden! Its horrors are still fresh in my mind. I was attending a dinner given by Russian officers at the bank when we heard a terrible row in the street. We rushed out and found several buildings near by in a blaze. Soldiers, crazy with vodka, were rushing madly around, firing their rifles and shrieking: "Japonaise, Japonaise!" The riot was not subdued until the arrival of a battalion of cavalry, hurriedly summoned from the station. An investigation as to the cause of the alarm and the fire resulted in the discovery that my friend, Mr. Keegan, had been deposited for safe-keeping, not at the police station, but in the barracks of the police guard. With the funds furnished him by the Tientsin syndicate for the purchase of beef on the hoof for the Russian army, he had sent forth and bought vodka in barrel lots, which he presented to the soldiery. He then proclaimed that the Japanese were coming in and that they were concealed in the vodka shop, against which he led an army composed of his former captors. The vodka shop capitulated and was immediately set in flames.

After the cavalry had driven Mr. Keegan's army back into its barracks and taken away its arms, a most careful search was instituted for my countryman in order that he might be restrained from blowing up the city walls or carrying away the twelve-inch guns. But Mr. Keegan could not be found. Finally the rumor spread that he had been burned alive in the vodka shop. I am ashamed to say that I heard the story without a tear.

KEEGAN HAS LASSOED GENERAL ZURABKABITSLOFSKI.

The events of the next day were so varied that it is best to set them down in chronological order:

Five o'clock, A.M.: Arrival of detail of soldiers to search the house, as rumor had spread about that Mr. Keegan had returned there.

Seven o'clock: Commissaire of Mukden

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arrives in great haste and excitement. Declares he has received positive proof that Mr. Keegan is Marshal Oyama in disguise. Refers darkly to those who aid and abet spies.

Eight o'clock: Detail of fifty Cossacks sent to surround a house outside of the south gate of the mud wall, where it is reported Mr. Keegan is hiding.

Ten o'clock: Return of the Cossacks in a highly intoxicated and most riotous condition. Have large sums of money which they declare were given them by a philanthropic American. Admit that the American also gave them a vodka banquet.

Eleven o'clock: Town full of feverish excitement. Keegan appears at the settlement with a long rope which he is said to swing in the air as he gallops along, dropping the noose end over the head of anybody he happens to meet.

Twelve o'clock, noon: Horrors of horrors! Keegan has just lassoed General Zurabkabitslofski. The general is shrieking for the slaughter of all the Americans within the lines. Keegan disappears after shooting up the settlement.

Two o'clock, P.M.: Arrival from Tientsin of representatives of the "Mongolia Beef-on-the-Hoof" Syndicate. Claim that Mr. Keegan has spent all the Beef-on-the-Hoof money for vodka. The wailing of the Tientsin delegation can be heard for blocks.

Four o'clock: Mr. Keegan has just blown up the Russian fortifications on Erdigo Hill.

Six o'clock: Mr. Keegan is on his way to St. Petersburg to assassinate the Czar.

Seven o'clock: Commissaire of Mukden declares he will offer five thousand rubles for Mr. Keegan, dead or alive. I have offered to subscribe five hundred rubles to this sum if the second condition is struck out.

On the night of that eventful day I finally fell asleep. I was awakened by somebody violently shaking me. I looked up. By the faint rays of the moon shining in the window I saw it was Bill Keegan, scout and spy.

"Bo," said Bill, "you hain't mad, are you?"

I made no answer. I led Mr. Keegan out and got him something to eat while I had the Chinese boys saddle a horse. Then I said:

"Mr. Keegan, the time has come for us to part. You are an American, and I've tried to stand by you. You are a most estimable gentleman, I have no doubt, but your place is Arizona. This is war, out here in Manchuria, and altogether too gentle and refined a place for a person of your tastes and disposition. You, Mr. Keegan, I believe, are one of the horrors barred out of warfare by the Geneva Convention, along with dum-dum bullets and poisoned wells. You are rapidly putting the Russian army in the hospital and throwing it into utter demoralization. Russia and America are at peace, and I can no longer countenance your assault upon the Czar's army. These four hundred thousand men are out here engaged peaceably at war and you come along and make an unwarranted assault upon them. You are keeping the army up nights; you are worrying it so in the daytime that is has no opportunity to fight the Japanese. Mr. Keegan, only a bully would be guilty of such conduct toward an unoffending and defenseless army as you have been guilty of during your stay in Mukden. I wish you to go out that door, get on that horse, and the Chinese boy will guide you out of town and show you the road back to Sinmingtun on neutral soil. I am sorry, but this army is entitled to my sympathy and protection and I'm not going to allow you to run over it any more."

Mr. Keegan stood up. The tears were coursing down his cheeks.

"You don't mean it, Bo, do you?" he sobbed.

"Every word. Good-by."

Mr. Keegan walked unsteadily to the door and opened it.

"Good-by, Bo," he said. "I go. But some day I am coming back at the head of a large army. Then you will be proud to say that you once clasped the hand of Bill Keegan, scout and spy. Until that time comes, good-by and farewell."

The door closed, and Mr. Keegan was gone. I have never seen him since.

A few days after Mr. Keegan had disappeared, I was rereading some American papers. My eyes stumbled on a paragraph that said: "The Russians are not civilized. They are nothing but a brawling, drinking lot of braggarts. In America, where, under a beneficent civilization, manhood has reached its highest development, we should, for a time at least, cease sending missionaries to Africa and the South Seas, and send a few envoys out to the Russian army, that those wretched Russian officers and soldiers may know what a real man looks like, and from him learn self-restraint and calmness, dignity and decency."

I took the paper and sadly dropped it into the fire.

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The Autobiography of a Business Man

THIS is the story of starting a $600,000 retail business of a big city on $55—and making the jump in just nine years. If this is to be told in a way to be of practical use to clerks, merchants, and business men, I must begin at the beginning and get right down to brass tacks.

Necessity was the mother of merchandising in my case. We lived in a little Canadian town—mother and I—so small that it has been wiped off the map in later geographies. Perhaps it had 500 inhabitants. We were desperately poor—how poor is told by the fact that one room served us as parlor, bedroom, kitchen, pantry, and shop—for mother did sewing, tailoring, and reblocking of hats to keep her little family going. Even a small boy could realize that such a struggle was hard lines for a woman.

That realization was what first stirred my latent trading instincts. It came to me that I could see a way to help mother out. So I nailed an old cracker-box on a sled and went out into the country to the home of a farmer who had put down some fine winter apples. He sold me a bushel of them and I hauled them back to town. Next day was election day, and I was out on the street ready for the first voter who made his appearance—and I stayed until the last had left at night! The day's transactions cleared me over three dollars—and it was the "biggest day" I have ever had. Of course I realize now that a part of my success as an apple merchant was due to the kindness of those who knew me as "the widow's boy"; but at the time I thought it was because of the apples and the hustling that I put behind them.

I kept on in the apple-trade; but, one day, when I was about thirteen, the local storekeeper stopped at my corner, put his hand on my head, and said:

"Son, you seem to be quite a merchant. How would you like to work in my store?"

This from the merchant prince of my little world! There was only one answer, and I hotfooted it home to tell mother of the great opportunity that had suddenly opened up to her son. "He says he'll pay me *twenty-five dollars* a year for the first year and more the next," I told her.

"But you ought to stay in school; an education is very important," she urged.

"Yes; but I'll be learning something about business that will help me," I argued.

And I did get important business lessons—although not quite in the way I expected. The main lesson was this:

After I had worked in the general store about two months and had formed a closer acquaintance with figures than ever I did at school, I found a certain fascination in mathematical calculations. Of course my mind ran on the munificent salary that I was receiving, and one day I took a sheet of brown wrapping-paper and laboriously figured out how much a day I was getting. The result startled me. Eight cents! There it was in cold figures. I went over the calculation very patiently and verified it. Then I thought of the days I had cleared up $2 to $3.

That night I took the sheet of wrapping-paper home to mother and we faced the figures together. Our ideas of the benevolence of that storekeeper changed considerably in the light of those figures. It was plain that I could earn more selling apples and still go to school.

Next morning I talked the situation over with the storekeeper. He assured me that I was getting a fund of invaluable experience and that if I would stay he would raise my pay to $40 a year. I stayed, and at the end of the year he raised me to $120, then to $180, and finally to $200. In short, because I was "the widow's boy" and had no man to advise me, he talked me into working for him at the price he had paid his other helpers *in addition to their board*. I never hire a clerk, cashier, or helper of any sort without thinking of the way my first employer served me.

Occasionally a wayfarer brought news of

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the money to be made in "the States." This was food for the imagination of the store boy and his chum. Finally we decided to go to Chicago and make our fortunes. We were about seventeen years old and just as green as anything that ever grew in Canada. Mother made me a heavy overcoat of the ulster style, and when I put it on she said: "Tom, when you look for work, be sure to wear that coat; it makes you look a lot more like a man." For ninety cents I bought a new hemp carpetsack—I can see it now, a mixture of brown and green—and into this were packed all my possessions save the money pinned inside my coat. That amounted to just $4.12 when I reached Chicago. My companion had a little more; but we were so afraid of being robbed that, on the train, one kept watch while the other slept.

Having worked in a store, I naturally looked for a job in the Chicago stores—and found none! When my money was almost gone, I proposed that we go out to Rockford, Ill., as a young man had once gone from our little Canadian town to that place and, according to the local gossip, had prospered greatly. To save a lodging bill, we sat up in the depot all night and took the early morning train out.

At Rockford I left my carpetsack in the hotel at the depot and started out to hunt work. Several storekeepers turned me away, but finally I came to one place where the proprietor gave me a hearing. At first he shook his head; but when I said, "I've come a long ways, sir—all the way from Canada—and I've got to have a job," he remarked: "Canada, eh? The folks I've known from Canada have turned out first-rate. I'll give you a trial—at $9 a week to start. When do you want to begin?"

"Now," I answered, slipping off the overcoat that mother had declared made me look like a man, and that I had worn although the day was quite warm. Rockford was a lively place, the store was a good one, and the result was that I learned a lot about handling goods, earning money, and, I am sorry to say, about spending it, too. The sensation of spending money for personal pleasures was a new one to me, and, having no intimate friend older than myself to steady me, and being of a lively disposition, it was not wholly strange that I became foolish and frisky. However, I sent some money back home to mother right along—but not nearly so much as I should.

When Chicago began to rebuild, the year following the big fire, Rockford became a little small and I began to think that Chicago was about the size for me. So I cut loose and applied to the head of Marshall Field & Co.'s furnishing-goods department, in the retail, for a job.

But, after I had been given a place at $12 a week and turned loose in the department, it didn't take me five minutes to realize that I was hopelessly green at the business. So I went to the floor manager and said:

"I'd like to have about a week in which to familiarize myself with the stock before being called on to wait upon customers." Fortunately he replied, "Very well," and I started in to "get next" to my job. And this was the way in which I did it: As one of the experienced salesmen would start to serve a customer I would slip up near him and pretend to be busy looking up goods. My ears were open and I took in every word the salesman and the customer said. In this way I went from one customer to another, and by the time the week was up I had a very fair knowledge of the stock and its selling-points.

There I stayed for six years and until I was receiving $18 a week. One day I went out with one of the gayest young salesmen in the store and attempted to keep up to his pace. As a result I received my first discharge. It gave me a considerable jolt and much penitence—but not enough to teach me my lesson.

Two weeks later the man who had hired me offered me the place back again, but I felt a little sensitive and looked for work elsewhere. The manager of a large retail clothing store finally hired me to take charge of his "gents' furnishing-goods" department. The display-windows devoted to that department were in a positively dirty condition, and I took hold and helped clean up with my own hands. That made a hit with the management, and I took a keen and genuine interest in keeping everything in the department right up in shipshape. It was *my department*, and I felt it.

Finally I began to wake up to the fact that there was nothing in the retail business for the employee. That, of course, is speaking by comparison. I could almost count on the fingers of my two hands the men working on a salary in clothing and "furnishing" stores who received $2,000 a year. That spurred me to take a look into the wholesale field. Here was an astonishingly different

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state of affairs. Salaries of $5,000 were frequent, and scores of men put the figures up to $10,000.

Just then I had an offer from a wholesale firm to take charge of its "furnishing-goods" stock. But when I notified my employer, he said: "You know I am interested in a wholesale establishment myself. If you are determined to switch to the wholesale side of the business, I'll give you as good a chance there as you are offered with the other firm."

I accepted. The head of the wholesale house made me a proposition to go down to his wholesale store at a salary of $1,200 per year. This munificent salary at twenty-seven years emboldened me to marry. At the end of the year he advanced my salary to $1,500 per year, the next year to $2,000 per year, and the next to $2,400 per year. For the two years following that I worked for a salary of $4,000.

Then another firm sent for me and offered me $5,000 per year, and engaged me at that figure to come at the end of the year, or as soon as I could. When I informed the head of the house where I was going he tried first to talk me out of it, and when he found he could not he then said, "Well, Murray, since you are going at the end of the year, can't you just as well go now as not?" which I did. I wanted that extra thousand.

The man who paid me $5,000 per year wanted to make it for three years. I had by this time commenced to realize that my services were worth something. I believed that I had ability, so I told him no, I did not care to make it for more than one year, that he had the reputation of being a very hard man to work for, and that if I could not live and work in his place happily, why, I would not want to work for him at all; that he must let me alone during the year, and that if I did not bring good results he should tell me so at the end. I said to him—and it proved true: "You will pay me much more for the second and third years when the time comes, than you will now." At the end of the first year he offered me $6,000 for the second year. At the end of the second year he offered me $7,500 for the third year, and after that a guaranteed salary of $9,000 per year and a percentage on the sales of the department, provided the profits should reach a certain amount. My bonus at the end of the year brought my yearly salary up to in the neighborhood of $11,000 to $12,000.

During these years, from the time that I was drawing a salary of $2,400 per year, my wife continually urged me to save something for a rainy day. I did so, but I made the same mistake that so many men make, and I should like to warn all young men against it; that is, trying to make easy money. I had invested my savings in schemes such as buying telephone stock and mining stock, where I was going to get rich quick. Some of these schemes looked good and might have turned out all right had times remained prosperous, but when the panic came one after the other they were swept down and out. In addition I lost my position, owing to my firm being caught in the panic and retiring from business.

As I look back now I see what caused the downfall of that house, which prior to the panic was supposed to be one of the most solid in Chicago. The loan of but $50,000 would have saved it from going into the hands of a receiver, but the loan could not be obtained, principally on account of the habits of the head of the house—a case of spending his time and money watching the ticker, going to the telephone every few minutes of the day to know what the market was, and to give instructions to brokers. Going out at noon, coming back from lunch with his brains befuddled from too much drink, spending part of his afternoons walking up and down State Street, and not for the purpose of admiring the beautiful displays of dresses, etc., in the windows, but on the streets.

The same easy ways that the head of the house had were, in most instances, in this large wholesale establishment, duplicated by the help in its employ. They were nearly all, you might say, men of the world, in every sense of the word.

The example and the influence of the head of the house irresistibly communicated themselves to all subordinates. Here was a house doing a business of about $3,000,000 per year, that a loan of $50,000 would have saved, but it would have saved it only temporarily, because there could be but one end to any firm where the head of the house set the example that was set in this case.

I can well remember many a time going out to the race-track, along with the rest of the club members of Chicago, and the men of the world, and I would stand side by side with my employer, both of us staking our money on the same races. Nice example. He usually played favorites. He had more

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money than I had. I used to buy the long shots that had a chance. I made more money than he did, but money made that way did not do me any good. It never stays by. For fear that I forget I want to say now that there was a day when I would not have believed that the time would ever come when I would not go miles to see a horse-race. But when I went in business for myself I had common sense enough to know that as long as I did not have any money I had better have a good reputation. I did not want any of my creditors to know that I was a lover of horse-racing, and for the benefit of any one who may read this, who would like to discontinue taking in horse-races, I will tell you how I did it.

When I made up my mind to take no further interest in the races, I did not want even to be tempted as I looked at the entries. I quit reading the sporting-sheet. I practically forgot that there was any such thing as horse-races, and for years, I am glad to say, I have not known when the Kentucky Derby or the Futurity was to be run. I am ignorant about the races and am proud of it. Some society people might not think I am up-to-date, not being able to talk horses, but I am willing to be out of it for the rest of my life.

I want to say that though I am not a member of any church, yet I believe that, considering the way I am living and have been living for the past few years, if God is a just God, I will go to heaven, for I am very temperate in my habits and just to everybody. I would not leave my place of business to go out and take a social glass with the President of the United States. It is my rule never to indulge in even one drink under any circumstances during business hours. I may, in the evening, if out with a party of friends, my wife in the party, take two social glasses. Mark you, two. No more, under any circumstances.

When I go to a banquet at the Auditorium Hotel and the wine is passed freely, my wine-glasses are never emptied. I do not touch any of that wine, for the reason that I would not have the business men of Chicago see me gay at a banquet, for anything in this world. My own head being clear, I can look around me and see this man and that man who occupies a good position a little under the influence of liquor, and I wonder how long they will keep the position, because the drink habit is one that is very hard to control. I quit it, which a good many think it impossible to do. I found that it was getting a little stronger than I was, and I am glad I found it out before it was too late.

The consequence is that those people who extend credit to me cannot hesitate for one moment on account of my habits, in any way, shape, or manner. They know that I will not try to make money out of the money that should go to them to pay what I owe them, and as they look at my statement, assets, and liabilities they do not have to figure on anything that I might do in the way of speculation or overindulgence.

Now, to go back to my story at the wholesale house that failed: I was out of my good job. I did not know what to do. I had been practically my own boss, in business for myself; that is, they let me do as I pleased to such an extent that I did not feel that anybody was over me, and I did not like the idea of working for anybody. My independence kept me from applying for a position anywhere. For six months I did not do anything except try to enjoy myself.

At the expiration of six months I went down East to New York, to try to find some lines of underwear and hosiery that I could sell on a commission basis. You would be surprised to note the difference in the way New Yorkers received me now, when I was down and out, and in the days gone by, when I was a large buyer in their market. While I did not want to borrow any money of them, they acted as though they had better not get too close to me for fear I might be able to reach out and touch them.

I succeeded in getting the account of about half a dozen mills, came back to Chicago, and started out in my new line of business as a commission merchant. The second day I made $40. I made up my mind then that I had struck the right business; but in the next twenty days I did not make one single sale. Not only did not make any money, but I was out the salary of the man who helped to carry my samples, his car-fare and his lunches, as well as my own. I carried a pack under my arm just the same as all the rest of the drummers I met daily, men who had known me in former years, men who had known me as a success, and I did not give up. I stuck to it, and for a couple of weeks after this first twenty days of not making any money, I had some good business. Later on I can well remember twenty-seven days of hard work, showing my samples six to eight times a day, and

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not making one single sale. I have always had a fair amount of pride, and right here is where that pride, came to my assistance. I knew that others had made a good living in the commission business, and my pride would not allow me to give it up. I stuck to it and succeeded in building up a business, large enough so that I could live comfortably. But prior to the panic I had been spending $8,000 to $10,000 per year for living expenses, and it was pretty hard work for me to clip the corners; and while I was making enough for my wife and me to live on very comfortably, I was not making as much as I was spending, and by 1897 I realized that I was practically broke, having $55 left. But finally, when I got in my little store, in business for myself, I found how hard it was to make money and then got down to living within my means.

I walked the streets of Chicago in the down-town district looking for a store to rent, and finally found a vacant one in the Western Union Building, about 200 feet from the Board of Trade. I went home Saturday night, and told my wife that there was a store there that I believed I could make a living out of.

I had gotten so that I kind of liked to consult my wife, for two reasons: one, I had found in the past that she was pretty level-headed. The other reason was, that if I consulted her and I made a mistake she could not tell me afterward, "I told you so." Most women folks have far better business judgment than they are given credit for, and the majority of men, in my estimation, would be better off if they would consult their wives. Their bump of cautiousness is very large, and that is what most men need.

I went down Monday morning after we decided that we would rent the store. I went to the agent, leased it for three years at a rental of $3,000 per year, and signed the lease on the 20th day of October, nine years ago. They gave me the store rent free, rent to commence December 1st. I paid $50 down to secure the lease, and that left me with just $5 in actual cash in the world. I did have a little money coming in to me for goods I had sold on commission, but I could not get that until the goods had been delivered and paid for.

After getting the store of course I had to have fixtures and a stock of goods. I went to two very large wholesale houses, one a furnishing-goods house and the other a shirt and collar house, both of which had known me for a great many years. I told them that I had rented a store, and that I would like to have a stock of goods, although I did not have any money. Without any hesitation they both said, "Murray, you can have all the goods you want. You will win," and at the same time they gave me just a little advice—they knew that I had been what is known around town as a good fellow, and had spent money freely. I am not ashamed to say that I took the advice and profited by it.

After they had informed me that I could have a stock of goods, I sent for a fixture man. I was going to cater to high-class trade and I must necessarily have nice fixtures, so I made a contract for the fixtures, the expense to be $1,400 for a little—what was called in those days "hole in the wall." I was to pay one-third down sixty days after the fixtures were finished, one-third in ninety days, and one-third in 120 days.

In just ten days I opened up for business and succeeded in selling enough goods in the first 120 days to pay the rent, the help, and the fixture man.

At the end of the year, when I took stock, I found to my surprise that I had lost $2,600. I was then worth practically $2,600 less than nothing. During that year I did not let go of all my commission accounts and had put the store in the hands of a presumably competent man, but when I learned that I had lost $2,600 and I thought how it would look to see that name taken down from over the door, the name that I was so proud of, I decided that I would give up the commission business and go into the store myself. And I tell you I put in some hard work; I worked for three years without ever going home to take dinner with my wife. I trimmed my windows nights, so as to be able to wait on all the customers I could daytimes. I knew that if I only could wait on a man once, he certainly would come several blocks to trade with me again, and that proved to be the case. Even to this day I tell all my salesmen to forget all about how they have been in the habit of selling goods in other places, to wait on customers my way—that is one of the great reasons for my present success.

When I learned that I had lost $2,600 and I looked at my books and saw how much money I owed, I thought to myself, Why, the sheriff will be here in a few days. My hair almost stood on end and I thought to myself,

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Why, the sheriff when he has his sign out for a sheriff's sale always does business, and I guess I will try it, so I had a large sign made covering my one large window, which read, "Closed, but not by the sheriff." "But not" was in small letters. You could not read them from across the street, but they were there. I was telling the truth.

At the two side windows, at the door entrance, were signs reading, "There are moments when a man wishes to be alone. This store open to-morrow at nine." When we opened the store at nine in the morning, we had to let the crowd in in sections. After waiting on them we let them out the back door. This sale lasted about three weeks. I gave them goods at cut prices, but I made a profit out of the three weeks' sale, paid every dollar I owed, and practically established my credit.

My business had been growing so fast that it forced me to the wall, but I went through the wall, took in another store, and put a sign out over the door, "Forced to the wall but going through it." About a year afterward I was again forced to the wall and I went through, too!—increasing my rent from $4,800 per year to $12,000 per year, but I did not do this without consulting my two friends in the wholesale business. They seemed to be willing to take the chances; so was I.

One night during the year that my rent amounted to $4,800 per year, after trimming one of my windows I did not have any price-ticket to put in it. The next morning I sent one of my boys over to a department store for a carpenter's blue lead-pencil and I wrote on a sheet of letter-paper a few words regarding the goods in the window and the prices. The sheet of paper with the blue pencil writing stopped the people. I wrote half a dozen more. It was new. So many people stopped that the sidewalk was blocked to the curb. I have been writing these blue pencil "ads" for my windows ever since. These short, crisp sayings on an ordinary sheet of letter-paper gave me my first boom in business. In fact the boom was too large for my capital. The business grew faster than I was making money, which worried me a good deal. I was always owing so much. I well remember one day when the head of the house that I was buying shirts and collars of sent for me.

I knew what he wanted, so I went to the barber shop first and walked down to his office looking as prosperous as possible; even bought one of the best cigars I could find on the way down. As I walked into his office, he pulled out the slide at his desk, looked me over, and said, "Murray, it is not that smiling face I want to see; I want to see some money." My reply was, "That smiling face is my capital. If I came down to you all in, dejected, with a long face, a look of worry and nervousness, you would lose confidence in me and my capital would be gone." I also informed him that I did not have any money for him.

After I'd spent about half an hour in his office, this man, who already had so much confidence in me, had still more, and before I paid him the $1,500 that was past due, I kept getting in more merchandise, until finally I owed his firm $15,000. I never got even with them until about two years ago.

I had two other firms just like this one that I also owed about $15,000. The way I used to do was to pay all the other bills, but hold up these three firms. I selected three of the best firms in America to owe; three firms that stood the highest for being straight, clean, and honorable in their dealings. I figured that that class of merchants would, owing to the fact that they were honest themselves, have far more confidence in me and my honesty than would firms in the same lines of business who were known to be tricky, and also that they would have stronger financial backing with which to carry their customers.

The merchant who gets behind in paying his bills, or who is doing too much business for his capital, makes a serious mistake in trying to pay them all, or in trying to buy goods of every Tom, Dick, or Harry. He had better do as I tried to do, buy my goods from as few houses as possible, pay all small bills, and hold up the big fellows. I practically made these three firms silent partners in my business. They did not know it when I started in with them, but I was not fool enough to work hard building up an enormous business without seeing that I was making them practically silent partners.

I looked forward to the time when I might make a stock company of my business, knowing that I could do so by having the assistance of these firms. I found that to handle the business that I had built up I needed about another $30,000, so I thought out a plan of capitalizing my business for $80,000. My equity in the business was about $20,000. I took $10,000 worth of the stock for the good-will of the business and $20,000 for my

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equity, and went out to sell $30,000 worth of stock.

When I approached these three houses to whom I owed so much money and told them what I intended to do, they scratched their heads and said, "Why, this is a new one. . . . Tom, I guess you can do this. Do not know whether any one else could or not." I asked them if they would take some of the stock. All three of them said yes. They seemed greatly pleased to buy it. It is no wonder. It did not surprise me any at the time. They were practically silent partners, and if I succeeded in selling this stock they would get their money. I asked them if I could refer to them. They said yes. That was all I needed.

I would go to a man or firm that I had been dealing with and I would say, "See here, I have turned my business into a stock company. I want you to buy some of this stock. If you do, I will keep on trading with you. I will give you the preference, but if you boost the prices to make money out of the stock you have bought of me, I will not buy your goods at all; but all things being equal I will give you the business. If you buy this stock you must give me the voting power of it, or power of attorney for three years, and the privilege of buying it back at par any time within three years." I had no trouble in selling the stock, and before the expiration of three years I bought back all this stock, but during that three years I had not paid dividends.

While I could have bought the stock back from them at par, I figured interest at the rate of five per cent. per annum for three years that I had the use of their money and paid them interest on their money, because I felt better to do it that way. Again the way that my mother taught me.

For a number of years I advertised only in my windows and in some of the street-cars, because I did not feel that I could afford to advertise in the daily papers. Two years ago last September I was having a cravenette coat sale, and I succeeded in selling for a couple of weeks about fifty coats a day. I thought I would try a column ad. in one of the evening papers. The next day this column ad. appeared in one of the evening papers, and, by the bye, it was not the one that has the largest circulation in Chicago; I selected the paper that this ad. appeared in because they gave me a low rate, but they agreed to give my ad. a good position in the paper. The result was that the next day the sales, which formerly had been about fifty coats a day, jumped to 142, and in fifty days I sold over 3,500 raincoats.

For the year following that sale I continued to advertise in this one paper. Last fall I felt that I could afford to invest, say, about $5,000 in advertising in some of the other papers. I used three morning papers and three evening papers, the best in Chicago. The results have been something phenomenal. I did not have to invest the $5,000. The profits came back from the newspaper advertising before their bills came in, and I do not figure to-day that I have a dollar invested in advertising. In my opinion the only way to advertise is to give them plain, common-sense talk. Tell them the truth. Do not get a customer to come to your store and find that you have faked him, for that is poor advertising, besides being dishonesty.

Most of the advertisers nowadays seem to think that they must hunt the dictionary through for all the large words they can find. I read an article a short time ago in a Chicago paper that stated that the advertising man of nowadays and in the future must be, of necessity, a college graduate. I wanted to reply to it, and I would have done so, only the newspaper would have thought that I was trying to advertise Tom. I do not believe that a college graduate is as well fitted to be an advertising man as the man who knows only how to write good, plain, common sense. I left school when I was thirteen years of age, and it is just as easy for me to sit down and write an ad. as it is to smoke a cigar, because it is so easy to tell the truth in small words.

Sometimes a man can think out a good ad. to spring on the public on the order of the ad. I had a few years ago, what has been called ever since my race-track ad. I will explain to you what it was: I engaged twenty-five telegraph boys the morning of Derby Day, when something like 50,000 of Chicago's best people turned out to see the Derby Day races; these boys left the Western Union Telegraph office eight minutes apart, with a telegram addressed on the outside, "Telegram for Tom Murray; he makes shirts." The boys did their work faithfully. They were instructed to go through every train, after going through one to jump off at the first platform and get on the next train, and call at the top of their voices, "Telegram for Tom Murray; he makes shirts." Down into the race-track,

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into the betting-ring, over to the club-house, out to the infield, up in the grand stand, everywhere you could hear those boys calling loudly, "Telegram for Tom Murray; he makes shirts."

The ad. cost me just $80, and the public is talking about it yet. It brought me a goodly amount of trade. The sporting element or the men who had sporting blood in their veins, because they were at the race-track that day, thought it was a good one, and showed their appreciation.

I had another ad. a short time ago that created a good deal of talk and brought good results. On the corner of State and Monroe streets, here in Chicago, they had torn down a building, and it left a wall-space about 60 × 90 feet. One of the largest sign-advertising men called on me and offered this space, asking the enormous price of $1,500 for the use of it for ninety days. I leased it with the privilege of subletting it. They painted my sign on it, and I thought to myself, What can I do to make people look at this sign? On the sign they had painted the name, "Tom Murray." I had the "y" painted out and hired a woman to finish painting that sign. The lady whom I had engaged for this work never had been on a scaffold before. She had to stand about 100 feet in the air and apparently finish that "y." Being dressed in white with a bright scarlet hat and high-heeled shoes, she attracted a great deal of attention, so much so that the Chicago papers wrote it up on their first pages the next day, Sunday.

Monday when she went up on the scaffolding at twelve o'clock, for about three hours the streets were blocked; street-cars could not run; impossible for any one even to walk through the crowd. Business was practically suspended on State Street for two blocks north and south. I anticipated that the police would place her under arrest. She was under arrest, but she was over them. They could not get her down. She had instructions not to come down for any one. My man, who was guarding the ropes below the scaffolding, warned the officers not to attempt to let down the scaffolding, as it might endanger her life and they would be responsible.

He left his post to come and notify me, so that he could go and get his lunch. I rushed over to take his place. In the meantime the police had intimidated one of the sign-painters, a man—they could not intimidate the woman; they forced him to go up and bring the woman down. They took her away in the patrol-wagon.

I went over and asked the lieutenant what she was charged with. He read the law to me. I turned to her and asked her if she wanted to make a test case—whether a woman could earn an honest living painting signs, or not? She said she did. They booked her as being an attraction drawing such crowds that it blocked traffic, which is against one of the ordinances of the city of Chicago.

I went on her bond for appearance next morning in the police court, put her in a cab, and sent her to her hotel. Next morning with my lawyer and the lady sign-painter we appeared at the Harrison Street Police Station. The judge said, "Murray, you know the law. This is one of those ads. of yours. She is not painting signs. We will continue this case a week and see whether she paints any more signs or not."

This ad. I hear from pretty nearly every day, and I expect to hear from it for years to come. It is what I call novel advertising.

As a rule there is not a man in my employ who indulges too freely, who drinks too much, but I have nearly always two or three poor unfortunates with me that I am trying to make men of, and I have succeeded remarkably well. Some of my best men to-day are men whom I have been the means of reforming. I find it much easier to reform a man who is addicted to drink than it is to reform one who is addicted to gambling.

I have in my store a number of men past forty-five. Some of them are merchants who have made a failure in business, yet they make splendid employees. I would rather hire a man past forty-five that has had experience—and he will have experience at that time of life—than hire a young man who does not appreciate his position. His mind is on Saturday night, pay night, and watching the clock. The forty-five-year-old—yes, the fifty-five-year-old and the sixty—appreciates his position; appreciates being used like a man, being treated with respect, for I treat all my employees with respect. These men of forty-five years of age rarely leave me, and I never yet have had occasion to discharge but one of my seniors, and that was one poor unfortunate that I simply could not reform.

Of course, in my employ I have a number

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of young men. I never allow them to wait on customers until they are at least twenty-one years of age. I believe in hiring good help and paying good salaries. I believe my average pay-roll, per salesman, is higher than that of any house in the same line of business in the city of Chicago. I could hire any number of salesmen at $10 per week, but I won't. I often have them offer to commence work at $10 per week. If I want a man I tell him, "No, I do not want you to work for $10 per week. I will start you on $15," because I want him to have enough to live on, so that he will not be tempted to take what does not belong to him, because he might imagine that he was worth more money than $10 per week.

In my store I have a number of young women working for me, in the capacities of cashiers and office-girls. I suppose I could employ thousands of these young women at $5 and $6 per week instead of $10—qualified to do the work and do it well; probably just as well as the young women I now have in my employ. I never pay these young women less than $10 per week. If I hired them at $5 and $6 they would then be up against the struggle of their lives to look and be respectable.

Every store that I know of in America obliges its help to stand on their feet from morning until closing time. Behind each counter in my store is a chair. I want my employees when not busy to sit down and rest. As I walk through the different departments in my store my employees do not have to feel that they must brace up because the "Boss" is coming around. My employees are doing right all the time, because they know that I am doing right and using them as near right as I know how. My employees would far rather have me home than abroad. I guess that I am an easier fellow to work for than the manager, and he cannot be very severe on them because I always tell him to use them just as well as I use him. I tell every man at the head of a department, "Be kind to the help under you. Do not speak to them in any other way than the way in which I speak to you. Handle your help so that they will respect you and so that they will regret to leave my employ."

There are no jealousies in my store among the employees. When they go home at night it is "Good night, Billy," "Good night, Johnny," good-fellowship all around.

If a salesman does not make a sale, I never allow a customer to be turned over to a second salesman. If a salesman misses a sale, he is never called down because he missed the sale. I do not know who the men are in my store who sell the most goods. I don't want to know. What I do want to know is that they are civil to customers, that they do not try to force a sale. All I ask them is to be gentlemanly, show plenty of goods, and if a customer does not buy, not to show any disappointment at not making the sale; and if a customer should bring back any goods to be exchanged, take just as much trouble with the exchange customer as when making a sale.

If a customer brings back any merchandise and wants the money back, refund it cheerfully; do not try to sell the customer anything else. In other words, do as I advertise, to refund money and not look cross.

Not only do I every few weeks call my men together and talk to them as to how they are to wait on our customers, but I also talk with the men in my employ who are buyers. I try to make them realize that the traveling man is a man before all that they must look out for; to use him almost with suspicion, but not to let him know it. Treat him civilly. Always be gentlemanly toward any man who solicits your trade to sell his goods, but do not let him buy a dinner for you, a cigar, or make you a present of any kind. In other words, no entertainment whatever. You then do not place yourselves under any obligations to him. Many a young man has been ruined by clever salesmen from these large wholesale houses; ruined in his habits and ruined as to his honesty.

I am sorry to say that there are many houses engaged in the mercantile business in America who are only too glad to bribe a man, by handing him entertainment or even handing him money; one is just as bad as the other, and I know that I have not a man in my employ who will accept even a dinner from any man who sells goods, but they must treat them with civility the same as I do.

Up on my wall above my desk is painted a sign, "It matters not what your business is, I have time to listen"; and that is the motto I want all of my buyers to live up to.

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LITTLE STORIES of REAL LIFE

"Nut in the Husk"

By Mary Richardson

"POP" WOOD, hauling logs to the mill, drew up suddenly before Bill Handy's dilapidated cabin and stared in astonishment at the spectacle before him. There sat Handy in the yard, his two disreputable-looking dogs beside him, anxiously watching him flourish a hammer.

"Wal, Bill!" remarked John Wood in undisguised amazement, "are you *workin'?*"

Handy nodded sadly.

"What's brought it on?" inquired the old man solicitously.

"Oh," drawled Handy, "I'm tryin' to get things shipshape. I might as well tell ye, Pop," he added with some reluctance; "I'm thinkin' of gettin' married."

"You be! Wal, I vum!" Pop whistled his surprise. "Who's the lady?"

"Her name's Miss Trotter."

"Stranger in these parts?"

Handy nodded. Pop spat reflectively.

"Guess that's how you come to be gettin' letters all winter," he remarked. "Maggie Jennings told me you got 'em quite steady. Good-lookin'?"

"Why, to tell the truth, I ain't seen her myself yet," answered Handy slowly.

"You ain't seen her! What in thunder do ye mean, Bill Handy?"

"Jus' that—I ain't seen her. I've wrote to her and got letters from her, as you say, but I ain't seen her yet."

Pop whistled again.

"Great Jehoiakim!" he ejaculated. "Billy, what are ye runnin' into?"

Handy sighed.

"I dunno," he said somewhat doubtfully. "Now it's so close, it does seem kinder risky. But, darn it all, I been so lonesome since Jim went, I'm most crazy sometimes. Of course the dogs are some company, but they ain't like folks. You see, Pop, one day I got to thinkin' how nice 'twould be to have a woman round, kinder brightenin' things up—an' mebbe cookin' somethin' besides flapjacks. Seems like I've lived on flapjacks since Jim went. So I—well, I advertised for a wife. There wasn't any to be had about here, so I advertised in a Boston paper—I was born near Boston, you know. She's comin' tomorrow.

"It makes a sight o' work," he went on, picking up his hammer again. "This cheer, now. She was good enough for me on three legs—I could balance her nice—but I suppose a woman'll want everythin' letter-perfect."

He selected a nail, held it in place, raised his hammer, and brought it down with force and precision on his thumb. He dropped the hammer, with a strong expression.

"Hurt ye, Handy?" Pop inquired soothingly.

Both dogs started up to offer their sympa-

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thy, and Handy stopped nursing his wounded thumb to pat their ragged heads.

"Handy!" he ejaculated in disgust. "Darn good name for a man like me, ain't it?"

For a time he nursed his bruised finger in frowning silence; then his sense of humor asserted itself.

"I never did have no knack with tools," he said. "A hammer'll always get the best of me. An' a saw! Well, a saw ain't no manner o' use, Pop. You'd think a saw was meant to saw with, wouldn't ye? Well, 'tain't—it's meant to nick along the wood a ways an' then jump off an' gouge me in the laig."

He laughed a mellow, infectious laugh in which Pop joined noisily.

"A gun's the implement for me," Handy went on. "I kin use a gun. Or a fishin'-rod. Them's tools. Well, I guess I can't do any more work now."

Pop Wood, perceiving that the conversation was at an end, gathered up his reins. He drove around by way of his cottage that he might tell Martha the news. When she came to the door in answer to his call, he was fairly bursting with it.

"Say, Marthy, Bill Handy's goin' to git married. He's advertised for a wife an' she's comin' to-morrow!"

"Advertised! What works! Where's she comin' from? What's she comin' on here for?"

"Why, I reckon Bill ain't got the cash to trip arter her," answered Pop, "way to Boston."

"To Boston! Well, I vum! Now ain't that just like Bill Handy? Always thinkin' up somethin' outrageous to do! Nothin' to keep a wife on, an' hates work worse'n poison, an' he's advertised for a wife! See here, Pop, some one ought to warn that poor critter what she's runnin' into. She ought to know what a shiftless coot Handy is."

THE TWO WOMEN WATCHED HIM STRIDE OFF DOWN THE ROAD.

"Now, Marthy, you let be," cried Pop; "don't you go puttin' your foot in things! It's no business o' yourn what Bill Handy does. Besides, there ain't no real harm to Bill. He's good-hearted——"

"Good-hearted—there you've said it all," interrupted Martha. "And that ain't goin' to keep a roof over her head, is it? Bill Handy'll never work if he can help it, and anyway, he's always in the road when there's luck in the field."

"Bill is kinder onfort'nate. But you let be, Marthy," repeated her father.

Martha watched him drive away, uncertain as to what she ought to do. The problem of the woman's future interested her, but meanwhile she did not forget that the present must be provided for. A stranger, whoever she be, must be properly welcomed to Wood Ridge. So the next day she waylaid Handy on his trip to the station.

"Hello, Bill!" she called from the porch. "Goin' after your wife?"

Handy colored under his tan, smiled sheepishly, and nodded.

"Whar you goin' to take her?"

"Wal," he began apologetically, "thar ain't no place but the tavern, but I calc'late to be married soon, and——"

"Bring her here, Bill. The tavern ain't a fit place for a woman to stay. I'll be right glad of her company."

Handy's good-natured face lighted up with pleasure.

"Why, now, that's what I call white o' you, Marthy," he cried gratefully. "I'll bring her, an' glad to, for I had my doubts about the tavern bein' just the place for her. I'll be back, then. So long." And he slouched on down the road.

But when presently they returned—the bride and groom elect—the slouch was gone from Handy's walk, and the little woman with him seemed to shrink into utter insignificance beside his towering bulk. Miss Trotter, small, slight to angularity, colorless as to

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hair and complexion, wore a peculiarly unbecoming suit of drab cloth, made on square, straight lines, and rather too small even for her spare figure. But as they drew nearer, she raised her face to Handy with a shy smile that lighted it up pleasantly.

"She's straight—if she ain't handsome," concluded Martha shrewdly, and walked to the gate to greet Miss Trotter.

Miss Trotter had been at the Wood cottage a week before Martha could make up her mind to offer her warning. With grateful amazement at the open-handed hospitality of her reception, Miss Trotter had striven from the first to overcome her natural stiffness and tendency to self-repression, and had gradually warmed to friendliness under Martha's easy frankness. Martha had grown to like the quiet little woman, and was glad to see her expand and brighten, after a week of pleasure, like a belated rose in the rays of an Indian summer's sun. And Handy, too, seemed more of a man than she had ever thought him. He had a way of tucking his bride elect under his arm and carrying her off for a holiday with a naive, boyish delight in his own performance, that nearly won Martha over. This last day of her first week in Wood Ridge, they had gone to see Handy's cabin. Handy had heretofore put off the visit with the explanation that he "wanted to get things shipshape." Martha had not gone with them; and now stood waiting for the pair to come back to supper, reflecting meanwhile on how disheartening to Miss Trotter must have been the sight of Handy's cabin.

"There they come now!" she exclaimed aloud. "Good lands! Is Em skippin'? She *is* gettin' kittenish!"

Miss Trotter had certainly been very near to skipping, somewhat stiffly. She and Handy were laughing gaily, and the cold precision was quite gone from her manner.

"Oh, Martha," she cried, as she came up the path, "we've had such an enjoyable time! I do wish you'd been with us. Mr. Handy is certainly too amusing!"

Handy flushed with pleasure at this tribute.

"Pooh, pooh," he exclaimed, "'twa'n't nothin'. No, I can't stay to supper to-night, Marthy. I'm bound to get that housecleanin' finished before to-morrer, for Em vows she's comin' to help me, an' I won't let her."

Martha looked amazed.

"Have you been housecleanin', Bill Handy?" she demanded.

"Yes—nights. I've got it most done, all but a few little odds an' ends," declared Handy proudly.

"Well," Martha remarked, as the two women watched him stride off down the road, "I never knew Handy to do that much work before."

Miss Trotter bridled.

"He's done well," she averred. "Not like a woman would, quite, but the best he knew how."

Martha regarded her friend in silence a moment. Then she turned toward the house.

"Come on in to supper," she said. "Pop's had his, so we'll be all alone."

The two women were unusually quiet for some time, each apparently busy with her own thoughts, but at length Martha asked abruptly:

"Did you find the cabin what you expected?"

"Why," answered Miss Trotter, somewhat reluctantly, "Bill told me it wasn't in very good repair." Something in Martha's tone put her on the defensive. "We're goin' to fix it all up, and I think we can make it real comfortable."

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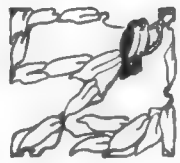
"Who's goin' to fix it? Bill?"

"Some," replied Miss Trotter, "and some we'll have to get a carpenter to do."

"And who's to pay the carpenter?" inquired Martha bluntly.



Miss Trotter looked up quickly, studying Martha's face for her meaning.

"Em," Martha began slowly, "you're a stranger here, and I believe it's my duty to warn you to be on your guard. I've known Bill Handy for years, and you've only known him for a week. You ought to be told."

"I don't believe there's any harm in him," cried Miss Trotter quickly, as Martha paused.

"Harm! Lands, no, not any more than there is in that yeller dog o' his. But, Em, if he's let on to you that he's got anything, it's a—'tain't so."

"He hasn't," answered Miss Trotter shortly. "He said, right out, he was hard up just now."

"He's always hard up," Martha went on. "He gets along by shootin' and fishin', and once in a great while, when he gets too hungry for store food, he works at some odd job for a day or so. I s'pose he's told you about Jim? Jim supported him, and Handy always seemed willin' to let him."

"I think Jim must have set great store by Bill," Miss Trotter put in quietly.

"Yes, I must say he did," admitted Martha. "Bill always had a way of makin' folks like him. Jim used to say that he furnished the money and Bill furnished the fun. 'An' that's the hardest end of the job, in this life, Martha,' he used to say." She sighed and paused a moment. Miss Trotter stared thoughtfully out of the window near her.

"When Jim was sick," Martha went on, "Bill took good care of him, I must admit. We all tried to lend a hand, but 'twas always 'Where's Bill? Call Bill.' When he died he left the cabin to Bill, and 'twas in good shape then, but Bill's let it run down. I tell you frankly, Em, if you marry Bill Handy, you'll have to work to keep a roof over your heads."

"Work!" cried Miss Trotter, turning suddenly to Martha. "Work! That's nothin' new! I've worked like a dog all my life! An what have I ever had for it? Just enough to eat and wear, and lately, since I got a better job in the fact'ry, a little money to lay by in the bank. I've lived all alone, without a soul to speak to but the fact'ry hands, and then I was too busy to talk. I haven't had a soul to care whether I lived or died. I've never been popular—I'm too quiet and plain, and last summer I thought I should die of lonesomeness. Then last winter I saw that advertisement in the paper. I just happened on it, and it read so straightforward and good, I up and answered it. I was pretty well scared after I did it, till Bill's first letter came, and then I just knew he must be a good man. You've no idea what those letters meant to me. I'd come home from a hard day's drudgery, fagged out, and find one in the mail-box, and it would make me feel like a new woman. Then finally one came, sayin' he wished I could come on, but he hadn't any money to send me for expenses, and askin' if I could advance it and let him pay it back later. I thought a lot and hesitated quite a spell, and then of a sudden I decided. 'I'll go,' I said. 'I can't stand this any longer. If he don't turn out to be all right, I guess I can support myself there as well as here. It's worth the risk.' So I come on. I worried all the way for fear I'd find I'd been fooled, after givin' up my place in the fact'ry and all. But the minute I laid eyes on Bill's face, I knew he was a good man. And Martha, I never knew anybody could be so happy as I've been this week."

She paused, gazing at Martha half defiantly, half appealingly. Her face was flushed with the unusual effort she had made, for her New England soul did not unveil itself easily; her eyes shone softly. Martha stared at her wonderingly, thinking that Em looked "real pretty." And presently Miss Trotter went on:

"You've been real kind to me, Martha. I never had a friend before. But please don't say any more. As for work, Bill's goin' to try to get a job at the mill. And anyway, I've got enough money to make the cabin comfortable, and we could take a mill hand to board, maybe. We'll work together. Or else," she added proudly, "I'll do the work, as Jim said, and let Bill furnish the fun. I've had so little fun all my life that I believe I'd rather have it than food, anyway."

Martha reached out a hand and patted her friend's shoulder. Miss Trotter looked at her gratefully. Then, glancing through the window, she rose suddenly, her face alight.

"Why, there comes Bill!" she cried. "He must 'a' got done sooner than he expected."

"Well, you go meet him, Em," said Martha, and with a perplexed sigh she set to clearing off the table.

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A Row of Books

By JOHAN BARRETT

Bernard Shaw and George Moore are the Paul and Apollos of the Ibsen revelation to the Anglo-Saxons. Shaw planted, Moore watered, and little by little good sense will give the increase. Mr. Shaw, for his part, having discovered Ibsen, and having turned round to call attention to his find, noticed that most of his neighbors were comfortably asleep, and thereupon set about beating them over the soles of the feet; so that, awakening suddenly and being somewhat confused, they were not unnaturally at a loss to determine whether he was a policeman or a practical joker. Of course he is neither the one nor the other, but a perfectly serious gentleman with the critical gift, a supple talent, and a genius for publicity and promotion. Nothing that he has ever published shows this more undisguisedly than the "Dramatic Opinions and Essays," selected from his writings in 1895–97 for the London *Saturday Review* and now collected in two most entertaining volumes, full of brilliant and explanatory criticism and of the thrust, parry, and slash of the intellectual free lance, back to wall, dander up, and ringed three deep with disabled dogmatists. When ten-year-old dramatic criticism is still stimulating and refreshing, there is more than carbonic-acid gas in the vintage.

"The Belovéd Vagabond" is a new story by William J. Locke, whose novel "The Morals of Marcus Ordeyne" has been tardily winning from the reading public the appreciation that it was accorded by the critics at the time of its appearance. No one has ever explained the phenomena of popular enthusiasm and indifference. Broadly speaking, however, the books that make their way against the current, like the clouds that beat up against the wind, are worth watching. "The Belovéd Vagabond," like its predecessor, is a story much of whose real attraction is in the telling, or rather in the attitude of the teller toward his characters, toward life, and toward ourselves. Mr. Locke's hero is described by the pen of one whom he rescued as a small and freckled urchin from the purlieus of a London slum and to whom he played the part of patron and instructor, in music, philosophy, and the humanities of vagabondage. He is a man of original talent and culture who has lost his grip on everything but grace of mind and graciousness of bearing, and who wanders through Europe with a violin, an open heart, and our delighted and unwavering attention. There is a sensibility, a quiet humor, a veiled but unbitter satire in Mr. Locke's delineation and an individual flavor to his writing that tempt us to linger over them. There is an interest in the story of the old wanderer's attempt to pick up the threads in his former life that urges us to hasten on. And surely this is a combination for a book epicure.

Perhaps, taken all in all, the most radical characteristic of the present-day literary attitude is its willingness (or at times, one might slyly add, its determination) to look at things from the other fellow's point of view. This is the germ of Kipling's magic. He has even tried to let us peer from the edge of the jungle through the eyes of the tiger. This characteristic pervades the whole spectrum of local color, energizes the entire range of genre studies, and is the ultimate basis alike in the filigree of Henry James's delicate deductions and in the green goods of Thompson Seton's "natural history." Nat-

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urally, this tendency manifests itself also outside of fiction and in readers as well as in writers. It explains the instant demand aroused by the series of "true" biographies, and it adds a strong psychological to the otherwise merely dramatic interest of such autobiographical miscellanies as "Geronimo's Story of His Life" and the "Reminiscences of a Mosby Guerrilla." It so happens that each of these books is simple, unaffected, and effective. Each in its way is a narrative marked by a natural eloquence and unmarred by self-conscious pose. Geronimo actually lets us look upon encroaching civilization through the eyes of the Apache. The story was dictated to Mr. S. M. Barrett, superintendent of schools in the reservation, and published, after much unknotting of War Department red tape, through the influence of Mr. Roosevelt. The "Reminiscences of a Mosby Guerrilla," are written by John W. Munson, who joined the band early in 1863 and served to the end of the war. They show us the methods of these famous raiders, the personality of their leader, and the headlong spirit of their adventures from that best of all possible view-points—the inside.

An excellent story, provided one is not constitutionally depressed by the tragic, is to be found in "Henry Northcote," by John Collins Snaith. In any case, as this is not a love story, its somewhat sardonic dénouement is not strictly classable as an "unhappy ending," that after all being a technical term in the vocabulary of the sentimentalists. Northcote is a young English barrister whose confidence in his own genius has not prevented him from reaching a fifth-floor garret and the seedy verge of penury, and Mr. Snaith's story tells us what use he made of an opportunity that chance offered him in exchange for his ideals. *Fiat* geniuses are the paper money of current fiction, and are expected to pass as legal tender on the imprint of the author's say so and the gold reserve of the reader's imagination. But Northcote is not of this issue. He is a genius, if we may be permitted the expression, who actually produces the goods, and the reader is allowed to judge of his abilities by being present at their manifesting, a privilege that is rare enough to be enjoyable.

At last Mr. Anthony Comstock has justified his existence. Indirectly and quite unconsciously—acting indeed as the granule of sand in the oyster's shell—he is responsible for a most interesting addition to the year's one probable contribution to English literature, George Moore's "Memoirs of My Dead Life." It was with an eye on Mr. Comstock that Mr. Moore's American publishers insisted upon the excision of a few passages from the original text. It was in consequence of this enforced mutilation that Mr. Moore wrote his *Apologia pro scriptis meis*, which forms the introduction to the American edition. And it is thus to Mr. Comstock that we owe this timely and, it is to be hoped, useful exegesis and profession of faith from a writer, who, unlike his brother in Ibsen, Mr. Shaw, is more artist than propagandist and more given to self-expression than to self-defense. As for the omitted sections, their loss, in the circumstances, is a good investment. One or two of them are well away; one or two of them are very beautiful, and the chiefest of them is delightfully and quizzically human; but enriched by the author's *Apologia* the American edition has, on the whole, the best of it. The book is a collection of memories which in their presentation are examples of that rare refinement of English prose wherein simplicity cloaks perfection and enhances it. They are memories such as have dwelt more or less crudely in the minds of most men who have already lived, and will dwell in the minds of most who are to live. Memories of which many cowards have been basely proud, and of which many brave men have been basely ashamed; but which to George Moore, since they are fundamentally human, and inherently beautiful, and therefore inextricably divine, carry no suggestion of either pride or shame. It is a book that every man ought to read; and also every woman who cares to understand life as it is, in contradistinction to what we have agreed to pretend that it is.

Jack London appears to be doing a dangerous thing for any artist, literary or whatsoever. He appears to be standing still but not resting. The fact that he went to pieces flatly and frankly in the latter part of "The Sea Wolf" was a surprise and a disappointment. But taken by itself it meant nothing. The oldest actors get stage fright. The most wizardlike billiard-players lose their stroke in the middle of a game. The brightest writers go stale temporarily without knowing it. Of course that he should, later on, have cared to write, let alone to publish, the banality called "The Game," was more serious, although less conspicuous; but the appearance of his socialistic essays, "The War of the Classes," suggested that he had been thinking of other things—a conclusion to which the unmistakably pot-boiling quality of the short stories that appeared last fall under the title of "Moon Face" gave support. But the most disturbing symptom of Mr. London's artistic condition is his successful and highly entertaining story, "White Fang." To mishandle a good opportunity is nothing; to be generously deflected from art to altruism is nothing; to pot-boil in payment of that deflection is less than nothing; but to turn back deliberately on his own trail and plagiarize, no matter how successfully, his own past achieve-

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ment is often the beginning of an artist's end. It leads in too many cases to the sad and paradoxical sight of a spent prophet, speechless, but still talking—a condition in which we hope never to see Mr. London. So much for this writer's latest work in its relation to himself. Its relation to his readers is another matter. The book is "The Call of the Wild" run backward like the film of a cinematograph and tells the story of the victory of man's influence and training over a wolf's instinct, as the other told of the victory of a dog's instinct over man's training and influence. On the whole it is less spontaneous and less convincing; far more open to the charge of unwarranted psychological inference, and for pages at a time scarcely to be distinguished from the didactic fiction of the modern naturalists. But it is vastly entertaining for all that, full of action and of character, and it is unlikely that any one who read "The Call of the Wild" with enjoyment will fail to enjoy "White Fang" in the reading.

Mr. Bliss Perry's critical biography of "Walt Whitman" is a work that is timely and felicitously sane. More than once this subject has given rise to much that was untimely, to much that was infelicitous, and to much that, if not insane, was at least unsanitary. It was therefore a work that needed doing, and a work peculiarly difficult to do. Surely, spirit and clay have seldom been more crudely compounded than in Whitman and Whitman's work, and not often has spirit been more malignantly vilified nor clay been more incontinently worshiped. Mr. Perry's study of the man, of the development of the restless, half-articulate literary rebel of the '50's into the self-complacent and wholly inarticulate pundit to whose Camden shrine flocked the elect of the '80's, steers its discriminating and convincing way between the Scylla of hero worship and the Charybdis of vituperation to as rational an understanding as one may well achieve of the sensitive callousness of so earthy a genius.

There are so many interested photographers, and R. Child Bailey's "The Complete Photographer," of which an American edition has just been issued, is so interesting, that they really ought to meet one another. Mr. Bailey is the editor of *Photography*, a weekly journal published in London, is a photographer himself and in touch with the amateur workers of two continents. His book is intended neither as a text-book for a correspondence school nor as a compendium of formulæ and a photographic encyclopedia. It is a frank and, in so far as may be, an untechnical discussion of ways and means, an interesting history of the scientific beginnings of present-day photography, and a very sensible discussion of its diverging aims and artistic aspirations. The majority of writers who undertake this sort of thing either assume an attitude of preternatural and unbending solemnity or condescend to the supposed level of an imaginary public, like a young bachelor introduced to a new baby. Mr. Bailey, however, is evidently a man as well as a photographer, and a photographer as well as an expounder of photographic information. He tells us what he has learned, and says what he thinks with a due sense of the seriousness of his subject, but nevertheless with a twinkle in his eye; and his volume may be read with profit by the beginner and with pleasure by the exhibitor in salons.

OTHER BOOKS

"The Flock." Another collection of Mrs. Mary Austin's impressionistic studies. Herds and herders of California; the spirit and romance of the desert. Full of esthetic insight and verbal beauty.

"Beyond the Rocks"—(Elinor Glyn). An erotic intrigue, with a trumped-up moral ending, in which for the first time Mrs. Glyn's work is disingenuous and therefore unwholesome.

"Tibet the Mysterious"—(Sir Thomas H. Holdich, of the British Indian Geodetic Survey). An excellent and authoritative review, with illustrations and fine maps.

"Don-a-Dreams." Harvey J. O'Higgins's first novel. The biography of an idealist and a picture of the rough side of bohemian New York. A bit diffuse, but a good story.

"Blindfolded"—(Earle Ashley Walcott). The best of Anna Katharine Green plus the worst of E. Phillips Oppenheim, three portions of each for the price of one. A special bargain.

"A King's Divinity." A dainty and brightly written story of the Zenda family by Dolores Bacon.

"The Little King of Angel's Landing"—(Elmore Elliott Peake). Pin-money fiction. The story of a crippled child, put up in the pure sirup of sentimentality.

"The Gentleman Ragman"—(Wilbur Nesbit). A boy's-eye view of life in a small town. Boy nature and human nature idealized but entertaining.

"My Pilgrimage to the Wise Men of the East"—(Moncure D. Conway). A fragment of egotistical autobiography full of interesting pickings.

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Under the Spreading Chestnut Tree

EDITOR'S NOTE.—A good story is a treasure, and, like other precious things, hard to find. Our readers can assist us, if they will, by sending any anecdotes they find that seem to them good. Though the sign is the Chestnut Tree, no story is barred by its youth. The younger the better. We shall gladly pay for available ones. Address all manuscripts to "The Chestnut Tree."

Mrs. Hooligan was suffering from the common complaint of having more to do than there was time to do it in. She looked up at the clock and then slapped the iron she had lifted from the stove back on the lid with a clatter. "Talk about toime and toide waitin' fer no man," she muttered as she hurried into the pantry; "there's toimes they waits, an' toimes they don't. Yistherday at this blessed minit 'twas but tin o'clock, an' to-day it's a quarther to twilve."

Charles Stuart, formerly senator from Michigan, was traveling by stage through his own state. The weather was bitter cold, the snow deep, and the roads practically unbroken. The stage was nearly an hour late at the dinner station and everybody was cross and hungry.

In spite of the warning, "Ten minutes only for refreshments," Senator Stuart sat down to dinner with his usual deliberation. When he had finished his first cup of coffee the other passengers were leaving the table. By the time his second cup arrived the stage was at the door. "All aboard!" shouted the driver. The senator lingered and called for a third cup of coffee.

While the household, as was the custom, assembled at the door to see the stage off, the senator calmly continued his meal. Suddenly, just as the stage was starting, he pounded violently on the dining-room table. The landlord hurried in. The senator wanted a dish of rice-pudding. When it came he called for a spoon. There wasn't a spoon to be found.

"That shock-headed fellow took 'em!" exclaimed the landlady. "I knew him for a thief the minute I laid eyes on him."

The landlord jumped to the same conclusion.

"Hustle after that stage!" he shouted to the sheriff, who was untying his horse from the rail in front of the tavern. "Bring 'em all back. They've taken the silver!"

A few minutes later the stage, in charge of the sheriff, swung around in front of the house. The driver was in a fury.

"Search them passengers!" insisted the landlord.

But before the officer could move, the senator opened the stage door, stepped inside, then leaned out, touched the sheriff's arm and whispered:

"Tell the landlord he'll find his spoons in the coffee-pot."

A noted college president, attending a banquet in Boston, was surprised to see that the darky who took the hats at the door gave no checks in return.

"He has a most wonderful memory," a fellow

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diner explained. "He's been doing that for years and prides himself upon never having made a mistake."

As the college president was leaving, the darky passed him his hat.

"How do you know that this one is mine?"

"I don't know it, suh," admitted the darky.

"Then why do you give it to me?"

"'Cause yo' gave it to me, suh."

Pat had but a limited knowledge of the bird kingdom. One day, walking down the street, he noticed a green bird in a cage, talking and singing. Thinking to pet it he stroked its head. The bird turned quickly, screaming, "Hello! What do you want?" Pat shied off like a frightened horse, lifting his hat and bowing politely as he stuttered out: "Ex-excuse me s-sir, I thought you was a burrd!"

A rather poor family unexpectedly came into possession of a fortune. They purchased a large farm with hens, cows, and pigs. One day the little daughter of the family was showing a visitor about the place.

"Do your hens lay many eggs?" he inquired interestedly.

"Oh, they can," was the haughty reply, "but in our new position they don't have to."

A young newspaper man, wishing to get from Chicago to Memphis, purchased a mileage-book from a ticket-scalper. The book had been the property of a reporter for the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, and the description in the cover was alarmingly different from his own. The sharp-eyed conductor immediately noticed this.

"Are you on the *Courier-Journal?*" he asked suspiciously.

"Oh, yes. I've been a reporter there for several years."

The conductor asked for some identification, which, naturally, the passenger was unable to give.

"I have it," said the conductor, suddenly remembering. "It just happens that Henry Watterson of the *Courier-Journal* is on the Pullman ahead. If you're all right he ought to be able to identify you."

At this the young man all but collapsed. However, there was nothing to it but to take the chance. When they found Henry Watterson the conductor handed out the mileage-book and, pointing to the young man, asked if he was a reporter on the *Courier-Journal*.

"Yes, indeed," was the quick reply. "He is one of our best men. How are you, Robert?"

Breathing a prayer of thanks the young man returned to his seat and resumed his journey without further trouble. Next morning, in the diner, he saw his friend and timidly approached him.

"Colonel Watterson," he said fervently, "I can't tell you how grateful I am for what you did for me yesterday. I——"

"Tut, tut. Don't mention it," returned his benefactor. "You did every bit as much for me. I'm not Henry Watterson. I'm just riding on his pass."

During a spring cold snap, the occupants of an up-town boarding-house were startled one evening by a terrible noise proceeding from one of the upper rooms. The man was yelling "Fire!" at the top of his voice. Immediately the other boarders were all excitement and anxiously inquired where the fire was.

"In every house in town but this one," he replied.

"Help! Help!" cried an Italian laborer near the mud flats of the Harlem River.

"What's the matter there?" came a voice from the construction shanty.

"Queek! Bringa da shov'! Bringa da peek! Giovanni's stuck in da mud."

"How far in?"

"Up to hees knees."

"Oh, let him walk out."

"No, no! He no canna walk! He wronga end up!"

A farmer was the father of twelve children, all of whom had been rocked in the same cradle by the same great toe. He was rocking the newest arrival one evening when his wife remarked:

"John, that cradle is nearly worn out; it's so rickety I'm afraid it will fall to pieces."

"It is about used up," replied her husband. Then, handing her $10, he added: "The next time you go to town get a new one, a good one, one that will last."

Mark Twain is constantly receiving letters and photographs from men who have been told that they look like him. The latest one is from Florida, and the likeness, as shown by the man's picture, is really remarkable—so remarkable, in-

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deed, that Mr. Clemens sent the following acknowledgment:

"My Dear Sir: I thank you very much for your letter and the photograph. In my opinion you are certainly more like me than any other of my doubles. In fact, I am sure that if you stood before me in a mirrorless frame I could shave by you."

A regiment of regulars was making a long, dusty march across the rolling prairie land of Montana last summer. It was a hot, blistering day and the men, longing for water and rest, were impatient to reach the next town.

A rancher rode past.

"Say, friend," called out one of the men, "how far is it to the next town?"

"Oh, a matter of two miles or so, I reckon," called back the rancher. Another long hour dragged by, and another rancher was encountered.

"How far to the next town?" the men asked him eagerly.

"Oh, a good two miles."

A weary half-hour longer of marching, and then a third rancher.

"Hey, how far's the next town?"

"Not far," was the encouraging answer. "Only about two miles."

"Well," sighed an optimistic sergeant, "thank God, we're holdin' our own, anyhow!"

Cardinal Gibbons recently told the students of the Baltimore Woman's College an ancedote of Patrick Gilmore, the bandmaster, who was famous for his rendition of Mozart's "Twelfth Mass." Once he played the piece in a small North Carolina town. The next day the local paper, averse to any undignified abbreviation, came out with the announcement that Gilmore's band had "rendered with great effect Mozart's 'Twelfth Massachusetts.' "

"What have you got in the shape of cucumbers this morning?" asked the customer of the new grocery clerk.

"Nothing but bananas, ma'am."

"Man is not yet in a position to abolish war," Elihu Root once said. "There is still too much of the animal in him. Even when he seems most mild and good he may have cruel, bestial thoughts revolving in his mind. As an illustration:

"A prison chaplain one day found a convict feeding a rat.

"'Aha!' the chaplain said, 'so you have a pet, eh?'

"'Yes, sir,' said the convict, his hoarse voice softening and a gentle smile illumining his hard face. 'I feed him every day. I think more o' this here rat, sir, than I do of any other livin' creature.'

"The chaplain laid his hand on the convict's shoulder.

"'In every man,' he said, 'there is something of the angel, if we can but find it. How came you to take such a fancy to this rat?'

"'It bit the jailer, sir.'"

The cat settled herself luxuriously in front of the kitchen range. Little Dolly regarded her with interest. They had no cat in Dolly's home. The cat began to purr.

"Gran'ma! Gran'ma! Come here quick!" cried Dolly in great alarm. "The cat's begun to boil!"

A clergyman who was holding a children's service at a Continental winter resort had occasion to catechize his hearers on the parable of the unjust steward. "What is a steward?" he asked.

A little boy who had arrived from England a few days before held up his hand. "He is a man, sir," he replied, with a reminiscent look on his face, "who brings you a basin."

Little Paul had had economy drilled into him since he was old enough to "take notice." He had been taught never to throw away anything that was good or whole. One afternoon his mother and her afternoon callers were startled by the appearance of Paul at the door, triumphantly holding a dead cat aloft by its tail.

"Look, mama, see what I found in the alley—a *perfeckly good* cat that some one has throwed away!"

"Now how do you suppose Noah spent the time in the ark during the flood?" the Sunday-school teacher asked.

"Prayin'," suggested Willie.

"Fishin'," ventured Dick.

"Humph!" grunted Willie contemptuously. "'Twould be fine fishin' wid only two worms, wouldn't it?"

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With "Everybody's" Publishers

ABOUT OUR BONDS

A MAN whose business it is to know what is going on in the financial world, especially in Wall Street—the financial editor of one of the big New York dailies—said to us recently: "You are selling some of your company's bonds, are you not?"

"'Trying to' would more nearly state the case," we answered.

"Why, aren't they selling?"

"Not tumultuously."

"What bond house is selling them for you?"

"No bond house."

"Oh, you are advertising them to the general public?"

"No, only to the readers of our publications."

"Well, how do you expect to reach the regular bond buyers unless you sell through bond houses or advertise your bonds in the newspapers?"

"We don't care to reach regular bond buyers."

"I guess I'm thick. You wish to sell bonds, but you make no effort to sell to regular bond buyers. What's the answer?"

"We wish to sell our bonds to personal friends of our publications. Friends who believe in us and what we are trying to do. Friends who wish to have a hand in what we believe to be a worthy effort to help along the common good."

"A sort of family affair?"

"Yes."

"That's new and interesting. How large an issue are you offering to the family?"

"Two hundred thousand dollars' worth."

"How many have you sold?"

"Something over one hundred thousand dollars' worth."

"Great Scott! And you are not satisfied? Why, don't you know the condition of the bond market? Do you know that bond houses are not doing enough business to pay rent? Do you know that gilt-edged bonds of all descriptions are a-begging in Wall Street? You don't know what good friends you have. You must have made an attractive offer. Have you a circular? I'd like to see it."

(Have you ever seen a newspaper man read? He goes through a page while the layman is getting to the middle of the first paragraph. He doesn't miss anything, either. It's marvelous. We got a circular. He glanced through the four pages while we were sitting down.)

"Oh, I see. [Handing back the circular.] First mortgage, gold bonds, and seven per cent. interest. You made it worth while to the family, didn't you? Even so, I think you ought to feel complimented, considering the state of the general bond market."

"We want very much to buy that printing plant and save that one hundred thousand a year on manufacturing cost. How would you advise us to sell the ninety-odd thousand that remain unsold?" we asked.

He answered: "You have been so successful, everything considered, that I certainly would advise you to continue keeping them in the family."

So, reader, at the risk of being a nuisance, we are going to keep on asking you to send us one hundred dollars for one of our bonds.

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We need only nine hundred more subscriptions of one hundred dollars each, or four hundred and fifty of two hundred dollars. There ought to be one thousand among our millions of readers who have the money to invest where it will do the good we hope to do with it. Especially when we guarantee to give it all back and pay meantime more for the use of it (seven per cent. interest) than you can get anywhere else unless you put your own thought and time back of it. Won't you consider the matter seriously and see if you have not a hundred or so to invest for our, your, and the common good?

We asked our financial editor friend why the bottom fell out of the bond market in Wall Street. He thinks Mr. Lawson's exposure of the "System's" methods had much to do with it. The public is putting its money into business enterprises that it understands and can watch, instead of pouring it into the financial hocus-pocus hopper of Wall Street. Details of the bond issue will be found on page 71 of the Advertising Section.

NEW SOAP

THAT new soap for the suds seems to have been the proper caper. The minute we tried it the bubbles began to improve. Have you seen a recent copy of *Ridgway's*? Some of the bubbles "snap" before we get fairly started to blowing. Some drop to the ground with their own weight. Often a big fellow threatens to float, but a lot of little fellows, half suds, hold him down. But once in a while we launch a beauty that swings up and away, swaying and shimmering in the sunlight. Get this week's number and see for yourself how we are improving *Ridgway's*.

FROM MRS. C. G. M.

WE print the letter below only because so many of you were interested in the writer when we printed her letter some months ago. The generous thoughtfulness of some of our readers which followed the printing of that letter gave her life a more hopeful outlook. This word from her is meant quite as much for you as it is for us:

December 21, 1906.

TO THE EDITOR.

Dear Sir: I cannot allow you to think that I have forgotten your extreme goodness to me this past year. I wish, indeed, I could send you some token of my deep regard and gratitude, but at present this note and my heartfelt, earnest good wishes are all I can send. Please believe I wish you all the good and pleasant gifts of the season, and may the new year bring you and yours the desire of your heart. My little ones join with me in expressing their thanks. Ever yours truly,

MRS. C. G. M.

DO YOU THINK?

Do you ever find it difficult to concentrate your mind on one subject for any length of time? Do you know that you use only one-half of your brain? Does your brain originate thought or do you? Can you control what you shall think about? Have you any existence apart from your brain? Could you talk if some one had not taught you? Do you know what dreams are made of? Do you know why you believe you shall live again after death?

We are going to recommend a book to you. We have no interest in it. We recommend it entirely in your interest. It is called "Brain and Personality," written in exquisite English without a technical term in it by a great specialist, Dr. W. Hanna Thomson, and published by Dodd, Mead & Co. If you wish to know who you are, by all means read that book and then pass it on to your friends. We read a great many books in our business. We have not found one in years that approaches this one in interest or profit. It makes the more dramatic fiction tame. Have the young people read it. You will be grateful to us for calling it to your attention. Have your newsdealer order it for you.

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